Oct. 7, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Our $20 an ounce Make-Up. Because a beautiful face is priceless.

Countess Isserlyn Make-Up isn't just something to be dabbed on to help you cover your face.

Rather, it is something to find your best face with.

To accomplish this, though, you must begin at the beginning. By carefully selecting, with the expert help of an Alexandra de Markoff trained specialist, the one shade that most belongs on your face.

After only a few seconds you will see a hint of the perfection to come.

For as you glide the Countess on, you will see and feel the face that should have been yours all this time.

What you won't see is where our Make-Up ends and you begin. Countess Isserlyn slips on that smoothly and that evenly.

At the same time, this precious formula will keep your face dewy and moist until you wish to put it to sleep for the night.

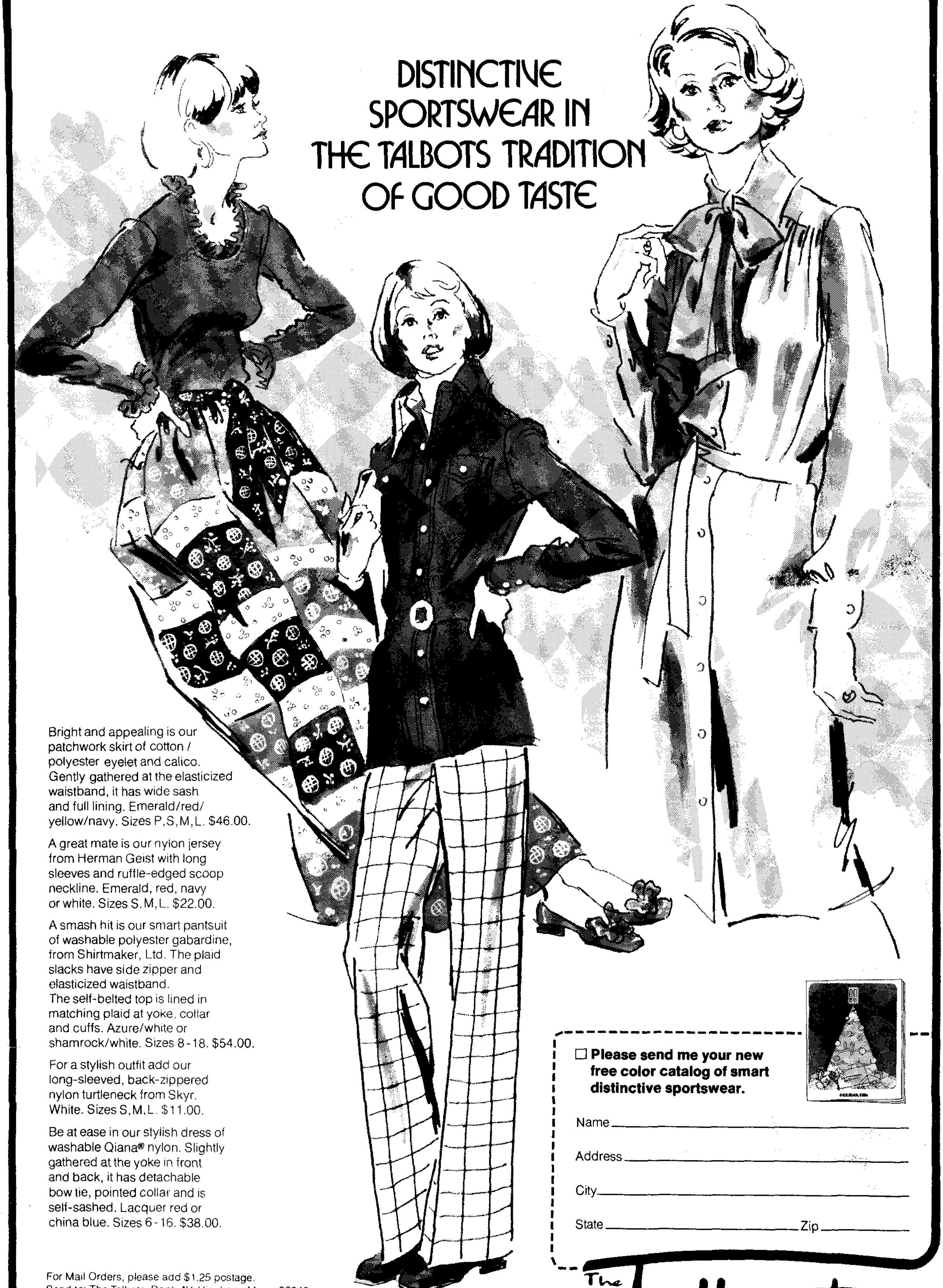
Countess Isserlyn. Without it you may never find your best face.

COUNTESS ISSERLYN
MAKEUP
96½
ALEXANDRA deMARKOFF
ONE FLUID OUNCE

Countess Isserlyn by Alexandra de Markoff

Don't think of it as $20 an ounce. Think of it as $20 a year.

DISTINCTIVE SPORTSWEAR IN THE TALBOTS TRADITION OF GOOD TASTE



Bright and appealing is our patchwork skirt of cotton / polyester eyelet and calico. Gently gathered at the elasticized waistband, it has wide sash and full lining. Emerald/red/ yellow/navy. Sizes P,S,M,L. $46.00.

A great mate is our nylon jersey from Herman Geist with long sleeves and ruffle-edged scoop neckline. Emerald, red, navy or white. Sizes S,M,L. $22.00.

A smash hit is our smart pantsuit of washable polyester gabardine, from Shirtmaker, Ltd. The plaid slacks have side zipper and elasticized waistband. The self-belted top is lined in matching plaid at yoke, collar and cuffs. Azure/white or shamrock/white. Sizes 8-18. $54.00.

For a stylish outfit add our long-sleeved, back-zippered nylon turtleneck from Skyr. White. Sizes S,M,L. $11.00.

Be at ease in our stylish dress of washable Qiana® nylon. Slightly gathered at the yoke in front and back, it has detachable bow tie, pointed collar and is self-sashed. Lacquer red or china blue. Sizes 6-16. $38.00.

☐ **Please send me your new free color catalog of smart distinctive sportswear.**

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________________ Zip ________

For Mail Orders, please add $1.25 postage.
Send to: The Talbots, Dept. AV, Hingham, Mass. 02043.
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Avon, Hamden, Conn.

The Talbots

THE TALBOTS DEPT. AV, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Alan Ayckbourn's comedy, imported from London, with Sandy Dennis, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, and Tony Roberts. Eric Thompson directed. Previews through Monday, Oct. 7. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 8. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 5.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Elizabeth Ashley, Fred Gwynne, Keir Dullea, and Kate Reid in a fine revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama about sex, money, and family ties in the Deep South. Directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Flowers—Lindsay Kemp in a show suggested by Genet's "Our Lady of the Flowers" and imported from London. Devised and directed by Mr. Kemp. Opens Monday, Oct. 7. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gypsy—A revival of the hit musical of fifteen years ago. Angela Lansbury plays the part originated by Ethel Merman. She works very hard indeed, which is to say harder than she ought to have let us see, but she is charming as well as valiant and her supporting cast is attractive. Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, directed. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mack & Mabel—Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters star as Mack Sennett and Mabel Normand in this musical with a book by Michael Stewart and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. Directed by Gower Champion. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 6. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 2, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 3.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea and Jason—The Robinson Jeffers version of the Euripides play, adapted and directed by Eugenie Leontovich. With Maria Aho, Richmond F. Johnson, and Lilia Skala. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naomi Court—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-921
Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays
7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée
Sundays at 3.)

The National Health—The Long Wharf Th
atre, of New Haven, production of Pete
Nichols' London play, with Leonard Fre
and Rita Moreno. The director is Arvi
Brown. Previews through Wednesday, Oc
9. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 1
(Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th S
581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays
7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinée
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday
at 3.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn fo
ties, little of which is to be believed, thoug
nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With t
Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cas
(Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nigh
ly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapte
from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin
and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of t
Young Vic company, and a number of other
(Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-185
Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matiné
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-ri

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"ITALY—1938" . . . . . *Saul Steinberg* 36
"FAST FOOD FOR THOUGHT" . . . . . *Gordon Cotler* 39
"THE EARTHLY PARADISE" . . . . . *Robert Hemenway* 40
"A THOUSAND WORDS" (POEM) . . . . . *Daryl Hine* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 73
LETTER FROM SCOTLAND . . . . . *Alastair Reid* 76
"BECOMING YOU" (POEM) . . . . . *Philip Levine* 117
THE SPORTING SCENE (TENNIS) . . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 118
FOOTBALL . . . . . *J. W. L.* 147
THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 149
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 151
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 157
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 164
BOOKS . . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 173
  BRIEFLY NOTED 175

COVER: *Charles Saxon*

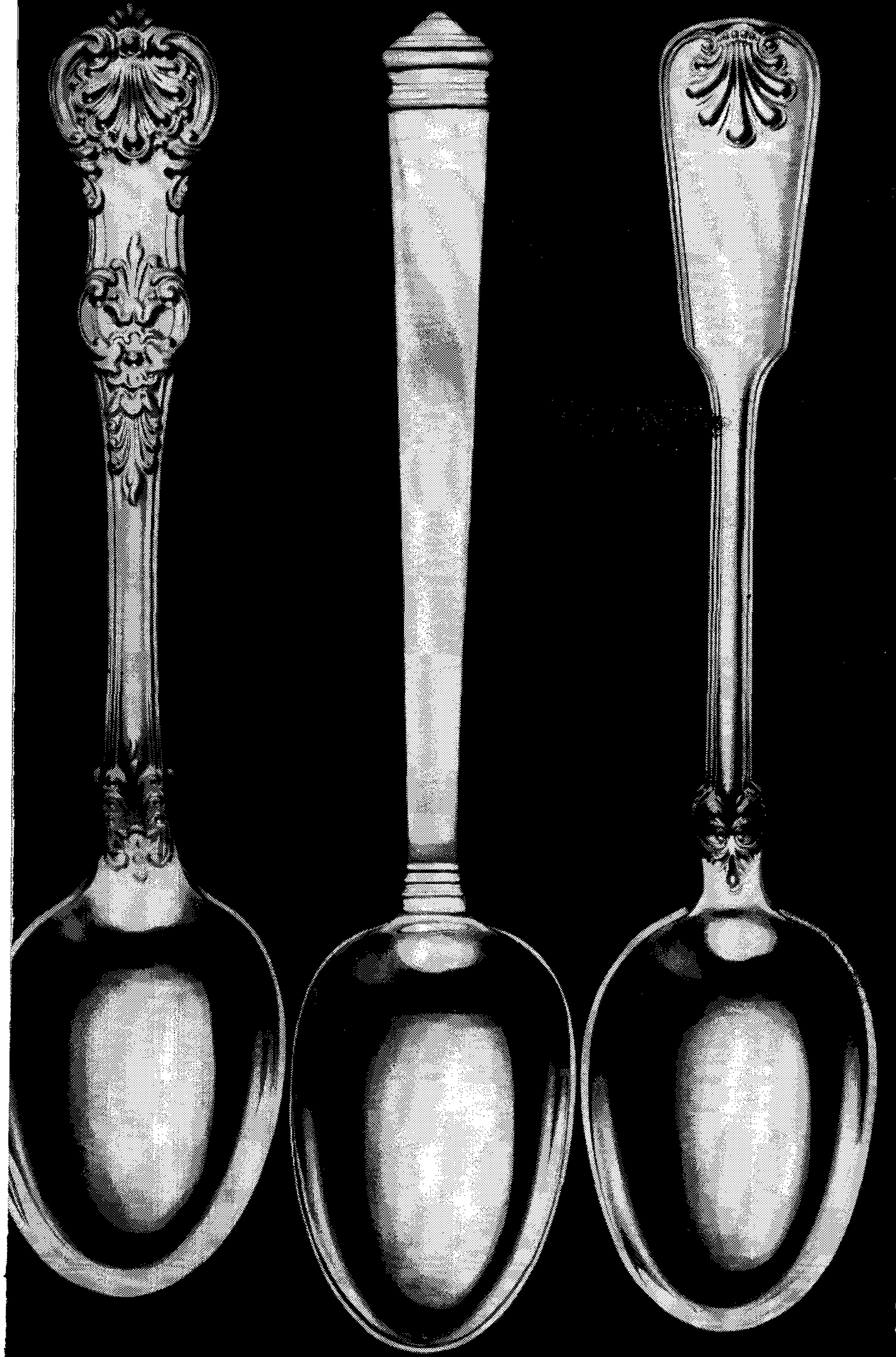
DRAWINGS: *Chon Day, Bernard Schoenbaum, Charles Barsotti, James Mulligan, James Stevenson, Peter Porges, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, Charles Addams, George Price, William Hamilton, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman an president; William P. Buxton, George J. Green, and Milton Greenstein, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St. London, W1X OED. Vol. L, No. 33, October 7, 1974. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized a second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1974 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.0



TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

ALABAMA JULIUS GOLDSTEIN & SON, Mobile
ARIZONA GRUNEWALD & ADAMS, Phoenix, Tucson;
B. D. HOWES & SON, Scottsdale
CALIFORNIA TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco
COLORADO INTERNATIONAL VILLA, INC., Denver
CONNECTICUT M. A. GREEN, Waterbury;
LUX, BOND, GREEN & STEVENS, INC., Hartford, West Hartford;
W. D. WEBB INC., Greenwich;
THE WHITNEY SHOP, New Canaan
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA GALT & BRO. INC., Washington;
CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington
FLORIDA CARROLL'S JEWELERS, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale;
LEBAR JEWELERS, Sarasota
GEORGIA DESBOUILLONS, INC., Savannah;
TIFFANY & CO., Atlanta
HAWAII B. D. HOWES & SON, Honolulu
ILLINOIS TIFFANY & CO., Chicago
INDIANA L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis, Lafayette, Ft. Wayne, South Bend
KENTUCKY FULLER AND WILDER JEWELERS, INC., Lexington
LOUISIANA COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., New Orleans
MAINE CARTER BROS., Portland
MARYLAND A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson;
THE STIEFF COMPANY, Baltimore, Timonium, Catonsville
MASSACHUSETTS CORNETTA'S, Norwood;
HORIZONS OF OSTERVILLE, Osterville;
LONG'S JEWELERS, Boston, Wellesley, Burlington, Peabody, Braintree;
ROMM & CO., Brockton;
SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO., Boston, Chestnut Hill
MICHIGAN ARTISANS, INC., Ann Arbor;
LOSEY'S, Midland;
SIEGEL JEWELRY CO., Grand Rapids
MISSOURI JACCARD'S, Kansas City
NEW HAMPSHIRE WARD AMIDON, INC., Hanover;
DESJARDINS CO. INC., Manchester
NEW JERSEY HAMILTON JEWELERS, Lawrence, Trenton;
HENKE'S, Montclair;
LAVAKE JEWELERS, Princeton;
F. GERALD NEW, INC., Chatham;
S. MARSH & SONS, Millburn;
SCOTT'S JEWELERS, Plainfield;
WILBUR'S, Red Bank, Little Silver
NEW YORK MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady;
PITT PETRI, INC., Buffalo;
ROSE JEWELERS, Patchogue, Riverhead, Southampton
SCHNEIDER'S JEWELERS, INC., Kingston;
TIFFANY & CO., New York;
ZIMMER BROTHERS, Poughkeepsie
NORTH CAROLINA B. D. ORIGINALS, Tallywood, Fayetteville;
ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte
OHIO ARGO & LEHNE, JEWELERS, Columbus, Kingsdale;
THE DANFORD-LOWELL CO., Cleveland;
PETER DANFORD, INC., Beachwood;
POTTER AND MELLEN, INC., Cleveland;
SHULAN'S FAIRLAWN, Akron
OKLAHOMA LE MARQUIS, Tulsa
OREGON FRIEDLANDER AND SONS, Washington Square;
CARL GREVE, JEWELER, Portland, Eugene;
ZELL BROTHERS, Portland, Washington Square
PENNSYLVANIA APPEL-JEWELER, INC., Allentown;
WM. H. DILLER, INC., West Reading;
P. A. FREEMAN, INC., Allentown;
HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh;
FRED H. STRAUB, INC., Abington
SOUTH CAROLINA SMITHWICK, Greenville;
SYLVAN BROTHERS JEWELERS, Columbia
TENNESSEE MICHAEL CORZINE AND CO., Nashville
TEXAS EVERTS JEWELERS, Dallas, Preston Center, Highland Park;
HALTOM'S JEWELERS, Fort Worth, Arlington;
TIFFANY & CO., Houston
VIRGINIA FINK'S TOWERS, Roanoke;
SCHWARZSCHILD JEWELERS, Richmond
WASHINGTON FRIEDLANDER AND SONS, Seattle, Northgate, South Center, Bellevue Square, Everett, Bremerton, Tacoma
WISCONSIN GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., Milwaukee
PUERTO RICO JOYERIA RIVIERA, San Juan

Tiffany sterling is renowned for its workmanship, timeless design and heavier weight.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

SHOWN, FROM LEFT: ENGLISH KING, HAMPTON, SHELL AND THREAD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Ted Schwartz in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 6.)

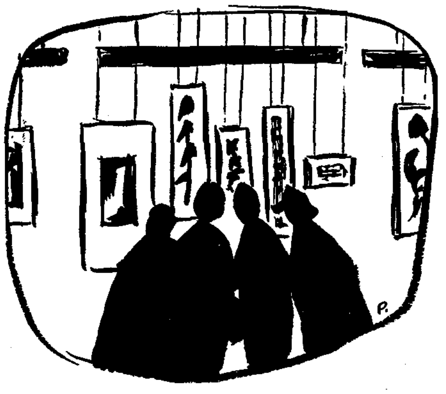
Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,009 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 9, at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Moves on Monday, Oct. 7, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St., 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies." (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8; and final performances Sunday, Oct. 6, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

through Sunday, Nov. 3—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Pulcinella" (New York première), "As Time Goes By," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Remembrances," and "Trinity." ... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Parade," "Monotones" (New York première), "The Moor's Pavane," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "Pulcinella," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Slask—A Polish folk troupe of a hundred and twenty singers, dancers, and musicians, in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 2-4, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current messengers, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, at ten.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Stan Getz—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, beginning Monday, Oct. 7.

Stephane Grappelli—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Violin, with the Diz Disley trio, through Saturday, Oct. 5.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.... ¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Peggy Lee—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Singing at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Oct. 5.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, from nine to three, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Persuasions—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocal quintet, Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 7-9, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a sextet nightly at ten, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 8.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Zoot Sims and Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Tenor sax and piano, respectively, with drummer Ray Mosca and bassist Major Holley. From nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, through Sunday, Oct. 6.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

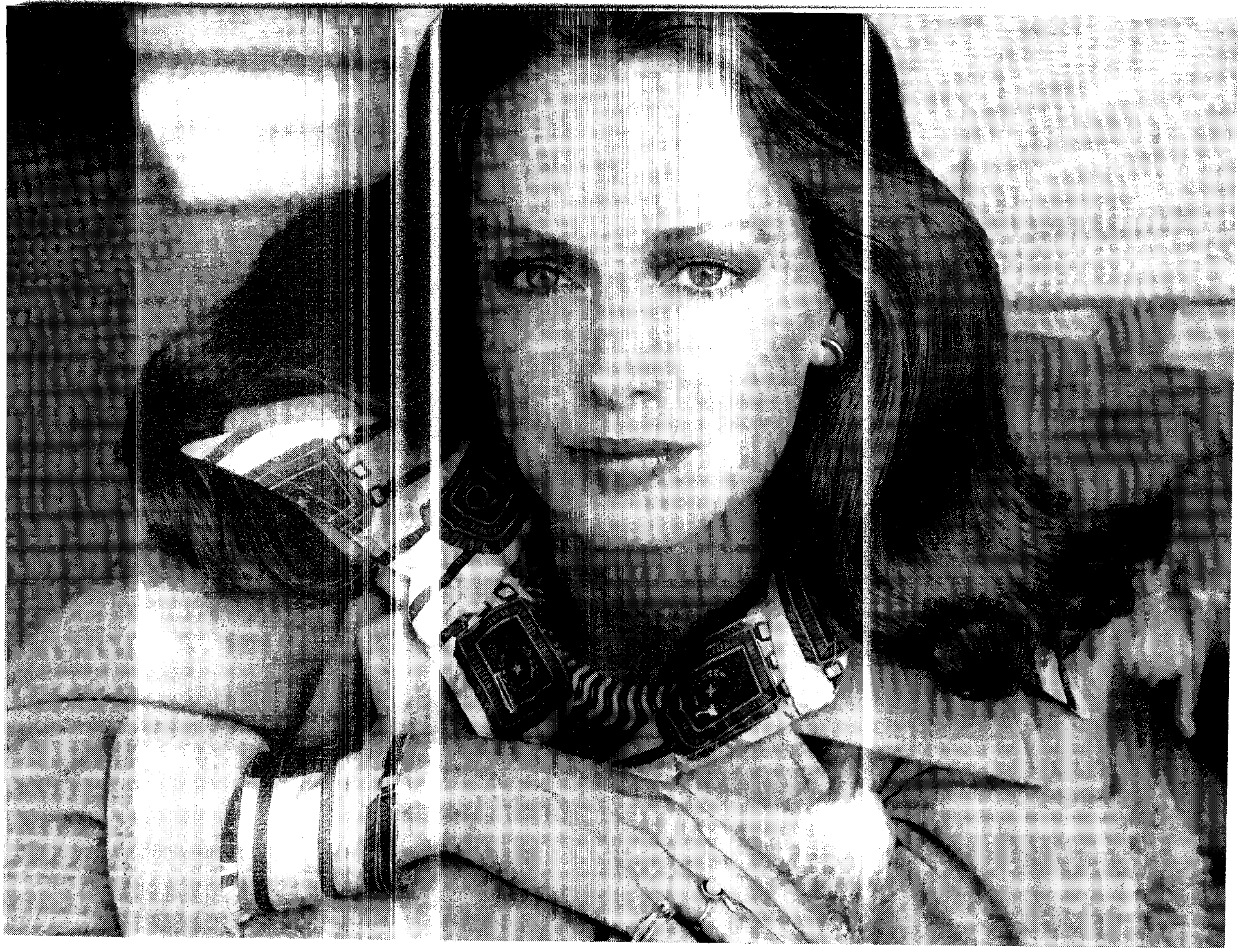
(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A knickknack-cluttered, seaworthy, pub-flavored Chelsea gathering place that could easily be converted into a curio shop. Pianist Cedar Walton's trio ascends the central, elevated bandstand Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality, but with such minor physical handicaps as obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open. The jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Junior Mance, playing a funky, bluesy jazz piano, is here with his trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Warren Chiasson, a vibraharpist who is as adroit with his amplifier dials as he is with his mallets, works with his trio on Sunday, Oct. 6. Nine to three are the music hours. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. On Wednesday, Oct. 2, blues, ballad, and jazz singer Esther Phillips will alternate with New York City, a rhythm-and-blues outfit. Pat Martino, a young, impressive traditional guitarist, appears on the bill with Joe Farrell, a vigorous reedman, and his quartet Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 3-6. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 7-9, the Persuasions, a superlative vocal quintet that started out several years ago by meeting to sing gospel tunes on street corners, offer their highly polished arrangements. Roy Wood's Wizard, a band that concentrates on traditional—i.e., within the last decade—English rock, will do a one-night, one-show (at eight-thirty) stand on Thursday, Oct. 10. On Friday, Oct. 11, Chi-



Estée Lauder says: Understate for incredible impact.

Introducing Estée Lauder's new Sandstone Collection of smoky eye colors created to make the most of your eyes. Softly.

All the subtle browns, russets, greens and blues in the news sifted to a new softness. Some matte, some polished with frost. All natural shadow colors that are so right for today. All yours in all these ways.

Pressed Eyelid Shadows:

- Sandstone/Brownstone
- Polished Teal/Sapphire Smoke
- Hazel Shimmer/Star Hazel
- Desert Frost/Desert Taupe

Eye Glossamers:

- Amberstone
- Oasis Green
- Tealglow
- Sundown Blue

Eye Color Sticks:

- Fresh Sand/Brickstone
- Lapis Blue/Sahara Blue
- Peach Quartz/Desert Clay
- Aqua Sand/Desert Teal

Estée Lauder

© 1974 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Now's the time to invest in signed originals by Waterford.®

There's no more propitious time for you to invest in Waterford.

Each piece is a signed work of art, made by hand with heart, as it was two hundred years ago.

Even then, it inspired little odes on the part of people who wrote advertisements for Waterford.

Like this one, which appeared in 1790.

The shop is now
completely stored
with choicest glass from
Waterford—
Decanters, Rummers, Drams
and Masons,
Flutes, Hob Nobs, Crofts
and Finger Basons,
Proof Bottles, Goblets, Cans
and Wines,
Punch Juggs, Liqueurs and
Gardevins;
Salts, Mustards, Salads,
Butter Keelers,
And all that's sold by other
dealers,
Engraved or cut in newest
taste.

The spelling has changed somewhat, but not the Waterford. Each piece is still an investment in timeless beauty. You live with it now; yet it grows more valuable with the passing years.

Look for the signature before you buy crystal. Hold Waterford to the light and you can see faintly etched the mark that identifies it as an authentic work of art.

Visit the Waterford gallery at the important store in your area. Or write for free full-color booklet. Waterford, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

Isn't it time you started collecting signed originals by Waterford?

(And English bone china by Aynsley, to go with it.)

Photo: Pesin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cago bluesmen Buddy Guy and Junior Wells start playing and singing with their band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Jimmy Rowles, a subtle pianist and an occasional crackly-voiced singer, is currently occupying that niche with bassist Bill Takas. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Stephane Grappelli, a legendary gypsy-swing violinist who recorded with Django Reinhardt and others in the thirties and forties, and the Diz Disley trio share the stage with the Ronnie Scott trio through Saturday, Oct. 5. On Monday, Oct. 7, tenorman Stan Getz brings in his quartet. Two shows weeknights, three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of it. Ellis Larkins, a subdued, understated pianist, along with his bassist, Benny Moten, manages to capture the attention of his mostly preoccupied audience with gently playful but demanding stylings. The music runs from eight to one. Dick Hyman claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large square room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. On Wednesday, Oct. 2, singer Marion Cantone steps into the spotlight. As of Thursday, Oct. 3, the place will be given over to puppeteer-comedian Wayland Flowers. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz sparks a trio, which also supports vocalist Lynn Crane, on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Wednesdays through Saturdays from six until nine, Gene Roland's quartet, headed by the one-time Kenton trumpeter and arranger, is featured. Snacks.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Overseen by the second generation of the family that started it nearly thirty years ago, this club is a smoothly run, reliable, first-rate jazz spot. The two brothers and their sister are almost always at the club, greeting patrons at the door or working behind the bar. Zulema, a girl who sings, composes, and plays piano, is the current performer, together with her eight-piece band. On Monday, Oct. 7, Grant Green, a guitarist, who is on intimate terms with the blues, brings in his quartet.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. On Sundays, Jane Valentine, a jazz singer, performs with Hayward, and bassist Lyn Christie helps him out Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Nightly, except Sundays, when the Frankie Dash quartet moves in.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This once and recent New York pinnacle on the overamplified rock-folk-and-blues circuit is now under new management. The crowds have dispersed somewhat, and the place has lately acquired a near-staid character (for a rock club, that is). Buzzy Linhart sings and accompanies himself on guitar through Monday, Oct. 7. Rock singer Randy Richards and his backup quartet are on the same bill. Comedian Dick Shawn, who is, perhaps, seeking a new audience, shows up here to begin a two-week stay on Wednesday, Oct. 9. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

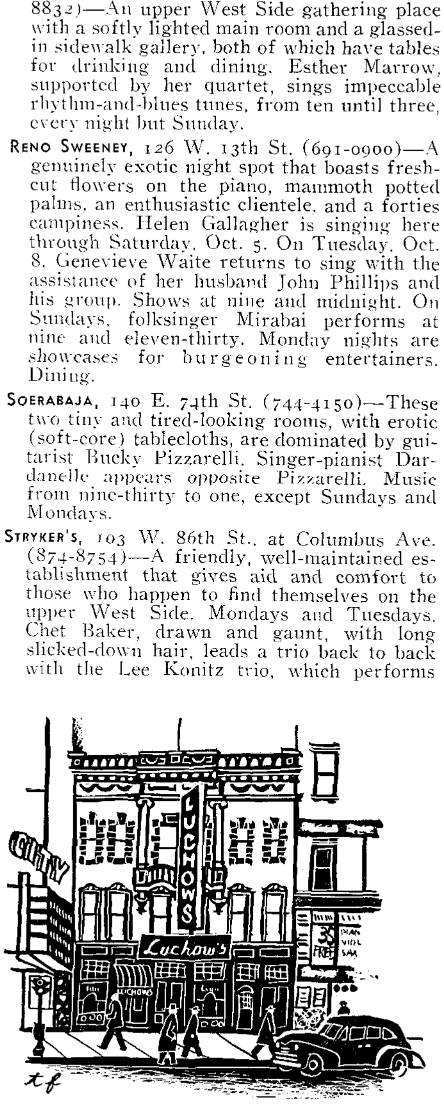
MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are pianist Dave McKenna, saxophonist Zoot Sims, drummer Ray Mosca, and bassist Major Holley. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Esther Marrow, supported by her quartet, sings impeccable rhythm-and-blues tunes, from ten until three, every night but Sunday.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Helen Gallagher is singing here through Saturday, Oct. 5. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, Genevieve Waite returns to sing with the assistance of her husband John Phillips and his group. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, folksinger Mirabai performs at nine and eleven-thirty. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Singer-pianist Dardanelle appears *opposite* Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Mondays and Tuesdays, Chet Baker, drawn and gaunt, with long slicked-down hair, leads a trio back to back with the Lee Konitz trio, which performs Wednesday- and Thursday-night services. Vibraharpist David Friedman leads a trio Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, followed by tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley and his quartet the Friday and Saturday of Oct. 11-12. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music from nine-thirty until three Mondays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.



VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Sporadic weekend jazz in an upstairs room with all the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Harpist Daphne Hellman and her trio play Thursdays, from nine to midnight. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, from ten, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers deliver their mainstream missiles, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, from ten, organist Charles Earland directs his quintet.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. McCoy Tyner and his quartet present brilliantly complex sets until Sunday, Oct. 6. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, Pharoah Sanders, a musical humanist-explorer who has been out there and back, brings it all home with his sextet. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right on a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to the Swing All-Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Brooks Kerr on piano. Durham, a Kansas City jazzman of the twenties and thirties, was one of the very first jazz guitarists, and he played and arranged for such history-making bands as the Blue Devils, Bennie Moten, Jimmy Lunceford, and Count Basie, not to mention his own band. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes plays a bluesy, bebopping guitar with his trio. Music from nine to one. Sammy Price, a boogie-woogie piano stylist, performs with trumpeter Ed Lewis, ex-Basie tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, and a drummer named Ditto on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, from nine to one; Sunday, Oct. 6, from eight to midnight; and Saturday, Oct. 12, from nine to one. Friday, Oct. 11, from nine to one, Lewis will lead a quartet involving pianist Sonny Donaldson, saxophonist Harold Cumberbatch, and Woodyard. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the CAFÉ, pianist Herb Winner, with the assistance of two singing instrumentalists, plays dance music from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the PERSIAN ROOM, soprano Carmel Quinn appears at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The PLAZA RESTAURANT provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the PALM COURT, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one.

Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight, and Sundays from four to seven. Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. Miss Andrews returns to the keyboard Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting the songs of Frank Sinatra, Jr., at dinner and supper. Dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Vocalist Lana Cantrell is holding forth in the MAISONETTE during the dinner and supper hours. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini quartet. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson sing and play piano in tandem in the ST. REGIS ROOM at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and at nine-thirty, eleven, and midnight on Saturdays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The hostess of the EMPIRE ROOM is the musically inclined Peggy Lee. Her operations embrace both the dinner and supper hours. On Thursday, Oct. 10, Dax Xenos will become the resonance. He'll do just one show at ten opening night; thereafter, he will appear twice an evening. The Bob Rosengarden orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, Oct. 6-9.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Herbert Aach—Acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnetti—Nine works in mixed mediums by an Italian; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Joe Bascom—Paintings of oranges. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Helen Beling—Abstract sculptures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 9. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Brook—Still-lifes in the grand manner. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Ainslie Burke—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard Creo—Paintings of a small Welsh village where this American artist currently lives. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Whitney Darrow, Jr.—A collection of cartoons and drawings, from 1936 through 1974. Through Oct. 26. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

James Delgrosso—Still-life paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hayes—Three large ceramic wall panels, plus some other pieces. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Hoie—Abstract acrylic paintings; first solo show here. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Moran (1837-1926)—Drawings and watercolors of the West, from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. Through Oct. 19. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shozo Nagano—Three-dimensional and illusory canvases. Through Oct. 26. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Don Nice / Wayne Nowak / Franz Kline—Paintings. / Constructions and drawings. / Barroom drawings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Phillips Perle—Wood carvings and bronze and terra-cotta reliefs, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Gabor Peterdi—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marjorie Portnow—Landscapes of Vermont and upstate New York done in oil on Masonite. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Allen Saalburg—Toylike constructions of Lucite discs with swirly-looking silk-screened patterns. Through Oct. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Segalman—Watercolors, mostly of single figures clad in denim or flowing white dresses lolling on sun-dappled meadows. Through Oct. 19. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Shapiro—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sidney Tillim—Three large paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the BARTHOLET, 55 E. 76th St.: A brownstone apartment crammed with paintings and other memorabilia of *la Belle Époque*, arranged to emphasize works by The Eight, particularly John Sloan and Arthur B. Davies, and also ringing in later artists, like Ben Shahn and Joseph Stella. Through Oct. 15. . . . DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: Mixed mediums on paper by Hyman Bloom, Herbert Katzman, Jacob Lawrence, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by, among others, Dubuffet, Reinhardt, and Agnes Martin. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KRASNER, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Appel, Calder, Feininger, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, and other painters. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . LERNER-HELLER, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Oil and acrylic paintings, plus sculptures, by the gallery artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . RAYDON, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Old and modern drawings by Bosch, Klee, de Kooning, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . ZIERLER, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Davis, Marin, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by, among others, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Oct. 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

David Armstrong—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Olle Baertling—Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Brown—Recent works that continue the "Dancers Series" this California artist has been working on for some time. Through Nov. 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Cletus Johnson—Miniature façades of imaginary movie palaces in their golden era, precise in architectural detail and hauntingly illuminated. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Paintings done between 1950 and 1964. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Lobe / Robert Cronin—Large wood geometrical forms. / Small, lively wall sculptures made of split reed and string, some of them calligraphic in spirit and some of them resembling delicate Eskimo utensils. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures. Through Oct. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marianne Miller—Photo-Realist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Walter Murch (1907-67)—Drawings. Through Oct. 19. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Environmental sculptures, as well as hanging wall reliefs. Through Oct. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig—Paintings. Through Oct. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by William Fares, Jim Juszczyk, Mary Miss, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KENNEDY, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American drawings by Shahn, Hopper, Hassam, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Over a hundred and fifty African pieces, including examples from private and museum collections. Through Oct. 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

Robert Stuart Cohen / George Szekeley—Paintings and collages. / Liquid paint wrapped in plastic packages. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Delevante—Cosmic landscape paintings with figures and animals. Through Oct. 17. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Yan Hsia / Norman Tuck / A. H. Gorson (1872-1933)—Photo-Realist paintings with blurred, out-of-focus figures in the foreground. / Large whirligig sculptures, reminiscent of the spinning jenny. / Early twentieth-century paintings of the industrial landscape. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (O. K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

Kazuko Inoue / Rick Salzman—Paintings. / Photographs. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Terence La Noue / Jim Starrett—Paintings and drawings. / Drawings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gordon Matta-Clark—Fragments of totalled buildings arranged by the artist. Through Oct. 16. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Stephens and Sandy Galleher—Paintings. Starts Thursday, Oct. 3. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the CASTELLI, 420 West Broadway: Works by Dan Flavin, John Chamberlain, Robert Morris, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . COOPER, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, Lynda Benglis, Robert Grosvenor, and other gallery artists. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . 55 MERCER STREET: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Alice Adams, Tom Doyle, Susan Smith, Martin Bressler, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY, 167 Spring St.: Paintings, sculptures, and environmental pieces. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Painted wood, stone, metal, and plaster pieces by Nancy Azara, Henry Chalfant, John McNally, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 9. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Closed Mondays.)

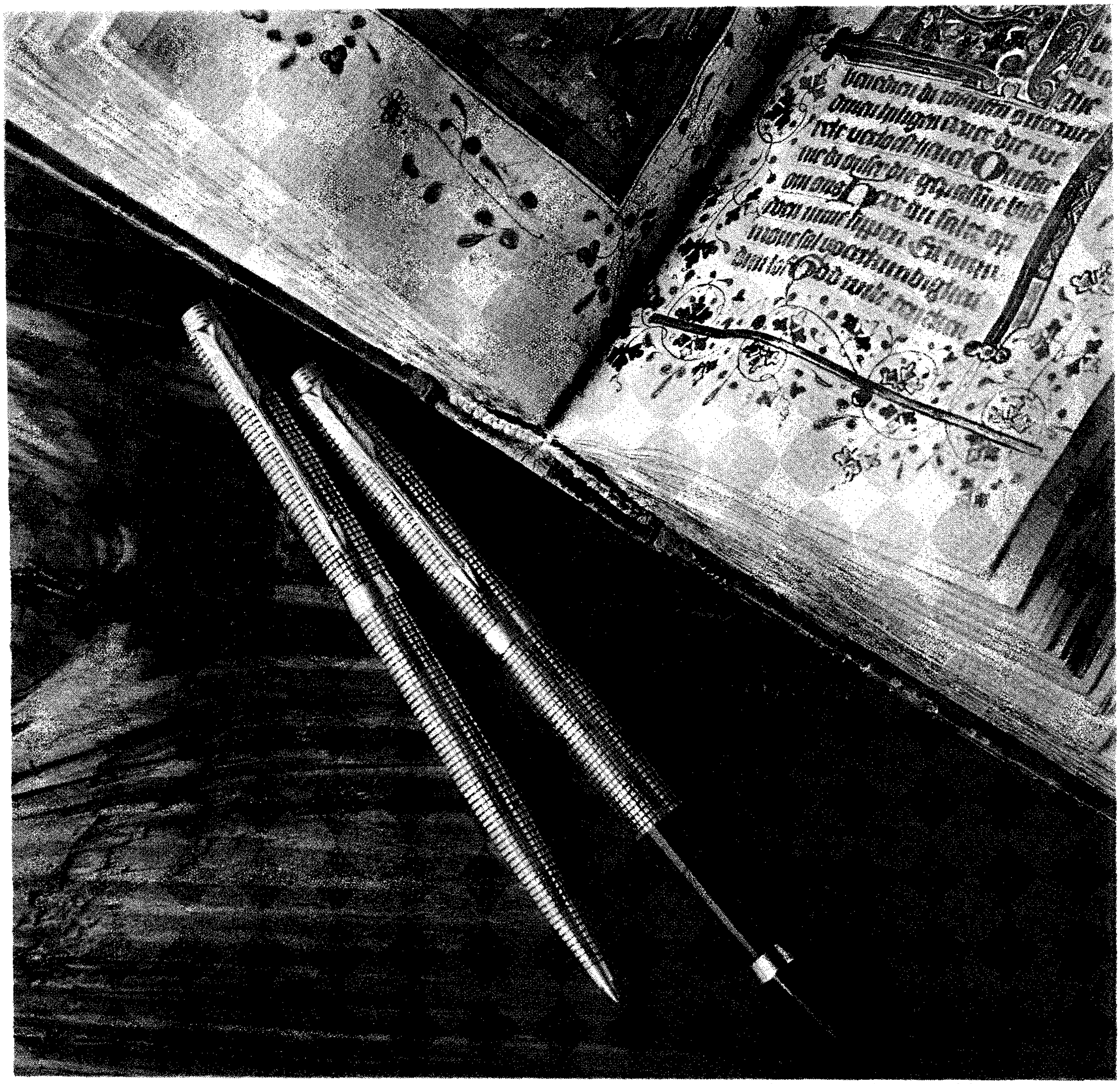
OTHER GALLERIES

Ralph Iwamoto—Paintings and drawings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Westbeth, 155 Bank St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Oct. 19. . . . WALKER STREET GALLERY, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St.:

© 1974 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

PARKER 75



15th Century manuscripts, courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

The Parker 75 Ball Pen and Soft Tip set. Give it to someone who thinks craftsmanship is dead.

Granted we don't make Parker pens the way we did eighty years ago. We make them a lot better.

No question, there's less hand work. But like it or not, machines do some things more precisely and more consistently than human hands ever could. Or ever did.

What about today? Well, take the Parker 75 Ball Pen as an example. Thanks to modern technology and our decades of experience, painstaking hours are no longer required. Instead, it takes painstaking *weeks*—three, to be exact, just to make the ball point.

But Craftsmanship means durability, you say. Permanence. In this day of planned obsolescence, are you surprised that we agree? Both the Parker 75 Ball Pen and the 75 Soft Tip are made to last for as long as you'll need them. We guarantee it. If either pen fails to perform due to defects, we will repair or replace it—free.

In solid sterling silver, the Parker 75 Ball Pen and Soft Tip set makes a heartwarming gift. It is proof in precious metal that Craftsmanship lives on.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

Parker 75 Ball Pen and Soft Tip sets from $20 to $925. Ample engraving areas for full monogram.

Last year, it was that trip to Spain. The year before, it was Patti's dancing lessons.

at the
Golden Dance
School

Isn't it time you got more for your money than memories?

Every year you have more expenses than you can shake a checkbook at. So the sofa (or chair or china cabinet) you needed last year gets put off until next year. Well, we suggest that you give priority to your home, for a change. Simply because few things provide as much pleasure for as long as fine furniture does.

Naturally, when it comes to such an important investment, you want to be sure of what you're getting. And, for a great many people, the Drexel® name is reassuring enough. But even if you don't know our name, our furniture can tell you quite a lot about itself.

Take our sofas, for example. They're available in dozens of styles. In a wide range of prices. But every one, regardless of cost, features a frame of kiln-dried mixed hardwoods to help prevent warping. Most of our custom coverings—and we have 350 of them—are stain repellent, so they stay fresh. And once you sink into the cushion-y comfort of a Drexel sofa, it's just passed the toughest test of all.

One thing more. We're even finicky about the stores that carry our line. Which is why you get such reliable service from your Drexel dealer. And that, of course, is another reason you can be confident that when you buy something by Drexel, you're not making an iffy purchase. You're making a more beautiful home for your money.

Drexel™

The beautiful investment.

For your nearest dealer, call free 800-243-6000 (In Conn., 1-800-882-6500). For booklets and room-planning kits, send $1 to Drexel Heritage Furnishings, a division of Champion International, Dept. NY-10-4, Drexel, N.C. 28619.

Drexel Heritage Furnishings
Division of Champion International

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paintings and sculptures by John Fischer, Howard Conant, Galeyn Remington, John Fudge, and others. Starts Saturday, Oct. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. This genre—and the show makes one realize that it *is* a genre—has yielded some of photography's strongest images, among them Brassaï's mordant picture of a tramp lying on a street in Marseilles under a mammoth billboard representation of a garishly delectable bowl of salad; Cartier-Bresson's beautiful surreal composition of a Spanish matron posed in front of a corset advertisement; and Elliott Erwitt's bitter commentary on segregation in his picture of two drinking fountains, one clean and modern labelled "white" and the other mean and dirty labelled "black," from which a black man is drinking. The exhibition includes some lesser but delightful photographs that simply record absurdities. One such is Dorothea Lange's study of two signs on two trees that read "Meet Thy God" and "Free Air," and another is Russell Lee's picture of a row of outdoor tubs above which these words are posted:

These Tubs
Are for Clothes Only
No Dishes, No Dogs
Nothing but Clothes.

Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Interchurch Center, 475 Riverside Dr., at 120th St.—A large exhibition called "Women See Women, Women See Men," by the Women Photographers of New York, which points up the problem with a group whose self-stated purpose is "to share support, comfort, and criticism." Criticism is neither supportive nor comfortable, and, evidently unwilling to inflict distress, the group uncritically hung poor and mediocre pictures along with the fine work that some members are capable of. Although this spares egos, it hurts and devaluates good work, and diminishes the whole group. One picture, though not technically or even aesthetically outstanding, lingers in the mind: It was taken by Helen Joseph and shows the back of a New York policeman who has roughly collared a scruffy, disreputably dressed black man and is backing him against a wall; the man is looking up at the cop with a fearless, serene, almost amused expression which identifies him as a member of that aristocracy, anatomized by Solzhenitsyn, of those who are afraid of nothing, because they have nothing left to lose. Through Friday, Oct. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 4:30.)

Elliott Erwitt—A large exhibition entirely devoted to photographs of dogs. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Arnold Newman—Portraits of artists, art dealers, and other figures in the art world. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Vintage photographs, plus scenes of Kansas by Brian Lanker. Through Oct. 27. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **schoelkopf,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of Indians of North America. Examples by Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Edward S. Curtis, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs—the first show devoted to this folk-art form ever mounted—that may well attract the extremes of attention that quilts received from the quilt show at the Whitney. The examples on view, which were gathered from museums and private collections, and are both figurative (flowers, animals, birds, ships, landscapes, and domestic scenes) and abstract, are marked by a strength and beauty of design that will amaze viewers for whom the term "hooked rug" conjures up the image of something fussy and ugly being done in her "spare time" by a lady in pink curlers. Most of the rugs in the show come from the nineteenth century, in the early decades of which the form arose for the practical purpose of utilizing scrap fabric—and for the less clear-cut emotional reasons that give folk art its indefinable power. Through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—In the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition of French drawings held this summer there appeared an outstanding ink drawing by Henri Manguin (1874-1943)—a nude bending over to pick up something, done in a few, firm, fluid strokes—that made one wonder why the work of this painter, who studied with Matisse under Moreau at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and became one of the Fauves, is not better known here. This large exhibition of Manguin's paintings (along with a few drawings and watercolors) answers the question: Manguin was a mediocre painter. He imitated Matisse (and others) to no avail, and finally lapsed into a kind of blowsy decorator's Impressionism that took him out of the mainstream he had briefly entered. Two landscapes done in Saint-Tropez, employing dry, lightly applied Fauve colors, are exceptions to the oddly inept handling of color (muddiness or stridency) that pervades the show. Manguin's drawings and watercolors, in contrast, are consistently fine and sure; an ink drawing of the artist's wife, Jeanne, invoking a gentle, smiling presence with fast, curving strokes, is especially strong. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶A retrospective of drawings and paintings by Leonid, plus a selection of works by his fellow-Neo-Romantic artists, among them Christian Bérard, Eugene Berman, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶Approximately two thousand photographic postcards from the turn of the century to the present. Through Oct. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Lithographs, etchings, and silk screens donated by such artists as Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Motherwell, and Saul Steinberg to endow a professorship at Columbia University in honor of art historian Meyer Schapiro. Through Oct. 13. . . . ¶About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Oct. 15. . . . ¶"The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Nine lithographs by the Japanese artist Shusaku Arakawa. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶Six newly acquired works by Jean Dubuffet, plus some from the permanent collection. Through Oct. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶Fantasy paintings in acrylic on canvas, metal, wood, and Plexiglas, plus pencil on paper, by Jim Nutt, an original member of Chicago's "Hairy Who" group. Through Oct. 23. . . . ¶Graphic works from 1965 to the present, by Alex Katz. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶An environmental exhibition by Jim Roche. Through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Abstractions by younger artists, among them David Diao, Joan Snyder, and David Novros. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Oct. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—About fifty works, mostly landscape paintings, by four Japanese painters who lived in the late eighteenth century. Starts Thursday, Oct. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—An educationally designed show of etchings, aquatints, and other graphics produced at Studio 2RC, in Rome, by Afro, Nevelson, Man Ray, and others. Through Oct. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, as well as Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶"Am I in It: Gertrude Stein Is 100," a small display of the author's letters, manuscripts, plays, and operas, with some photographs by Carl Van Vechten. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Mondays and Thursdays until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 2: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶Thursday evening, Oct. 3: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, John Reardon, and Robert Schmorr; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶Friday evening, Oct. 4: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 5: "Don Giovanni," with Cristina Deutekom, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 5: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 7: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 9: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, John Reardon, and Robert Schmorr; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 10: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 11: "Don Giovanni," with Rachel Mathes, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 12: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 12: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Herman Malamood, Thomas Jamerson, and Willard White; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, Puli Toro, and John Stewart; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8: A new staging of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Glenys Fowles, Richard V. Taylor, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Anthony, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Howard Fried; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Herman Malamood, William Justus, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 1: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Jeanne Piland, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Gary Glaze, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Puli Toro, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Elaine Bonazzi, and Samuel Ramey; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Diane Curry, Melvyn Poll, and David Holloway; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Maralin Niska, Patricia Wise, and Arley Reece; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "The Mikado," with Carol Bergey Skarimbas, Carolyne James, David Griffith, and Irwin Densen; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Fisher; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.)

Mini-Festival around Ives—The New York Philharmonic in collaboration with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in the first of two series of concerts, this one devoted to music by Ives, his contemporaries, and those whom he influenced, and presented by soloists and ensembles of varied sizes. Pierre Boulez will conduct an orchestra of seventy, in the round, in Avery Fisher Hall, on Tuesday, Oct. 8, and Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; an orchestra of thirty-five in the Juilliard Theatre (155 W. 65th St.) on Wednesday, Oct. 9, and Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; and the full orchestra, in the round, in Avery Fisher Hall, on Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8, with Isaac Stern, violin; Friday, Oct. 11, at 8, with André Watts, piano; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8, with Jessye Norman, soprano.)

RECITALS

Cleveland Quartet—The first two in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 2, and Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Gisela May—Songs of Brecht and Tucholsky. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Herbert Tichman and Ruth Tichman—Clarinet and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:15.)

New School Concerts—A program of works by Arnold Schoenberg, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth, performed by the Galimir Quartet; Lydia Artymiw, piano; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7:30.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Lutanist and guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Cleo Laine with John Dankworth—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Marvin Gaye—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performance Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Enrico Macias—With the dancers and singers of his La Fête Oriental Company. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 2-4, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 6 at 8.)

Mahavishnu Orchestra—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Les Paul and Bucky Pizzarelli—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Herbie Hancock—With Minnie Riperton. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Mountain—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.

Bruce Springsteen—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.

Country in New York—The second in a series of six concerts, this one with Willie Nelson, Crash Craddock, and the Carter Family. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 7.)

Blue Oyster Cult and Triumvirat—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Earl Scruggs Revue and Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.

Fleetwood Mac and Triumvirat—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 5, at midnight.

Dave Pochonet Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Labelle—Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8.

Muddy Waters—With Willie Dixon and Luther Allison. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Weather Report—With the Louis Falco Dance Company. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—A jazz-Latin jam, with Ray Barretto, Ray Bryant, Jon Faddis, and the Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

The Temptations and the Staple Singers—Uris Theatre. Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 8-11, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7 and 10.

Lou Reed—With Daryl Hall and John Oates. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Bonnie Raitt—With Mose Allison. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Santana—Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Frank Sinatra—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—Mets vs. Philadelphia. (Shea Stadium. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8:05.)

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Boston vs. Milwaukee and Knicks vs. Buffalo, Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 6. . . . ¶ Buffalo vs. Milwaukee and Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Oct. 10, at 6. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Chicago, Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:05.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 5:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 12** (all games at 1:30): Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 1.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Miami. Monday, Oct. 7.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Rangers (exhibition game), Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:05.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 2; the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 5; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 9; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Sports-Car Racing—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3:20.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

Yachting—The eighth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, run over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to beyond the Verazzano Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 12 (rain date, Sunday, Oct. 13). A spectator boat will sail from the Whitehall Ferry Terminal, foot of Whitehall St., at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

ET ALIA

The Crystal Palace on 42nd Street, 1853-54—Enlarged drawings and prints showing both the exterior and interior of the building, as well as many of the industrial and art exhibits which made up the "Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations," when it graced the site now known as Bryant Park. Starting Monday, Oct. 7. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 2: Netsuke, lacquer ware, and Japanese prints; from various sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 4, at 10:15: English and Continental silver, from the estate of Sol Hurok and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 2: Early Chinese Export porcelains and Southeast Asian ceramics, belonging to Adrian Zecha and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2: English and Continental furniture, clocks, and decorations; from a number of collections, including that of the late Sol Hurok. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 3.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections are Thursday, Oct. 3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Saturday, Oct. 5, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Thursday, Oct. 10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Horticultural Society of New York, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden Society, the City Gardens Club, and the Greater New York Orchid Society. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday through Tuesday, Oct. 3-8, from 10 to 6:30.)

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Delacorte Geyser—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 12 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Oct. 17 (New Orleans), Oct. 19 (Philadelphia), Oct. 22 (Houston), Oct. 26 (Boston), Oct. 29 (Atlanta), and Nov. 2 (Chicago). . . . ¶ The Nets at the **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Oct. 18 (Utah), Oct. 23 (Memphis), Oct. 25 (San Antonio), Nov. 1 (Indiana), and Nov. 3 (San Antonio).

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, OCT. 13:** Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 20:** Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 27:** Jets vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 3:** Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 10:** Giants vs. Jets, at the Yale Bowl.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Ranger games on Oct. 16, 20, 23, 27, and 30, and Nov. 3. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islander games on Oct. 15, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Nov. 2 and 5.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 5-12.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Oct. 14-Jan. 4. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Oct. 21-Nov. 23. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Oct. 21-Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Oct. 14-Dec. 14.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 19. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 21 and Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Oct. 23 and 25. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Eugene Fodor, violin, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 10. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, Oct. 15-16. . . . ¶ Bella Rudenko, soprano, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Pierre Cochereau, organ, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ New Japan Philharmonic, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Boston Pops Orchestra, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Toho String Orchestra, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Nov. 4-6. . . . ¶ Solisti di Zagreb, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 9-11. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 20 and 22 and Nov. 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 9. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Speculum Musicae, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Paul Sperry, tenor, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Byron Janis, piano, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Maureen Forrester, contralto, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Christoph Eschenbach, piano, Nov. 2. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Leon Kirchner and Lorin Hollander, piano, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 25 and Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck keyboard, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Benita Valente, soprano, and Richard Goode, piano, Nov. 7. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Helen Boatwright, soprano, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, Nov. 8.

Ballet and Dance—Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the Alvin Theatre, Oct. 14-19. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 12- Feb. 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Hosanna," a two-character Canadian play by Michel Tremblay, with Richard Monette and Richard Donat. . . . ¶ Roy Dotrice returns in "Brief Lives," a one-man show imported from London and adapted by Patrick Garland from the works of John Aubrey. . . . ¶ A play, "Dreyfus in Rehearsal," derived from the French of Jean-Claude Grumberg by Garson Kanin. Ruth Gordon, Sam Levene, and Avery Schreiber have the leading roles. . . . ¶ Peter Shaffer's London play, "Equus," with Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth. . . . ¶ The opening presentation of the season by the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center will be Anne Burr's play "Mert and Phil" (Estelle Parsons and Michael Lombard). . . . ¶ A revival of the 1927 musical "Good News" (book by Laurence Schwab, B. G. DeSylva, and Frank Mandel; words and music by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson), starring Alice Faye and John Payne. . . . ¶ Congreve's Restoration farce, "Love for Love," will be the first offering of the season by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Mary Ure and John McMartin head the cast. . . . ¶ Another London import, the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "Sherlock Holmes," based on the Arthur Conan Doyle-William Gillette 1899 play. John Wood has the title role.

Other Dates—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ The Fall Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Oct. 16. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 19-27. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Monday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Shimmering watercolors in metallic yarns artfully form an evening trio of jacket, halter and pyjama pants. For a sparkling time, in 6 to 12 sizes, $95. Fifth Avenue Shop. Slightly higher in the West. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF FASHION

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 8: "The Conversation" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
From Oct. 9: "California Split."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 5: "Flying Down to Rio" and "Swing Time."
Oct. 6-8: "Holiday" and "Born Yesterday."
From Oct. 9: "The Light That Failed" and "Beau Geste."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 8: "Buster and Billie" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
From Oct. 9: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 8: "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Oct. 9: "Blazing Saddles" and "Blume in Love."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"California Split."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Chinatown."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 9: "Cabaret."
From Oct. 10: "Alvin Purple."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Oct. 2: "California Split."
From Oct. 3: "The Abdication."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"11 Harrowhouse."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 8: "Chinatown."
From Oct. 9: "Law and Disorder."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Juggernaut."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Juggernaut."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Oct. 2: "The Henry Miller Odyssey" and "Anaïs Nin Observed."
Oct. 3-9: To be announced.
From Oct. 10: "Dodes'ka-den."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 8: "Flesh Gordon."
From Oct. 9: "Shanks."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 8: "Walking Tall."
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cabaret."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Born Losers."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Foxy Brown" and "Truck Turner."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Juggernaut."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 8: "Cabaret."
From Oct. 9: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 8: "The Harder They Come" and "Putney Swope."
From Oct. 9: "The Terminal Man" and "The Ruling Class."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 8 at one or another of the theatres: "Animal Crackers" and "Where's Poppa?" / "Harold and Maude" and "Play It Again, Sam."... ¶ Through Oct. 5: "Foreign Correspondent" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much."... ¶ Oct. 6-8: "A Star Is Born" and "Nothing Sacred."... ¶ Oct. 2: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "A King in New York."... ¶ Oct. 3: "A King in New York" and "Limelight."... ¶ Oct. 4: "Limelight" and "City Lights."... ¶ Oct. 5: "City Lights" and "The Great Dictator."... ¶ Oct. 6: "The Great Dictator" and "Modern Times."... ¶ Oct. 7: "Modern Times" and "The Gold Rush."... ¶ Oct. 8: "The Gold Rush" and "Monsieur Verdoux."
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 8: "Betty Boop's Goodies of 1975."
From Oct. 9: "Metropolis" and "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse."
Note: Sunday, Oct. 6, one performance, at noon: "Seven Chances."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The French Connection" and "The Seven-Ups."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Gang's All Here."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 2: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."
Oct. 3: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "Breathless."
Oct. 4: "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "The Little Foxes."
Oct. 5: "Savage Messiah" and "The Music Lovers."
Oct. 6: "Der Rosenkavalier."
Oct. 7: "Ugetsu" and "Tales of the Tair Clan."
Oct. 8: "The Naked Night" and "Variet Lights."
Oct. 9: "L'Avventura" and "Eclipse."
Oct. 10: "Trouble in Paradise" and "Desire.'

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 3: "Papillon" and "The Inter necine Project."
From Oct. 4: "Butch Cassidy and the Sun dance Kid" and "99 and 44/100% Dead."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 2: "Sambizanga" and "How Tasty Wa My Little Frenchman."
Oct. 3: "The Mother and the Whore."
Oct. 4-5: "Tout Va Bien" and "Before th Revolution."
Oct. 6: "Zazie" and "Happiness."
Oct. 7: "Le Socrate" and "Paisan."
Oct. 8: "The End of Summer" and "An Au tumn Afternoon."
Oct. 9: "A Free Woman" and "The Spider' Stratagem."
Oct. 10: "Painters Painting" and "Chronicl of Anna Magdalena Bach."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 8: "Born Losers."
From Oct. 9: "California Split."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 8: "Cabaret."
From Oct. 9: "Bring Me the Head of Al fredo Garcia."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 8: "Man on a Swing" an "The White Dawn."
From Oct. 9: "The Apprenticeship of Dudd Kravitz."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 8: "The Great Gatsby."
From Oct. 9: "The Terminal Man" and "Th Getaway."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 8: "Buster and Billie" an "The King of Marvin Gardens."
From Oct. 9: "The Mad Adventures o 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "Sleuth."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956 7078)—Oct. 2 at noon: "Tales of the Nava jo" (1949), directed by Jack Shaidlin... ¶ Oct. 2 at 5:30: "Madame X" (1937), di rected by Sam Wood, with Gladys George an Warren William.... ¶ Oct. 3, three version of "The Merry Widow"—At 2, Curtis Bern hardt's 1952 version, with Lana Turner an Fernando Lamas; at 5:30, Ernst Lubitsch' 1934 version, with Jeanette MacDonald an Maurice Chevalier; at 8, Erich von Stro heim's 1925 silent version, with John Gilber and Mae Murray.... ¶ Oct. 4 at 2: "Broad way Melody of 1940," directed by Norma Taurog, with Eleanor Powell and Fred As taire.... ¶ Oct. 4 at 5:30: "Robin Hood o El Dorado" (1936), directed by Willian Wellman, with Warner Baxter and Bruc Cabot.... ¶ Oct. 5 at noon: "The Phanton Chariot" (1920), a Swedish silent film, di rected by and with Victor Sjöström; Englis inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 5 at 3: "Intruder in th Dust" (1949), directed by Clarence Brow with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Her nández.... ¶ Oct. 5 at 5:30: "Cabin in th Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli with Ethel Waters and Eddie Anderson... ¶ Oct. 6 at 12:30 and 3: "King Solomon' Mines" (1950), directed by Compton Ben nett and Andrew Marton, with Deborah Ker and Stewart Granger.... ¶ Oct. 6 at 5:30 "Kid Glove Killer" (1942), directed by Fre Zinnemann, with Marsha Hunt and Va Heflin.... ¶ Oct. 7 at 2: "Adam's Rib

Christian Dior

Strolling the Seine, one senses time and tradition. Great designers' genius is to sense the world's readiness for their ideas. My blazer, from the House of Dior, feels right for that very reason. Pure Wool. In a class by itself. *Louis Jourdan*

Photographed on the Ile de la Cité, Paris

tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx

36 South Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606 © 1974 Hart Services, Inc.

Quintessence...

The ultimate in fashions for the floor by Cabin Crafts, in magnificent textures and a palette of 120 colors. A collection of carpets so beautiful, so right in fashion and quality, that they've inspired special showings, a Quintessence bouquet, a Quintessence fragrance by a noted designer. For you, these tokens to treasure when you shop for these five very special carpets from Cabin Crafts.*

**Limited gift offers. Check details at participating stores. Or write for your special presentation brochure on Quintessence to Dept. JBM, Cabin Crafts, Box 1208, Dalton, GA 30720.*

Quintessence events at: Rich's, Atlanta; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo; Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago; H&S Pogue, Cincinnati; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Rike's, Dayton; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Foley's, Houston; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; May Cohen, Jacksonville; Macy's, Kansas City; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami; Boston Store, Milwaukee; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; The Emporium, San Francisco; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

Cabin Crafts® Carpets

® WestPoint Pepperell
CARPET AND RUG DIVISION
DALTON, GEORGIA 30720

(1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 5:30: "Boys Town" (1938), directed by Norman Taurog, with Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2: "Joe Smith, American" (1942), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Marsha Hunt and Robert Young. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 5:30: "Native Land" (1942), directed by Leo Hurwitz, a documentary film, narrated by Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 5:30: "Joe Smith, American." . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5:30: "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Robert Walker. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8: "The Search" (1948), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Montgomery Clift and Aline MacMahon. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

w York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 2 at 4 and 6: "The Guru" (1968), directed by James Ivory, with Rita Tushingham and Michael York. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3 and 6: "Bombay Talkie" (1970), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor and Jennifer Kendal. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 5 and 7:30: "Savages" (1972), directed by James Ivory, with Susie Blakely and Margaret Brewster. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 4 and 6: "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization" (1971), directed by James Ivory; "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1972), directed by Ismail Merchant; and "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" (1973), directed by Anthony Korner. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 4 and 6: "Venice: Theme and Variations" (1956), "The Sword and the Flute" (1959), and "The Delhi Way" (1963), all films directed by James Ivory. . . . ¶ Oct. 9-10 at 4 and 6: To be announced. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 8: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 9: "False Pretenses (Kodak Ghost Poems, Part II)," directed by Andrew Noren. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (362-1911)—Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 6:15: "Rome Wants Another Caesar" (Italy). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 9:30: "Part-Time Work of a Domestic Slave" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 6:15, and Friday, Oct. 4, at 9:30: "Roots" (United States). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 9:30, and Friday, Oct. 4, at 6:15: "A Bigger Splash" (Great Britain). . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, at 1: "Out One/Spectre" (France). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 6:15, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 9: "The Middle of the World" (Switzerland). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 9:30, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 6:15: "Ali" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 7, at 6:15: "Les Enfants Terribles" (France, 1949). . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 7, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 11, at 6:15: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (France). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 6:15, and Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 9:30: "Alice in the Cities" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 9:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 6:15: "La Paloma" (Switzerland). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 6:15: "Lancelot of the Lake" (France/Italy). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 9:30, and Friday, Oct. 11, at 10: "The Circumstance" (Italy).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

e Abdication—With Liv Ullmann and Peter Finch, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton; starting Oct. 3.)

vin Purple—With Graeme Blundell, directed by Tim Burstall. (Eastside Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

marcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of a giant liner called the Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. People who blamed him for taking a false route in one or two of the last films that struck them as epicene frescoes might have trusted him to get onto his own track again. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (Reviewed in these pages 9/23/74.) (Plaza.)

naïs Nin Observed—A documentary on the writer Anaïs Nin, directed by Robert Snyder. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 2.)

nimal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

he Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Fine Arts, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Oct. 9.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Regency; Oct. 8.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Beau Geste (1939)—Gary Cooper had had three flops in a row when he decided to play it safe with this remake of the 1926 Ronald Colman hit about a valiant Foreign Legionnaire's life in the midst of Arab attacks, garrison floggings, desert deaths, and assorted fortress crises. The picture, rousingly directed by William Wellman, was indeed a success, but times had changed, and Cooper's halfhearted performance and somewhat delirious courage didn't entertain audiences nearly as much as Brian Donlevy's ruthless villainy. Donlevy's sadistic Russian officer shocked audiences, and at the same time persuaded them that he was a superb soldier; the role had some of the fascination of George C. Scott's later Patton. Donlevy got the notices and an Academy Award nomination. With Robert Preston as Cooper's brother, Ray Milland, Susan Hayward, Albert Dekker, Broderick Crawford, and J. Carrol Naish. The Percival C. Wren novel was adapted by Robert Carson; a 1966 version starred Guy Stockwell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 9.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Regency; Oct. 4-5.)

Betty Boop's Goodies of 1975—Another cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including excerpts from such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, the Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Elgin; through Oct. 8.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 9.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (6/23/73) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 9.)

Born Losers (1967)—Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor, made this movie together before they did "Billy Jack;" however, Laughlin first appeared here as Billy Jack, the deceptively quiet half-breed Indian. Singlehanded, he takes on an outlaw motorcycle band. With Jane Russell, Elizabeth James, and Jeremy Slate. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 8.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6-8.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (Waverly, and New Yorker; starting Oct. 9.)

Buster and Billie—Set in Georgia in 1948, about coed friendship. The film ends with a communal rape and killing, so it's not for the young. It has a faintly faked aura of lyricism and of homesickness for a far from good time in the forties, which makes it not for anyone else, either, though there are a few good, incomplete touches about a believably unlikely friendship. Directed by Daniel Petrie. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 8.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Paramount; starting Oct. 4.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Sutton; Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Art, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 9.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Oct. 8.)

Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach (1967)—The final years of Johann Sebastian Bach (the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt) as seen through the eyes of his second wife (Christiane Lang). Those final years were, of course, devoted to his music, and the film, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, is deliberately—one might say determinedly—undramatized. Straub concentrates on Leonhardt at his instrument. In German. (Regency; Oct. 10.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 4-5.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Art; through Oct. 8.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Desire (1936)—Ernst Lubitsch produced Dietrich in this Frank Borzage picture, and freed her from von Sternberg's melodramatic clutch. The film was known as "The Pearl Necklace" when it was incubated at Paramount. Dietrich swipes a pearl necklace from a Paris jewelry shop and races for the Spanish border; Gary Cooper, as a Detroit engineer, drives laconically in the same direction. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 9.)

Dodes'ka-den (1971)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Oct. 10.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Harrowhouse—With Charles Grodin and Candice Bergen, directed by Aram Avakian. (Trans-Lux East.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Regency; Oct. 8.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Beekman; through Oct. 8.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 5.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a trans-Atlantic plane from London the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

A Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Regency; Oct. 9.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Guild.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Art; through Oct. 8.)

The Gambler—With James Caan and Lauren Hutton, directed by Karel Reisz. (Loews Tower East.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Playboy.)

The Getaway (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (12/23/72) (Thalia; starting Oct. 9.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl Charlie wins. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 7-8.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 5-6.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton), but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Thalia; through Oct. 8.)

Happiness (1934)—Alexandre Medvedkine's silent comedy, made in Russia. (Regency; Oct. 6.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 8.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a

Presenting a fine silver opportunity.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.

SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
1776-1976
BICENTENNIAL
SONS OF AMERICA
PAUL REVERE SILVERSMITH
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

Actual size.

Now, a silver Bicentennial coin that's more than a souvenir. More than a collector's item. More than an investment with excellent growth potential.

It's also the only U.S. 200th Anniversary commemorative coin exchangeable at any time for $25 in merchandise at Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston precious jewelers since 1800. And renowned for our jewelry, silver, glassware, antiques and unique gifts.

Here is the first of the series of five coins to be issued by SCL during the Anniversary celebration, each in a limited edition of 5,000. Each will be minted of more than an ounce of fine .999 silver (sterling is .925), and sculptured with themes from the Revolutionary era. On one side is Paul Revere fashioning his original "Sons of Liberty Bowl," and on the other, the early U.S. trading ship "Governor Endicott," built in South Salem, Massachusetts and mastered by Benjamin Shreve, uncle of our founder.

Each coin comes in a jeweler's bag with a Limited Edition Certificate enclosed, and is gift wrapped. Order early to avoid disappointment. Send your check for $25, plus $1.35 for postage and handling (Mass. residents add 3%). Or charge to your account. Subject to prior sale.

330 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100
The Mall at Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167 (617) 965-2700

Shreve, Crump & Low Co.
330 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116

S C & L

Please send me ____ (no.) SCL Bicentennial Gift Coins at $25 each, plus postage and handling. (For multiple orders to be sent by us, please enclose gift list and special instructions.)

Name ____

Street Address ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

☐ Enclosed is my check for $ ____
☐ Charge to my SCL account # ____
☐ Please send me an SCL charge account application.
☐ Please send me an announcement about the next coin in the series.
☐ Enclosed is $1 for your 1974-75 Gift Catalogue.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

The Henry Miller Odyssey—About Henry Miller, whose reputation makes him seem more cock-a-hoop than this film does. At eighty-odd, he emerges as a man of sweetness and funniness who sees through the hypocritical politesse of his highborn contemporaries and the matching tone of a mandarin language that was making a social flunky of literature. "When we left high school, I was asked what I wanted to be, and I said a clown," says this Rabelaisian man who has struggled with orthodoxy all his life but always managed to make a game out of the combat. (9/16/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 2.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6-8.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman (1971)—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, the Latin-American Indian language. (Regency; Oct. 2.)

The Internecine Project—With James Coburn and Lee Grant, directed by Ken Hughes. (Paramount; through Oct. 3.)

Juggernaut—With Richard Harris and Omar Sharif, directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 2-3.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 8.)

Law and Disorder—With Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Ivan Passer. (Coronet; starting Oct. 9.)

The Light That Failed (1940)—This faithful adaptation of the Kipling novel jerks cultured tears. Ronald Colman plays Helder, the great painter, who is injured by a spear in the Sudan and later goes blind, so he doesn't know that his masterpiece has been destroyed—splashed with turpentine—by his spiteful Cockney model, Bessie Broke (Ida Lupino). When he learns the truth, he goes back to the Sudan, bent on suicide. The director William Wellman said of Colman, "He didn't like me; I didn't like him—the only two things we agreed fully on." Fortunately, Wellman seems to have got along well with Lupino (it was her big entry in the Bette Davis-slut sweepstakes) and Walter Huston, who plays the painter's friend. With Muriel Angelus, Dudley Digges, and Ernest Cossart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 9.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 3-4.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4.)

The Longest Yard—Football in prison. If you relish the squeak of a brutally broken nose being twisted back into place, this is your picture. Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Oct. 9.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4.)

Man on a Swing—Frank Perry's pseudo-documentary murder mystery is based on the unsolved crime that an Ohio reporter, William A. Clark, wrote about in "The Girl on the Volkswagen Floor"—a crime that became complicated when a man who claimed to be clairvoyant got involved in solving it. If the movie had stuck to the facts, it might have worked; if the scripter, David Zelag Goodman, had fictionalized the case and given it a solution, that might also have worked. But the movie is a jumble of both (with echoes of "Laura" besides), and in changing the central character, the reporter, to a chief of police (Cliff Robertson), Goodman failed to restructure the reporter's activities. So one keeps wondering who's running the police department while Robertson wanders off investigating parapsychology. Robertson's acting is far from inspired; his eyes are so bright and alert that he's staring even when he isn't, and his mouth is fixed in a semi-sneer. The picture, however, has a creepy, volatile performance by Joel Grey, as the man who says he's clairvoyant, and it's pure gold. Grey proves that he's an actor and a star; you can't take your eyes off him, and you don't want to. (Symphony; through Oct. 8.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)— 1955, Hitchcock remade in color this thrill about a kidnapping and an attempted politic assassination. The later version starred Jam Stewart and Doris Day; this first versi features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pier Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre début in English-language films), and it h Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneal wit. The best scenes—especially an assassin tion attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stu ning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned abo the unconvincing material in between t tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in t later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam pla the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; throu Oct. 5.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great sile film, which goes too far and always gets aw with it. No one in Europe has ever handl crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Gr fith, he makes them seem full of signal i sight into the blindness of herds. There is interesting robot in the film, called the Fal Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Eri Pommer, who also had the wit to find t finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh "The Blue Angel." (Elgin; starting Oct. 9.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Folk hum Frank Capra-style, is better in slightly sho er doses (this runs almost two hours), b there's no use fighting one's enjoyment. I gratiating is the word for it, and irresistib too. Gary Cooper is the sincere greeting-ca poet who comes to the big city; Jean Arth is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who sta out by making a public joke of him and th falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapt the Clarence Buddington Kelland *Satevepo* story. The cast includes George Bancro Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ru Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Mayo Methot, a Raymond Walburn. (Carnegie Hall Cinem Oct. 2.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Fra Capra's attempt to repeat the country-bo defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "M Deeds" succeeded commercially, but this o has more of the heartfelt in it than is go for the stomach, and it goes on for over t hours. James Stewart is the naïve small-tov hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur is t cynical young secretary who is at first hor fied by his simplicity. When the young Sen tor's illusions are shattered, he stages a fi buster, defeats the villains, and reëstablish the whole government on a firm and hono able basis. No one balances the ups a downs of wistful sentiment and corny hum the way Capra can—but if anyone el should learn to, kill him. Sidney Buchm wrote the screenplay, from a story by Lew R. Foster. The cast includes Claude Rains a corrupt senator, Guy Kibbee as a venal go ernor, Beulah Bondi as Ma Smith, Edwa Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Ruth Donnell and Eugene Pallette, who gets stuck in phone booth. Members of the U.S. Sena were so outraged about the picture that the was actually talk of a retaliatory bill again the movie interests; the storm blew ov when it became apparent that the publ loved the film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; O 2.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautif form. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 6-7.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a de fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with a tempted Shavian ironies: this private entr preneur of murder feels guiltless, and co trasts what he does with what governmen do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he say Chaplin is more talented at carrying out h pantomime bits than in the talky passage which are meant to be complexly unsettlir and come across as turgid. The casting is n all it might be, with the glorious exception Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux calculations and one attempt after anothe he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work movie art, but it's so special a film that mayl it deserves to be called a classic. (Quad Cin ma; Oct. 2 and 8.)

The Mother and the Whore—This controversi three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, pr duced, written, and directed by Jean Eustach is about the aging young of the Left Ban who live in an atmosphere of apocalypt narcissism. It is about the disaffection those who are stranded in a confusion personal freedom and social hopelessnes Eustache's method resembles the stat

Can you imagine a man like this who doesn't read Business Week? ....or a marketing plan that doesn't include him?

Ted Bowles piloted B-24's in WWII. Nowadays seldom goes higher than 9,600 feet in Colorado where he owns a silver mine or skiing at Vail with wife and two daughters. At sea-level, he skippers his 35' Spencer sloop; at ground level he hooks rugs of manhole cover designs (which he says will soon be called personhole covers). He makes rubbings of covers, transfers them to canvas, spends up to 50 hours hooking each rug. His interest began when he noticed 27 different covers at the intersection of two San Francisco streets.

Most of Mr. Bowles business is underground as Vice President of Sales and Marketing for Associated Concrete Products, Inc. a division of For Better Living, Inc. (Western O-T-C). Under the trade name of "Quikset," Associated sells concrete underground structures to municipalities and public utilities nationwide (each has a different manhole cover design). Quikset sales have increased 20% each year since Mr. Bowles began hooking rugs in 1963.

Mr. Bowles has been reading Business Week for about the same length of time.

Business Week

The newsweekly of business for more than 4½ million readers.

Just imagine!

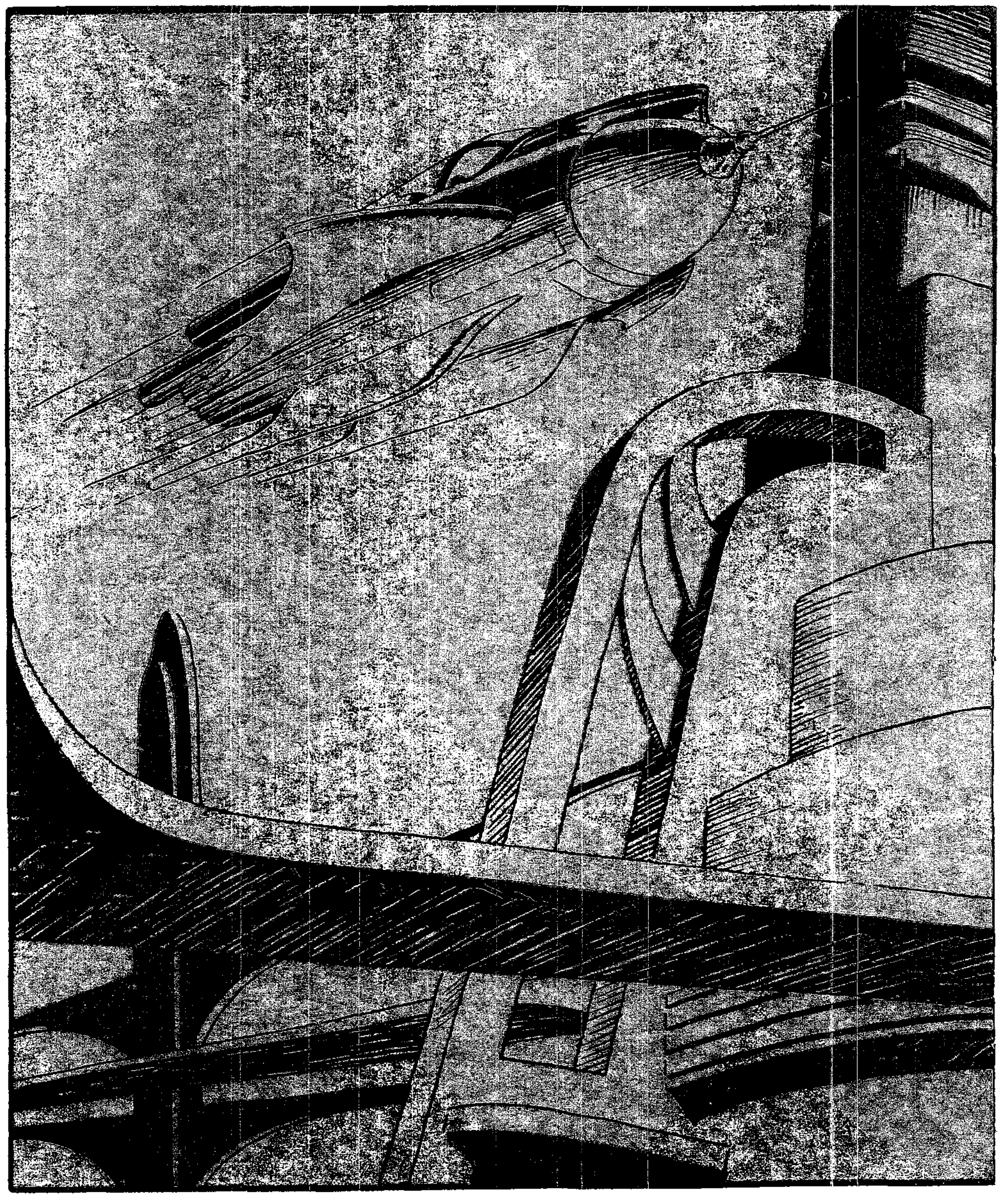
Business Week sponsors the Advertising News of the Day.
WQXR Radio 1560 AM—96.3 FM at 7:00 and 8:00 a.m. daily.

The real
No single item on our list of national priorities has received more lip service than public transportation.

We face an energy crisis. Our highways are jammed; some days they look more like parking lots than roads. Most cars have only one occupant. Downtown streets are clogged.

We must have improved buses, new underground railway systems, monorails.

The programs are costly, they take decades to plan and build. But we have reached a point where there is no alternative. Let's get on with it.



artist: alex raymond, "flash gordon." copyright 1939 king features syndicate, inc.

The ideal
Efficient mass transportation systems which move great numbers of people but which are tailored to individuals.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Regency; Oct. 3.)

THE MUSIC LOVERS (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 5.)

THE NAKED NIGHT (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

THE NIGHT PORTER—With Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Liliana Cavani. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

99 AND 44/100% DEAD—With Richard Harris, directed by John Frankenheimer. (Paramount; starting Oct. 4.)

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets in this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl," and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Quad Cinema; Oct. 6-8.)

PAINTERS PAINTING (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Regency; Oct. 10.)

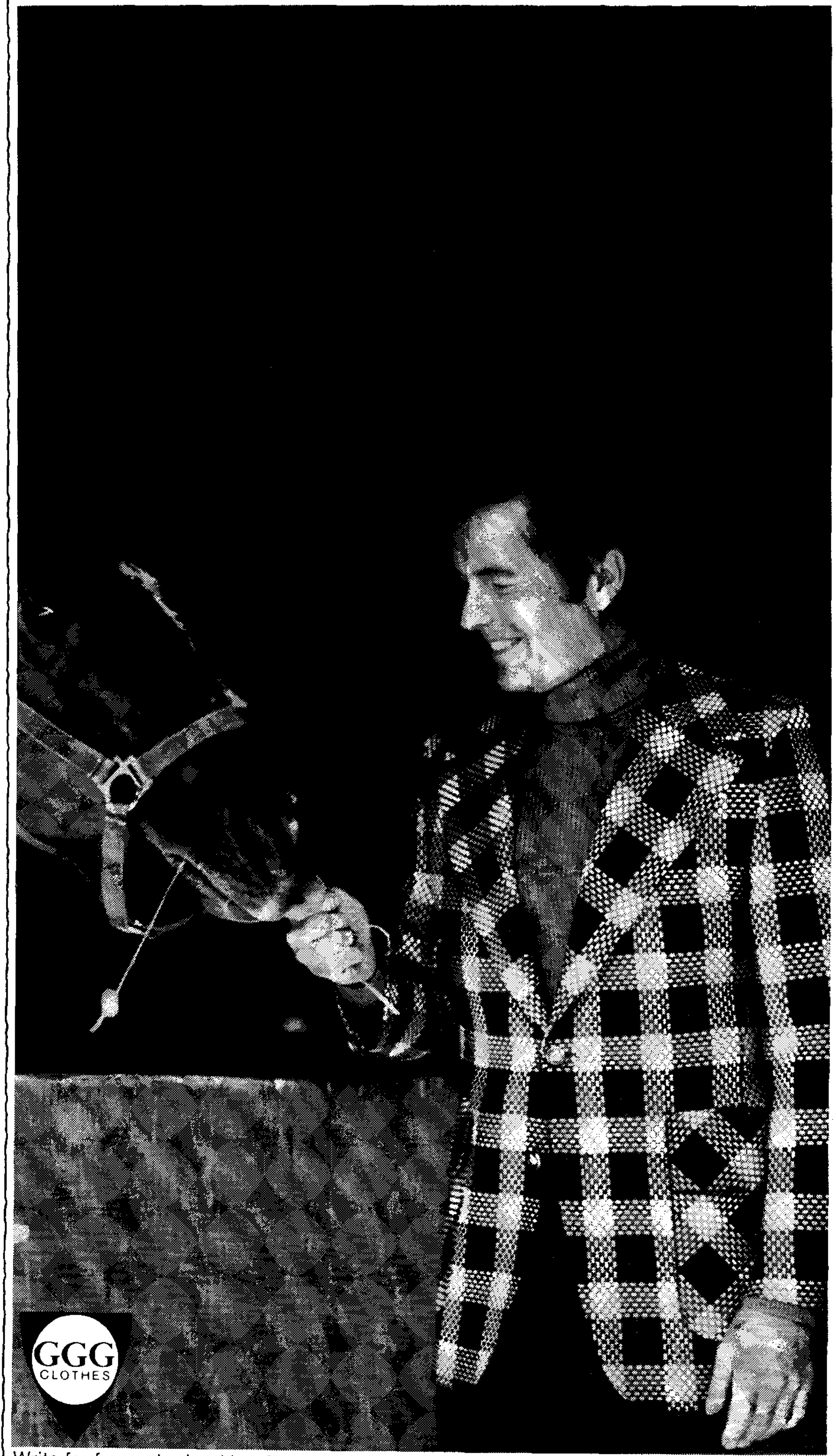
PAISAN (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his first breakthrough with "Open City." Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative; the content less so, though the film is often hailed as a peak in the history of the screen. In English, French, Italian, and German. (Regency; Oct. 7.)

PAPILLON—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island, and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Paramount; through Oct. 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

PUTNEY SWOPE (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of

Style for Living.
GGG™



Write for free color booklet, GGG Clothes, Dept. K, 12 East 14th Street, New York, 10003

Lord & Taylor

Our treat!

The Lord & Taylor Christmas Book is ready now and yours for the asking. Send us the coupon, we'll send you the book—with hundreds and hundreds of gift ideas to make your Christmas merry. (Your copy is already on the way if you have a Lord & Taylor charge account.)

Mail Order Department
Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10018

Please send me your Christmas Book.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________________
State__________Zip__________

☐ Please include an application for a Lord & Taylor charge account

(NYer 10/7)

boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 8.)

Der Rosenkavalier (1963)—A Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 6.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 9.)

Sambizanga—Directed by Sarah Maldoror. In Portuguese. (Regency; Oct. 2.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (11/18/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 5.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarter hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. (9/23/74) (Cinema I.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 8.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (Elgin; Sunday, Oct. 6, one performance, at noon.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Guild.)

Shanks—With Marcel Marceau, directed by William Castle. (Beekman; starting Oct. 9.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (12/23/72) (Olympia; starting Oct. 9.)

Le Socrate (1969)—A first film directed by Robert Lapoujade, a French painter, writer, and film animator. The subject is the persecution of a modern philosopher. In French. (Regency; Oct. 7.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Regency; Oct. 9.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A later, box-office failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is threatened; there have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV, and more of those are also impending. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phoniness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to fine careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 6-8.)

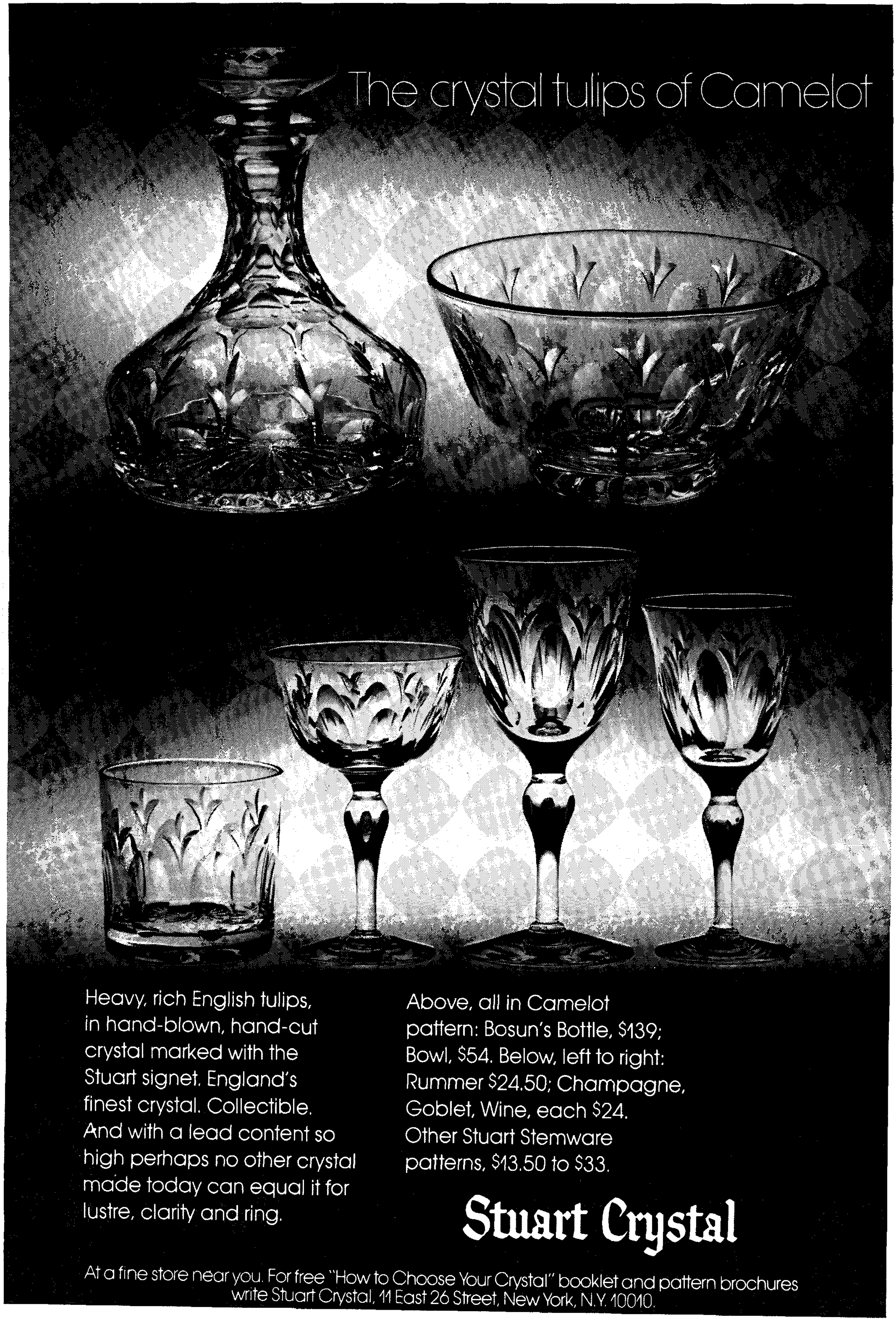
Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 5.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—With Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw, directed by Joseph Sargent. (86th St. East.)

Tales of the Taira Clan (1955)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

The Terminal Man—From the Michael Crichton novel, with George Segal and Joan Hackett. Directed by Mike Hodges. (8th St. Playhouse, and Thalia; starting Oct. 9.)

The Testament of Dr. Mabuse (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been aug-



The crystal tulips of Camelot

Heavy, rich English tulips, in hand-blown, hand-cut crystal marked with the Stuart signet. England's finest crystal. Collectible. And with a lead content so high perhaps no other crystal made today can equal it for lustre, clarity and ring.

Above, all in Camelot pattern: Bosun's Bottle, $139; Bowl, $54. Below, left to right: Rummer $24.50; Champagne, Goblet, Wine, each $24. Other Stuart Stemware patterns, $13.50 to $33.

Stuart Crystal

At a fine store near you. For free "How to Choose Your Crystal" booklet and pattern brochures write Stuart Crystal, 11 East 26 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Black Willow Mink

In 1966, we purchased the top bundles of the first true black natural mink mutation. In 1974, we and one of the great fur houses in the world purchased the entire known supply of 1974 Black Willow® mink skins directly from the rancher in Coalville, Utah, the only Black Willow® ranch in the world.

It is ebony black. It ripples, falls, catches light with a richness that says instantly, this is *the* *great mink. We have it in straight stoles, three-quarter coats, capes, street or floor-length coats as well as in jackets. Whatever your selection, it will give you for the money, the most you can buy anywhere in quality, beauty and fashion plus the one thing recognized the world over, the Neiman-Marcus label.*

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth • Bal Harbour • Atlanta • St. Louis

mented by hindsight. In German. (Elgin; starting Oct. 9.)

That's Entertainment!—An *invigorating movie* made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—With Yves Montand and Jane Fonda, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Regency; Oct. 4-5.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Truck Turner—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's *prophetic myth of ourselves thirty*-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—who just died—but it's a tall tale, a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective: he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 8.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema through Oct. 8.)

The White Dawn—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Symphony; through Oct. 8.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (Regency; Oct. 6.)

ideal individual or corporate gift...

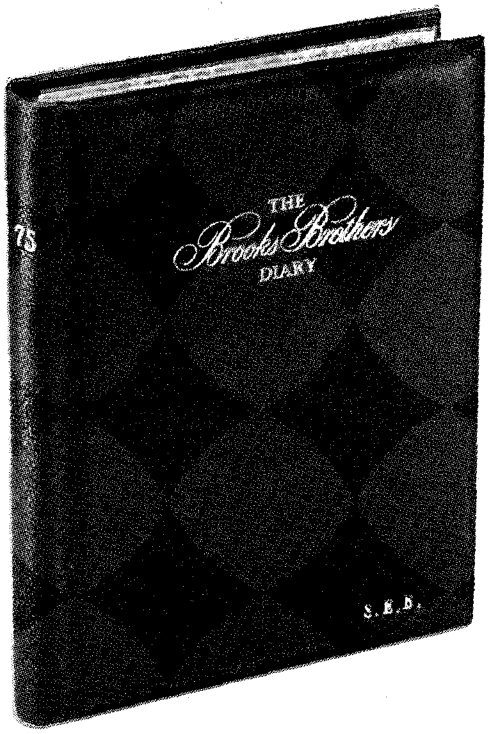
THE EXCLUSIVE BROOKS BROTHERS DIARY for 1975

Invaluable as a means of record and appointment keeping, and as a source of useful information, the Brooks Brothers Diary is a combination diary, atlas and table of statistics totalling 230 pages especially selected and edited so as to be of particular interest to American business and professional men.

Ideal as a personal or corporate gift, the Brooks Brothers Diary is published in a limited number...so we urge you to reserve your copy, as well as Christmas gift copies, now.

Covered in Morocco-grained simulated leather, 8" x 10", printed on super-fine plate finish vellum and plastic spiral bound. The title is stamped in gold and your initials may be gold leafed at no additional cost. $15

Please add $1 per diary for shipping and handling.
Address mail orders to Dept. N.,
346 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



BROOKS BROTHERS DIARY CONTAINS:

- 13-month diary with appointment space.
- 54 pages of American facts and figures on government, taxes, finance, imports and exports, populations, communications and other vital statistics...as well as a large section that will be of interest to the world traveller.
- 32 pages of maps in color prepared especially by the famous map maker, Hammond—as well as the flags of many nations.
- 12 pages for business expenses.
- An investment record keeper.
- A 4-year calendar.

Use your Brooks Brothers charge account or American Express.

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
DETROIT
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

Who's got the

Q. Who's got the freshest fleet?

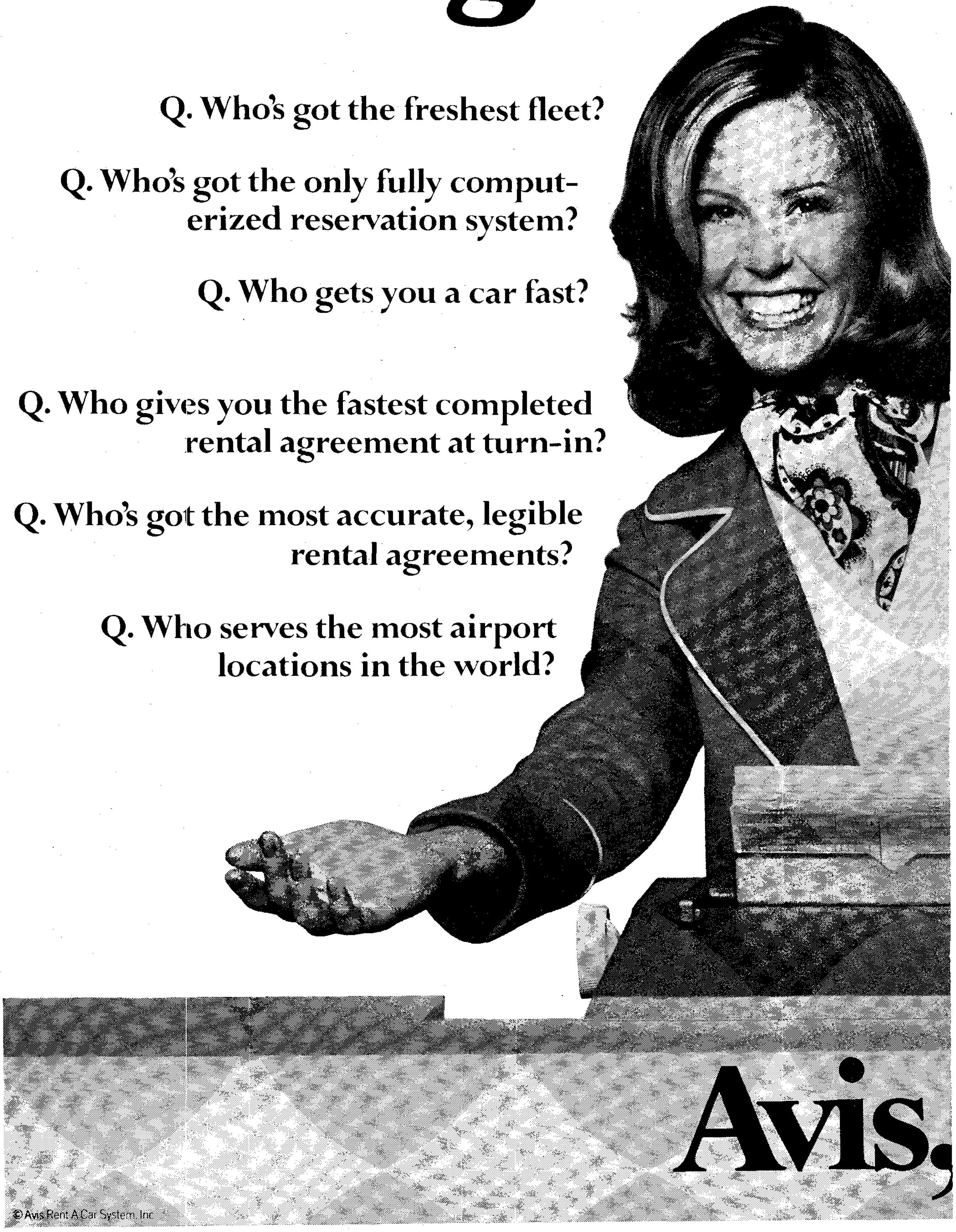
Q. Who's got the only fully computerized reservation system?

Q. Who gets you a car fast?

Q. Who gives you the fastest completed rental agreement at turn-in?

Q. Who's got the most accurate, legible rental agreements?

Q. Who serves the most airport locations in the world?



Avis

© Avis Rent A Car System, Inc.

nswers?

. Avis. We replace most of our cars every 6-7 months.

. Avis. Our Wizard is the most advanced computer system in the rent a car industry. No mistake about it.

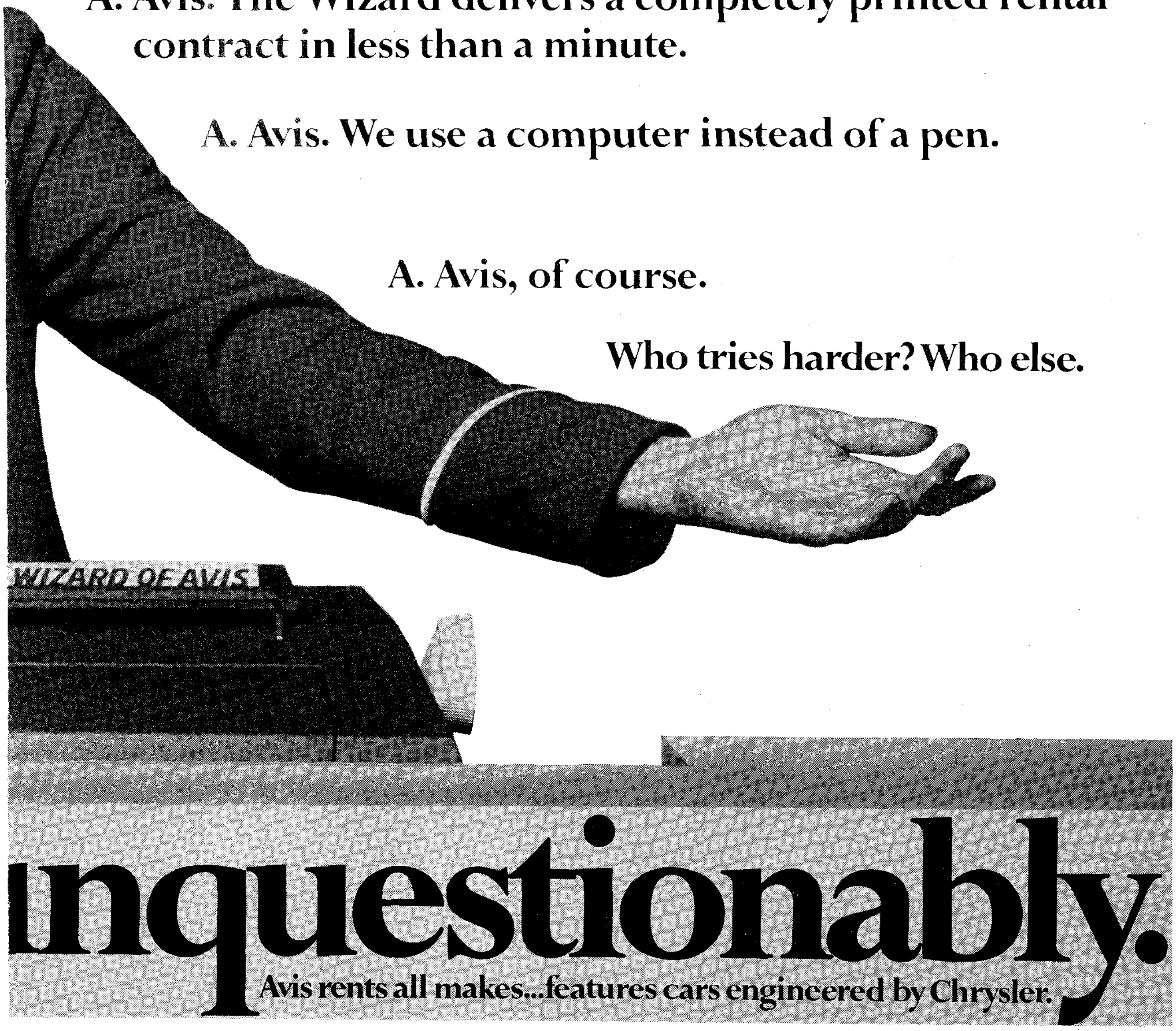
. Avis. With a free Wizard Express Number, nobody can get you a car faster.

A. Avis. The Wizard delivers a completely printed rental contract in less than a minute.

A. Avis. We use a computer instead of a pen.

A. Avis, of course.

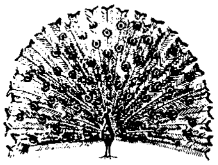
Who tries harder? Who else.

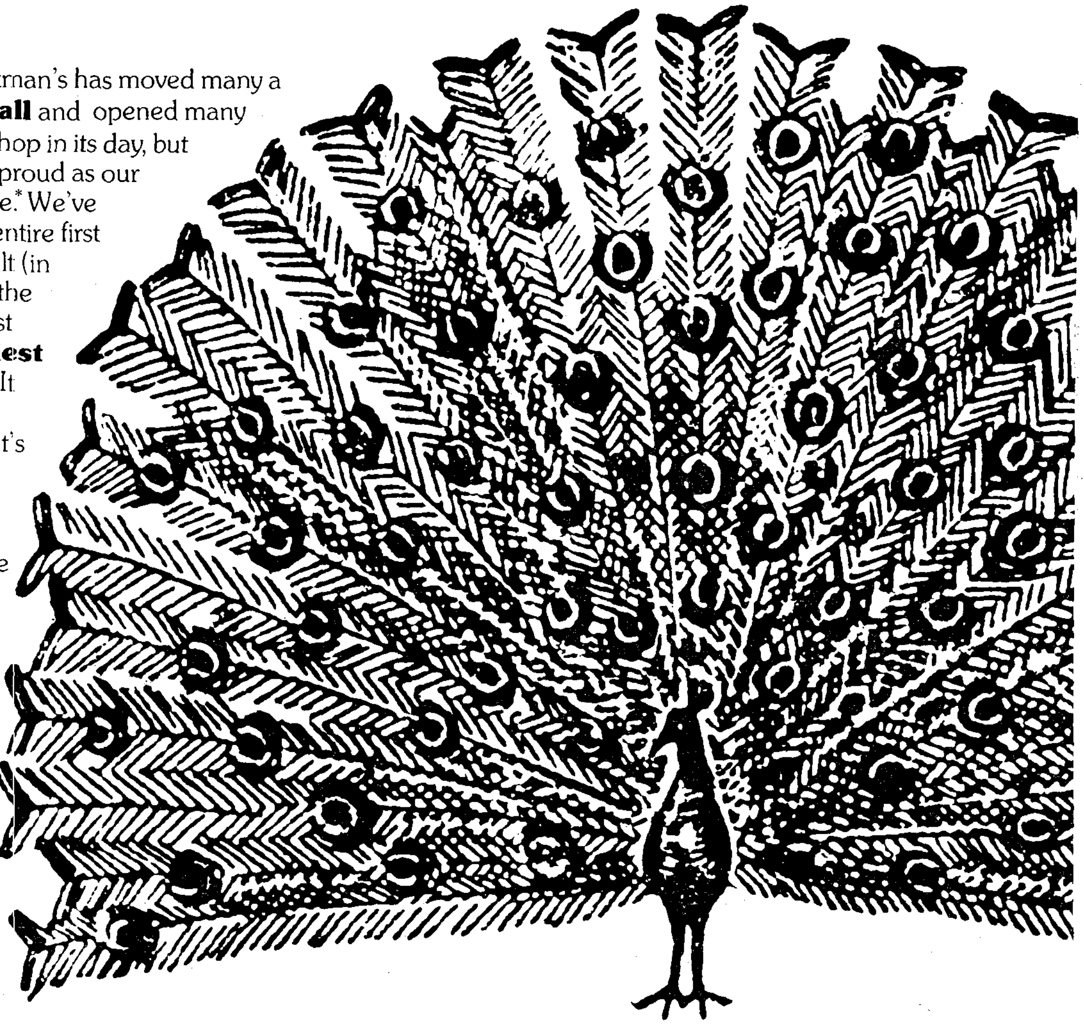


Avis rents all makes...features cars engineered by Chrysler.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can't help it! it's our new men's store!





Altman's has moved many a **wall** and opened many a shop in its day, but nothing has made us as proud as our beautiful new men's store.* We've sliced right through the entire first floor of the store and built (in our humble estimation) the swankiest, clubbiest, most capacious, yet **chummiest** place to shop in the city. It runs a whole block from Madison to Fifth and that's a lot of square footage.

We'll have **liberal** space for more and more of our fine, established collections: H. Freeman, Jaeger, Aquascutum of London, Hathaway, Gant, Izod—to name just a few, but now we can really spread out and offer you the most delectable kind of gourmet presentation of clothing and accessories from all over the world.

For example, for years we've been in love with the Christian **Dior** Boutique for men in **Paris.** We think they dream up some of the best fashion around. Now we're celebrating the opening of our new Shops for Men with a similar boutique right here. Not only original Dior shirts, but all the accessories. Dress-up shirts, **dress-down** shirts, socks, scarfs. The works. And, at the same time, we'll house a collection of Dior suits, sport coats, slacks and more made in America.

A big chunk of space will also be awarded to **Yves St. Laurent,** another designer we've long admired. His designing is aimed at the most contemporary man and the new ideas we've seen are nothing short of sensational.

And we're delighted to add two more great names to our designer collection: Ralph Lauren of Polo for accessories and Sal Cesarani's dashing young suits for **Country Britches.** There's ample room for designer jewelry, great imported sweaters, a handsome collection of fine shoes and a **passel** of other interesting fashions as well.

We plan to have a corps of fashion-conscious, tasteful salesmen to help you find just what you want, and we'll have every one of them on hand every day from 11:30 to 2:30, (and of course on Thursday evenings and Saturdays), when **you** want to shop. We also promise you a fleet of expert fitters who are skilled in alterations and, as you know, they are hard to find. From coming in to **charging out,** our service will be warm, caring and kindly, and in this day of pressure, pace and push, it is probably one more reason people tell us that

B Altman & Co

is a most surprising store.

*Official opening day: October 14th.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME of you have probably been wondering what has happened to our annual Survey of Airport Runways. Well, here it is. No. 1 again s Jacksonville International (Fla.). “A fine, smooth surface, which achieves a pleasant blend of practicality and comfort,” our survey team reported. “Interesting views of Hertz Skycenter Inn and numerous pine trees.” No. 2: Logan International (Mass.). “A rough but interestingly textured surace needn't always be a disadvantage,” our team commented, adding that “when a traveller lands at Logan International, he or she at least experiences the definite sensation of *having anded*.” Proximity to the water clearly s also a “plus.” No. 3: Lebanon Airport (N.H.). “A cheerful, decent, typically American runway” is how our eam reported it. “Many fine homes are ituated in the area. Unexpected arrival of Air New England flights from White River Junction adds a frequent ouch of ‘surprise.’ This airport draws a generally well-behaved crowd.” Honorable Mention goes to LaGuardia (N.Y.) and Riverton (Wyo.). A comer: Stapleton International (Colo.), “especially when not under heavy snow.” Our survey team reported that t was treated everywhere with consideration and respect, and that it wished particularly to single out Mr. James Tremunden at Love Field (Tex.).

Announcement

WE received the following notes from a friend in New England:

Last Monday—a cool, brilliant day—I drove to a garage near the Government Center, in downtown Boston; found a parking place, luckily, on the eighth floor (the roof); gazed around at the upper stories of the huge, harsh new buildings of the Center, which loomed nearby; took an elevator down to the first floor, where a wino was dozing; then walked over to the J.F.K. Federal Office Building, where Senator Edward Kennedy has his Massachusetts office. Kennedy was scheduled to announce his political plans at a press conference at 10:30 A.M. His outer office—on the twenty-fourth floor—was fairly quiet, as if nothing special were going on, and I said hello to Richard Drayne, the Senator's press secretary. Drayne was in a jovial mood, and he indicated quickly that Kennedy's decision on running for President was negative. “I think we're all relieved,” he said. He ducked into the Senator's private office for a moment, and emerged laughing. “He's calling Bill Hathaway, the senator from Maine, who's a good friend,” said Drayne, “and saying that even though he's telling everybody else he's not going to run, he wants Hathaway to know the real truth: he *is* going to run.” Drayne invited me to walk with him over to the Parker House, on Tremont Street, for the conference. We went downstairs and strolled along Cambridge Street—only a short distance from where Kennedy had recently been jeered at by an anti-busing mob, which refused to let him speak and tried to attack him. This morning, however, was bright and peaceful. “The Senator's remarkable,” Drayne was saying. “After a decision like this, I'd be tempted to sit back and say to hell with everything for a week or so, but right now he's on the phone to political leaders around the state, talking about places like Somerville in the November election.” Drayne added, “He also called some of the possible Democratic Presidential candidates in Washington this morning. Some of them may have been a little surprised to find they *are* candidates.” We turned into the Parker House. “This is the traditional place for political announcements,” said Drayne as we walked through the lobby. The Heritage Room—a chocolate-gold-and-raspberry job with three large chandeliers—was full of folding chairs, cameras, lights, and people. Twenty-three microphones were clustered on a small speakers' stand.

Senator and Mrs. Kennedy entered the crowded room a little after ten-thirty. Mrs. Kennedy was wearing a white dress with two diagonal stripes, one red, one blue; the Senator wore a dark-blue suit, a light-blue shirt with a thin blue stripe, and a blue tie with red somethings on it. Both Kennedys looked serene and cheerful. After some picture-taking, Mrs. Kennedy sat down behind the Senator, her hands folded, and watched him attentively as he read a brief statement. He spoke confidently and calmly, and his hands, resting on the lectern, were steady. Within a couple of minutes, he was out of the 1976 Presidential race. “This decision is firm, final, and unconditional,” he said.

Then there were questions.

Kennedy was asked whether he thought he would have won if he had decided to run.

Kennedy grinned. “Yes. I'd like to believe that,” he said.

Did he still have White House hopes?

“No. I've made that very clear.”

Was he in favor of any particular candidates?

“We have twenty-six primaries,” he replied. “I think the people ought to be able to express their views. It's best to wait and see.”

On Chappaquiddick: “Although I have responded to all questions to a Massachusetts tribunal, I know these questions would be asked again; I would respond to those. . . . I can live with my testimony. . . . I think I would have been able to focus the attention of the campaign on other issues.”

Whom had he discussed his decision with?

“Just the members of the family.”

Did they all concur?

Kennedy paused, then said, “I'm

not sure about my son Patrick." There was laughter. Kennedy added, "The others were very relieved."

He was asked about other Democratic Presidential possibilities.

"I'd really prefer not to make a list," he said, but he listed Walter F. Mondale, Henry M. Jackson, Lloyd M. Bentsen, Jr., and Morris K. Udall, and added, "Wallace, of course, will be a factor."

A peppery man wearing a flag pin and a fish pin on his lapel asked a nonstop series of hypothetical questions about the 1976 Convention, and the questions gradually turned into an oration. "I don't mean to make a speech," the man said.

Kennedy shrugged agreeably but helplessly, remarking, "Well, we've come this far down the road . . ."

The man finally terminated his address with a question: "What would you do if the country is in terrible shape in 1976, and it turns out you're the only capable guy?"

Kennedy's answer was smothered in applause.

The next query was about President Ford.

"The real, fundamental question is going to be the economic issue," said Kennedy. "He's going to have to make some hard decisions; so far he's been unwilling to do that."

There was an inaudible question. "Should I repeat these questions?" Kennedy asked the room in general. "Some I'd rather repeat than others," he added, and the crowd laughed.

Would there have been adequate security if he had run, somebody asked.

Kennedy replied, "I would have hoped so," and there was more laughter. "If you're obsessed with security," Kennedy went on, "you become completely ineffective."

He answered a question about busing, and said, "I hope we'll be able to move ahead in a spirit of calm and reason, in compliance with a court order."

Then, after an elderly Boston voice from the back of the room made an impromptu and spirited pro-Kennedy speech, to general applause, it was over. The Kennedys moved out of the room, smiling, waving, shaking hands, saying "How are you?" and "Good to see you" and "Thank you." Then they were gone. It had been stoic, understated, disciplined—a Kennedy performance. But the good humor of it could not long disguise the melancholy nature of the occasion.

I walked back to the garage, took the elevator to the rooftop. The view was desolate. Cars parked against cars, and not a sign of life in the massive buildings of Government Center. Then, abruptly, I noticed something moving. In the middle of the garage roof there was a two-story tower of concrete—perhaps it housed the elevator mechanism, or some air-conditioning—and from its side a fire escape projected against the sky. As I stood by my car, I saw a skinny teenage black youth with a large Afro slowly walking up the steps of the fire escape. He was the only living thing in that vast panorama, although the buildings in the distance must have contained thousands of people. Finally, he reached the top landing of the fire escape, and a door that was closed. He turned, looked around, sat down, leaned his back against the door, and then sat there staring at the sky. I got into my car and drove down the concrete ramp—down eight stories, around and around and around—and then out of the garage and into the Boston streets.

Opening

FOR many New Yorkers, the opening of the Metropolitan Opera heralds the official arrival of fall. We attended last week's festivities—a stunning performance of Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani"—and can report that the audience was both dressier and more subdued than it had been on some previous occasions. (One clue to the collective mood came when a distinguished-looking white-haired man standing next to us in the ticket line said, "Don't tell me what Dow-Jones was at closing. I want to enjoy the evening.") Inside the gates, the snowflake-crystal chandeliers blazed, and the great, curving central staircase was lined three deep with early arrivals, who stood in immobile ranks, blocking traffic and looking for prominent people. We spotted Risë Stevens, in gold-and-black brocade; Anna Moffo, enveloped in a long pink coat; and Roberta Peters, in a pink-and-green dress. The most riveting costume of the night belonged to a Garboesque woman who glided through the flashbulbs in a rhinestone-covered black chiffon dress with her hair hidden under a nineteen-twenties rhinestone-studded cap.

We wandered backstage, past a covey of cheerful stagehands ("Let's get this show on the road," said a carpenter. "I don't want to hang around till midnight to take bows in alphabetical order"), and wound up in a red-carpeted hallway outside the stai
dressing rooms. From behind sever
closed doors came the peculiar sounds—
somewhere between a vocal scale and
gargle—of singers warming up. In t
hallway, several men dressed in t
heavy hooded tunics of mediev
French soldiers paced back and fort
chatting and drinking coffee. We f
into conversation with Edmond Kar
rud, a gigantic, bearded bass, who w
wearing a blue kimono and the botto
half of his military costume. "Sherr
Milnes is the bad guy in this opera
said Mr. Karlsrud, "and we're his e
forcers. For this we get to wear tw
hundred-dollar boots." He stuck out
foot, and we inspected a hip-leng
gray suède boot that had decorati
bands crisscrossing the instep. "My p
is slightly more elaborate, because I'
a count," said Mr. Karlsrud. "T
rest of these guys are peasants. We'
just come back from a 'Vespri' pe
formance in Cleveland, which ma
everybody nervous, because we had
work on a smaller, touring-set sta
case. When the steps are only t
inches wide and you're a 13-A fo
ipso facto you're already over the edg
Well, it's eight minutes to curtain, a
I guess I'd better put in my cont
lenses. Without them I'm blind as
bat."

Mr. Karlsrud vanished into
dressing room, and we paused in
adjacent doorway to watch Victor C
legari, a makeup man, transformi
Sherrill Milnes into the elderly, tyra
nical Guido di Monforte. As Vict
aged his subject with expert strokes
black and gray grease crayons,
asked Mr. Milnes if he had altered
makeup since last season. "It's t
beard and the mustache," said M
Milnes, giving us a satanic grin, e
phasized by a curving black mustac
which created a parenthesis around
mouth. "I grew them myself this su
mer. For 'Don Giovanni' I wear
own hair, but for 'Vespri' we add
gray wig, which gives the beard an e
tirely different reading."

During the first intermission,
stopped at the office of the Met's ge
eral manager, Schuyler Chapin, to fi
Mr. Chapin pouring champagne as
wife, Betty, introduced guests to Go
ernor and Mrs. Wilson and Mayor a
Mrs. Beame.

We asked Mayor Beame if he co
sidered himself an opera buff.

"No," the Mayor said. "But M
Beame and I have been coming to t
Metropolitan ever since I was budg
director."

Mrs. Beame, who looked very han
some in a sequinned rust-colored dre

told us that her favorite operas were "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly."

The Mayor said that he didn't have any favorite operas but that he liked the music of "Vespri." "It's soothing," he said.

We asked the Mayor if the city could help bail out the Metropolitan with three million dollars in housekeeping money—something that has been proposed by Schuyler Chapin—and he was politely evasive. "We've done a good deal to help cultural institutions in the city," he said, "but right now the fixed costs in our budget are so high that the over-all financial situation doesn't look very good. But the Met is one of the gems of New York, and I'm sure it will continue."

We asked Governor Wilson, who was sipping coffee and chatting with Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, if the state could help the Metropolitan with its housekeeping bill.

"Not directly," he told us. "But I'm especially pleased that I was able to double the state appropriation for the performing and visual arts last year. There is such a hunger in everybody for things of beauty. I don't know 'Vespri' at all, but I must congratulate everybody involved in the production, because it's a great spiritual experience."

As the seven-minute buzzer sounded, we asked Schuyler Chapin how he was weathering the Metropolitan's financial and artistic storms.

"We've had a somewhat House of Atreus atmosphere over the past two years," he told us, "what with accidents, illnesses, cancellations, and that warehouse fire, which destroyed the costumes for forty-one productions. But one learns to live with emergencies and to accept the fact that in this business you're only as good as the previous night's performance. Our basic problem is still money; although I spend fifty per cent of my time on fund raising, hand-to-mouth economics will be a fact of life around here for a very long time. Still, one simply has to go ahead and plan future seasons, to make sure that the Metropolitan will continue to be a great lyric theatre. In the last analysis, nobody ever becomes part of an opera production unless he or she really wants to. So we try to create a strong professional atmosphere in the house, which sustains and encourages a feeling for excellence. When we're successful—as I think we are tonight—it makes all the headaches, the heartaches, and the thousand natural shocks a general manager is subject to worthwhile."

Conference Call

WE took part in our first conference call last week, talking on the telephone with two people in the next room in New York, two people in a room in San Francisco, a fellow in Berkeley, across the bay, and a man in Topeka, Kansas. Terrific experience. Voices in other time zones buzzing in our brain. Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello. How's the weather? Overcast in Topeka. Bright and sunny in Berkeley. Partly cloudy in Frisco. Crisp and cool in Gotham. What were we? The soft gray arm of a heptopus latching on to a cute little shrimp, wondering what else there was for dinner. The discussion seemed like a seven-sided Ping-Pong game in a darkened mansion, played on a screen with an elusive, distant, twinkling star.

The subject of the discussion was a conference this coming weekend at the Commodore Hotel on the Psychology of Consciousness, which was being organized by New York University and our friend Dr. Robert E. Ornstein, the young psychologist. A thousand people—maybe a few more—will attend. Forty-five dollars a head. The lecturers and organizers were talking to iron out details: the right kind of carrousels for the slide projectors, the right kind of microphones, how many people wanted to eat Japanese food in New York. Dr. Elmer Green, director of the Voluntary Controls Program of the Menninger Foundation—the man in Topeka—is bringing some of his slides of Jack Schwarz, an American who teaches mind-body coördination and can control certain vital processes. He is bringing the slides that show Schwarz putting needles through his arm and stopping the bleeding. He is not bringing the slides that show Schwarz burning his arm with cigarettes and somehow desensitizing himself to the pain. Other conference subjects: training intuition, normalizing the paranormal, synthesizing modern research and the traditional esoteric psychologies, an extended view of consciousness.

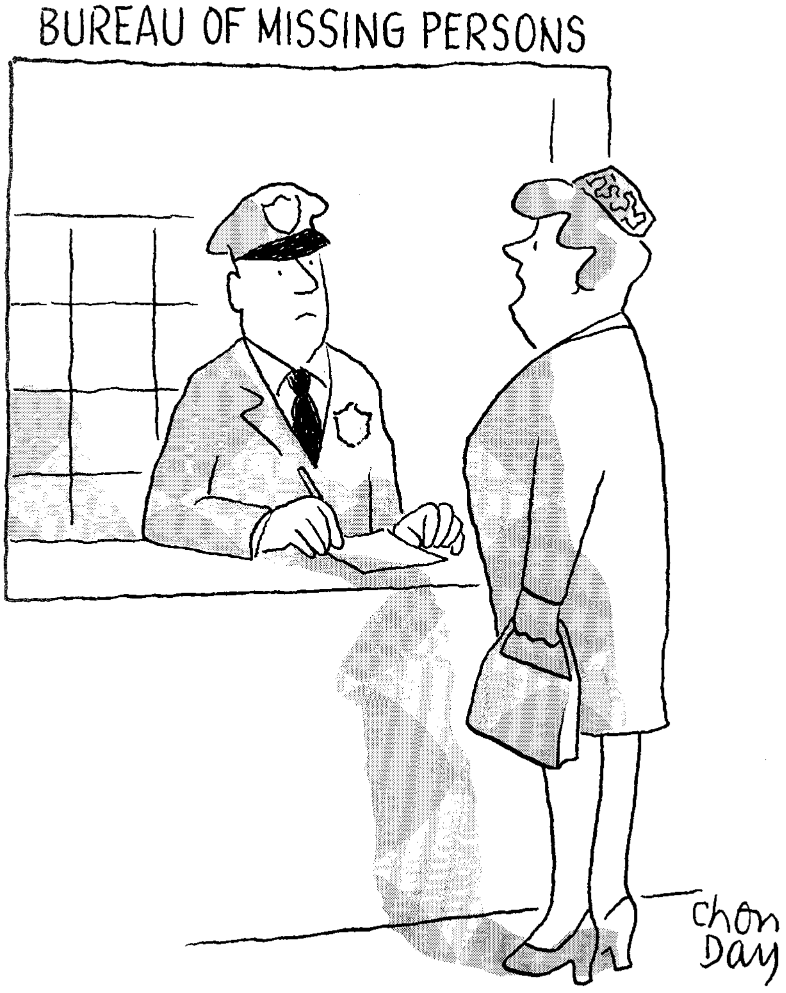
An eighth voice popped in. "Hello?" Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello. "I don't know how I got on this line," said No. 8, and then hung up.

"Who was that?" we asked.

"Some psychiatrist from the Langley-Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, in San Francisco, who mistakenly got on the phone," replied Dr. Ornstein.

Arrival

WE went out to Kennedy International Airport last



"I just thought I'd let you know that old baggy drawers is back."

week to greet Federico Fellini, who was flying in from Rome for his first visit here in several years. Fellini's new movie, "Amarcord," an episodic look back at his youth in his home town in the nineteen-thirties, is a big hit. The lines of people waiting to get into the Plaza Theatre to see the movie are long. The critics have been pouring on praise. And Fellini, after a decade or so of being "out," is "in" again—even more so than when some of his earlier "successful" movies, like "La Dolce Vita," "8½," and "La Strada," were first seen. We went out to the airport in a chauffeur-driven limousine—one of a group of limousines going to meet Fellini—with:

Arthur Rubine, press agent for "Amarcord." A tense and obliging young man wearing a red turtleneck shirt and almost matching pointed red beard.

Walter Manley, a movie producer-distributor representing the producers of "Amarcord." A worried-looking and gracious man with an expression on his face of pure aggravation.

Mario de Vecchi, Fellini's personal representative, assistant, and occasional interpreter in New York. A very suave, somewhat jaded middle-aged man with a fading Venetian sunburn on his face, a small brown mustache, a dramatic manner, and a dashing chocolate-brown corduroy sports coat flung over his shoulders.

The driver, an earnest young man, wearing steel-rimmed glasses, who had a textbook on economics on the seat next to him.

As is usual with Fellini (and as is usual with a few other powerhouse directors of movies), all sights, sounds, and actions relating to the man immediately came into sharp focus, arranging themselves at his service. The afternoon was sunny on the drive out. The sky was a perfectly Roman bright blue. As we neared the airport, a large jet took off in the sky ahead of us, with a long black stream of smoke trailing behind it, dirtying the blue sky and gradually obliterating an early-rising half-moon. The traffic was unusually heavy. The young driver seemed to steer the car into the slowest, most nerve-racking traffic lanes. Walter Manley said that he hoped we would not miss the arrival of Fellini's plane. Arthur Rubine said that he had missed meeting a plane only once, and that once was enough. Mario de Vecchi, sitting between the two other men, leaned back against the seat, holding a thin Toscano cigar, and, in between giving backseat advice to the young driver, talked at length, with relish, and with many gestures, about some of the Fellini wonders that occurred in the course of filming "Amarcord." De Vecchi had been present throughout the making of the movie. He spoke English in a sophisticated international way, displaying an impressive familiarity with American slang. "Nobody believed Fellini would get the shot in one take," de Vecchi said in describing the filming of the scene in which the townspeople go out to sea in small boats to watch the sailing of a big ocean liner. "We had this incredible movement of people, of props. All the extras. All the boats. Et cetera. Et cetera. David Lean said, 'The guy is crazy. He'll never get it.' "

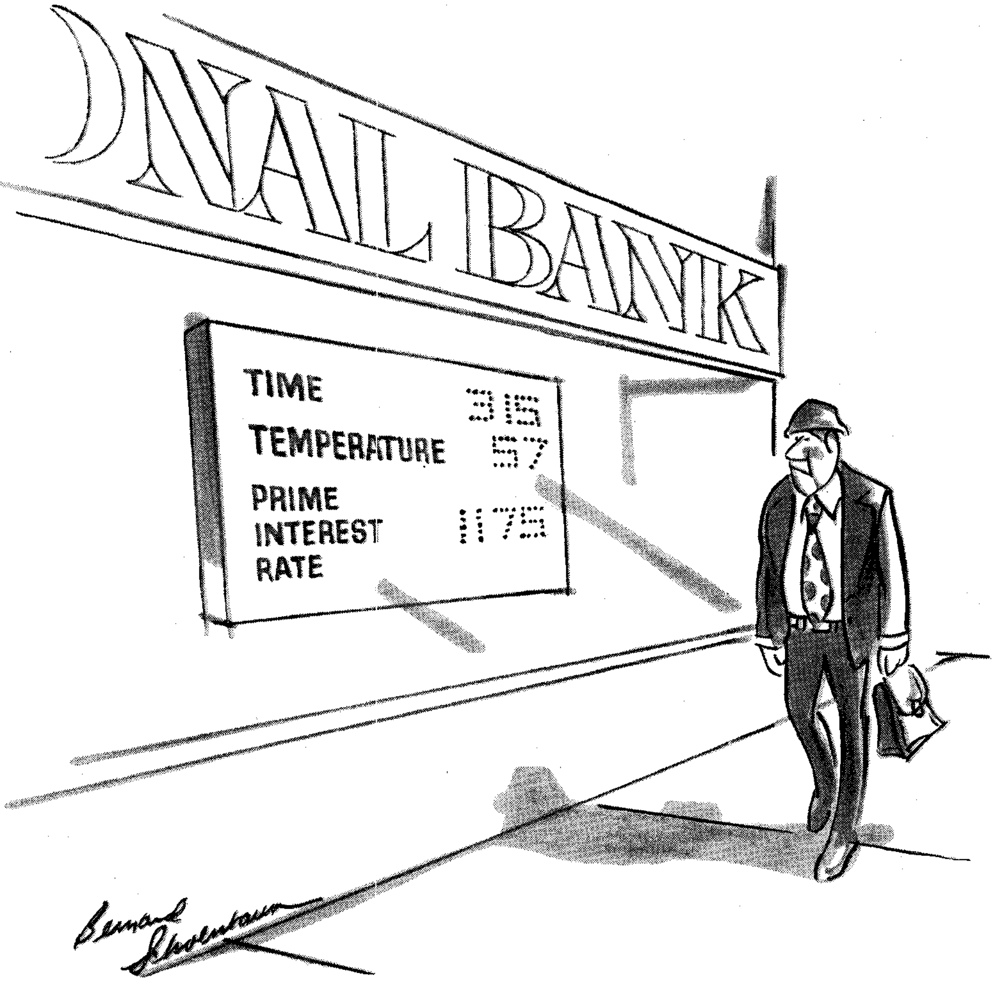
"David Lean?" we asked.

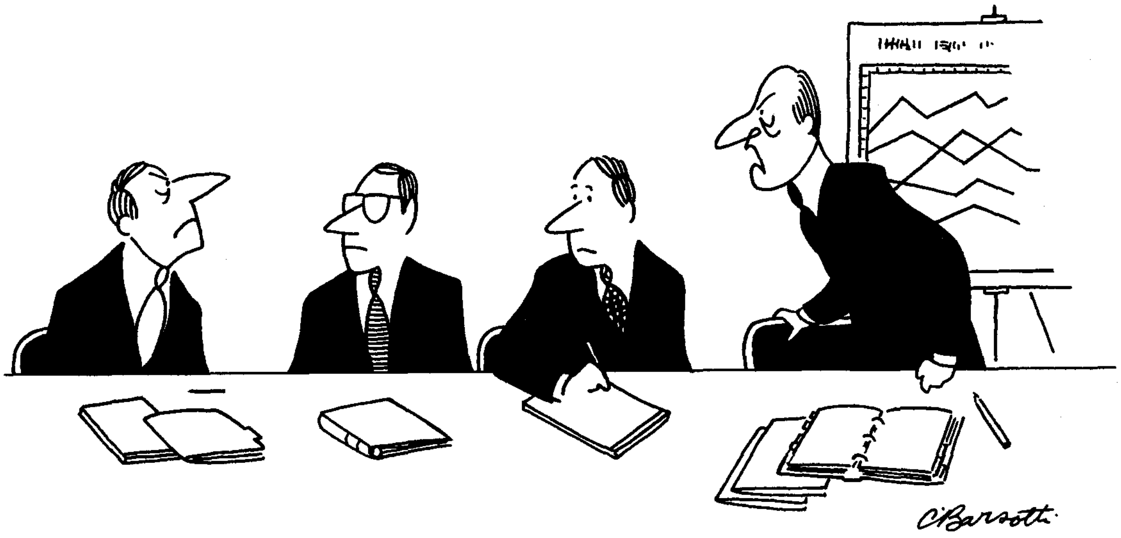
"David Lean," de Vecchi said. "David Lean lives in Rome. He came to watch. Everybody came to watch. So there we are. Two hundred extras. All the little boats. Fellini says, 'Lights. Action. Camera.' Bam! He gets it! Just like that!" De Vecchi held on to his cigar with his teeth and slapped the palms of his hands together. "Beautiful!" he added. He gave a long laugh of enjoyment at his tale. "Then. Listen to this. You wouldn't believe it. He with his eye. His eye for detail. Incredible! He notices." De Vecchi pointed up at some imaginary height. "He saw, way up, on the top deck, they forgot to swing the string of lights! So he does a retake. David Lean says, 'He'll never get it.' But he does it again, and this time, with the string of lights swinging on the top deck, again he gets it! Like that!" Once more, de Vecchi slapped his hands together and laughed appreciatively.

"This damn traffic!" Manley said.

At the International Arrivals Building, de Vecchi held his corduroy coat around his shoulders and quickly made his way through the customs area to find Fellini. The plane had just landed. Manley and Rubine looked relieved but still anxious. Rubine gave Manley a quick rundown of the publicity work schedule he had planned for Fellini: "Interviews with the *Times*, the *News*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Newsday*, Reuters. He's not doing any live television. He's not doing any radio. He's doing a 'Today' interview with Gene Shalit. He's doing an interview for WCBS news with Pat Collins. It's a rather slow schedule. Only three things a day. Usually, I set up *twelve* a day."

Rubine and Manley kept their gaze fastened on the customs doors. Passengers streamed through, followed by porters pushing their luggage carts. Big, emotional reunions of relatives. Little children carried by returning fathers, hanging on for dear life to the fathers' necks. Lots of rabbis in black robes and black hats came through the doors in pairs and trios, apparently travelling from Israel via Rome. Then,





“See here, Emerson, whose data are you calling inchoate?”

• •

walking as though to the accompaniment of a jaunty, bittersweet Nino Rota score, Fellini and the Fellini group:

FEDERICO FELLINI, the one and only, wearing a beige Italian suit, with a white shirt and a light-green necktie (askew), and carrying a black raincoat. No hat. His hair a little thinner, a little grayer than it was during his last visit. Fellini otherwise looking ageless.

GIULIETTA MASINA, Fellini’s wife, slightly built and wistful, yet very strong-willed, and a marvellous actress, who would just as soon take care of her garden in the country as act. She was wearing a black dress and a brown wool cardigan sweater, and she had on gold-rimmed overlarge spectacles.

FRANCO CRISTALDI, a sharp, well-tanned, small man, who is the producer of “Amarcord.” He looked on top of the world.

MRS. FRANCESCO ROSI, a very chic, young, and attractive blond businesswoman, who seemed glad to be here.

TONINO GUERRA, fiftyish, a writer who worked on the script for “Amarcord” with Fellini. He had on a blue denim-type shirt, and he had the vaguely detached look of writers everywhere.

Fellini gave his greeters nice, enthusiastic hugs, and, prompted in whispers by de Vecchi, seemed to know exactly who was who. All the greeters asked the same questions: How was the flight? Were they tired? How was Rome? Did they like our beautiful weather? Was it sunny in Rome when they left? Were they glad to be here? Answers to all questions: Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

“We look like immigrants,” Fellini said as everybody stood around at the curb outside the Arrivals Building, waiting for the luggage. He gave a slow little smile, looking about at the frenzy of all the people getting sorted out and distributed into waiting cars and taxis. For the Fellini group, de Vecchi took charge of who was to ride in which limousine for the trip to Manhattan. He did it with dispatch, the corduroy coat never for an instant slipping off his shoulders. Fellini stood back, watching members of his entourage getting into limousines on their own and then being maneuvered out by de Vecchi, until everything was arranged to de Vecchi’s satisfaction. We wound up in the front seat of the car we had driven out in, with the same young driver. In the back seat were Fellini and his wife, with de Vecchi between them.

“The Sherry-Netherland Hotel,” de Vecchi said crisply to the driver, and off we went as de Vecchi pulled out a copy of *Newsweek* and started reading aloud from the magazine’s review of “Amarcord”: “ ‘Sometimes rough-edged, occasionally untidy, “Amarcord” is the most beautiful movie Fellini has ever made and a landmark in the history of film.’ ”

Fellini listened, looking interested. Then he gave a sigh.

“We should go to the Plaza, where ‘Amarcord’ is playing,” de Vecchi said.

Fellini’s face took on an expression of distaste. “To go to the theatre where my picture is playing would make me feel I am like a spy,” he said. “When you see a picture with an audience, it changes the picture according to the audience. Each time, with a different audience, in a different country, it makes it different.”

As the car came to a standstill in the heaviest traffic yet, we asked Fellini how he had happened to make this visit.

He gave another sigh. “To come out for a week, as I am doing, is a disaster,” he said. “I came because friends insisted. I came just like a bag.”

“A suitcase,” de Vecchi said.

“A suit-*case*,” Fellini said, looking amused, and making a production of each syllable. “I am not a private person. I am a piece of the picture. I do it if I can help. I am the author of the picture, not a salesman. When I finish a picture, I want to get away from it. I prefer to start another picture. But I am asked to help, so I try to help.”

We were continuing at a standstill in the traffic. Lots of horn-blowing. Lots of carbon-monoxide fumes. Giulietta Masina lighted a cigarette. Fellini opened a window of the car. Everybody coughed. De Vecchi said the driver should have headed for the Queensboro Bridge. The driver said it was too late. He was already on his way to the Queens Midtown Tunnel, and it was too late to change. We started moving again. Giulietta Masina stared out at the two-family houses lining the streets running parallel to the Long Island Expressway.

We asked Fellini if he had seen any movies lately that he liked, and he said yes, he’d seen “That’s Entertainment!” “It’s an American ‘Amarcord,’ ” he said. “It’s cruel. It shows how stupid we were in those days. That’s good. Now I have something to say to the interviewers. ‘It’s an American “Amarcord.” ’ I will repeat it in the interviews.” Everybody laughed.

We headed into the tunnel, with its green, creepy-looking lighting and its white tile walls. We emerged in Manhattan. Fellini said the streets were bumpy. De Vecchi informed him that the city was disintegrating.

We asked Fellini what he wanted to do in New York, and he said, “I want to find the books of the great American writers—the ones who write ‘Dick Tracy’ and ‘Popeye.’ They are fabulous. They are the real writers about America.”

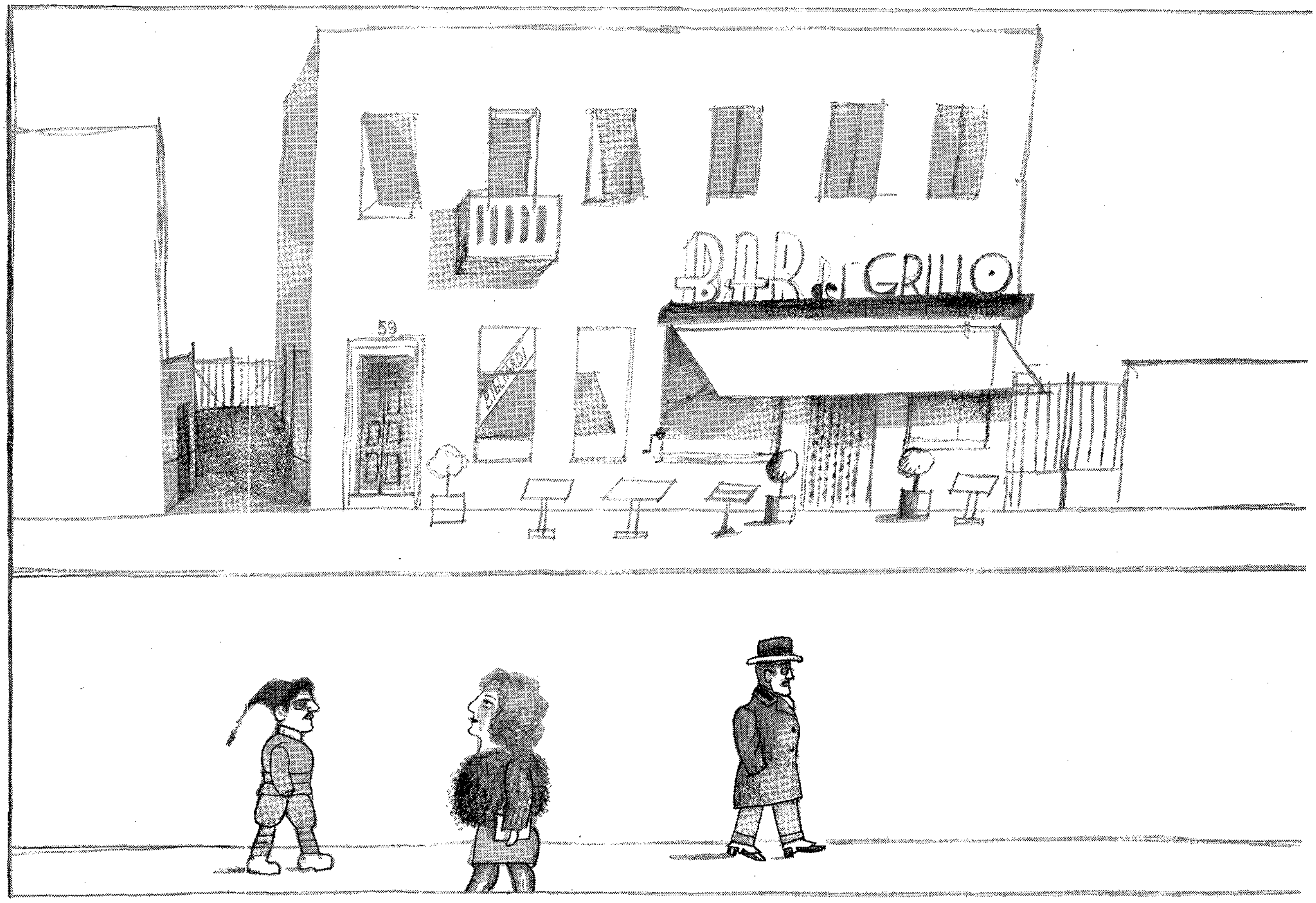
Giulietta Masina said something quickly in Italian.

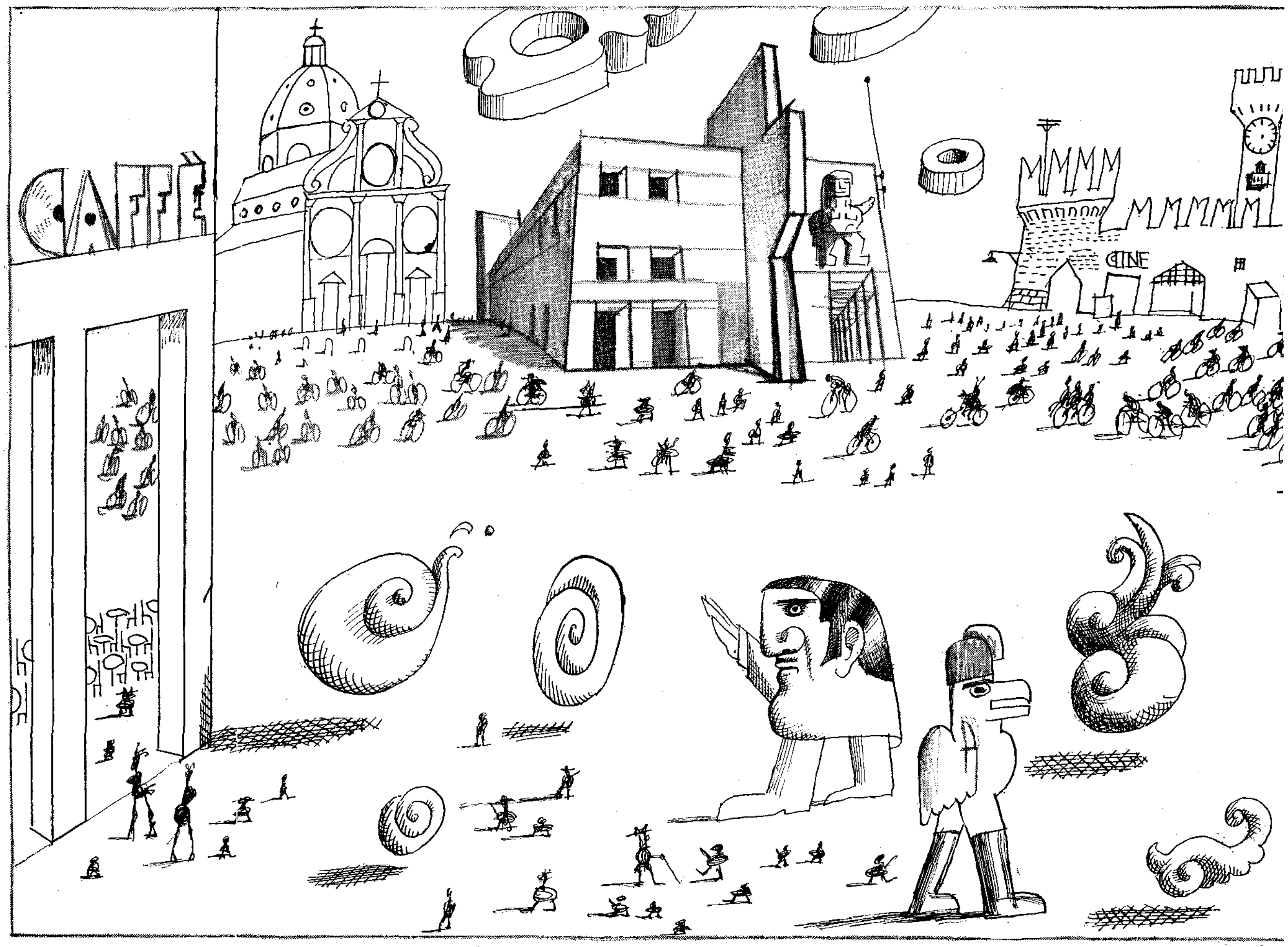
“Yes, after we arrive at the hotel, we go out to a good Chinese restaurant,” Fellini said, pronouncing each word very, very slowly. “And then we have a good Chinese dinner.”

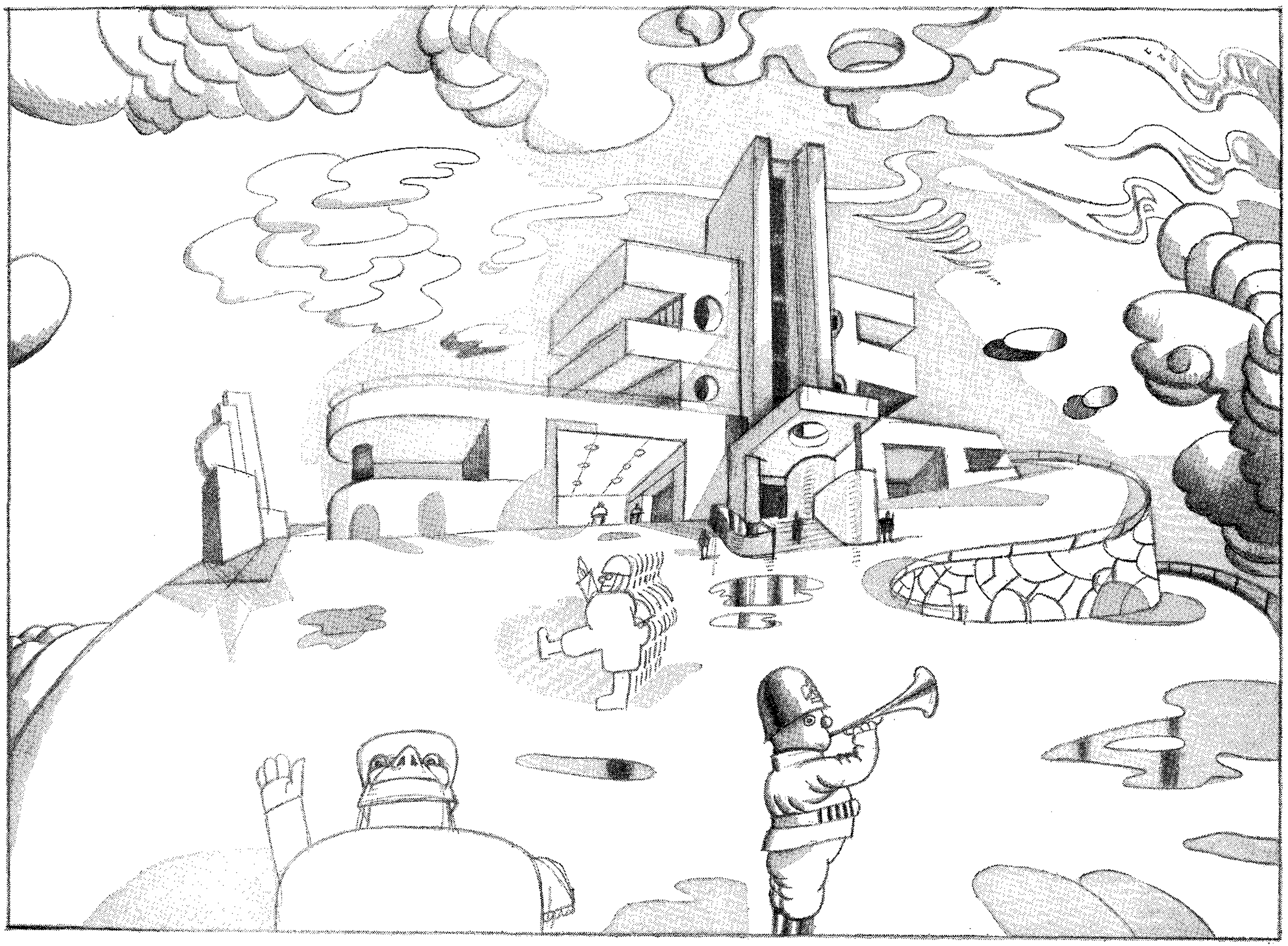
“Beautiful!” de Vecchi said, with one of those claps of his hands.

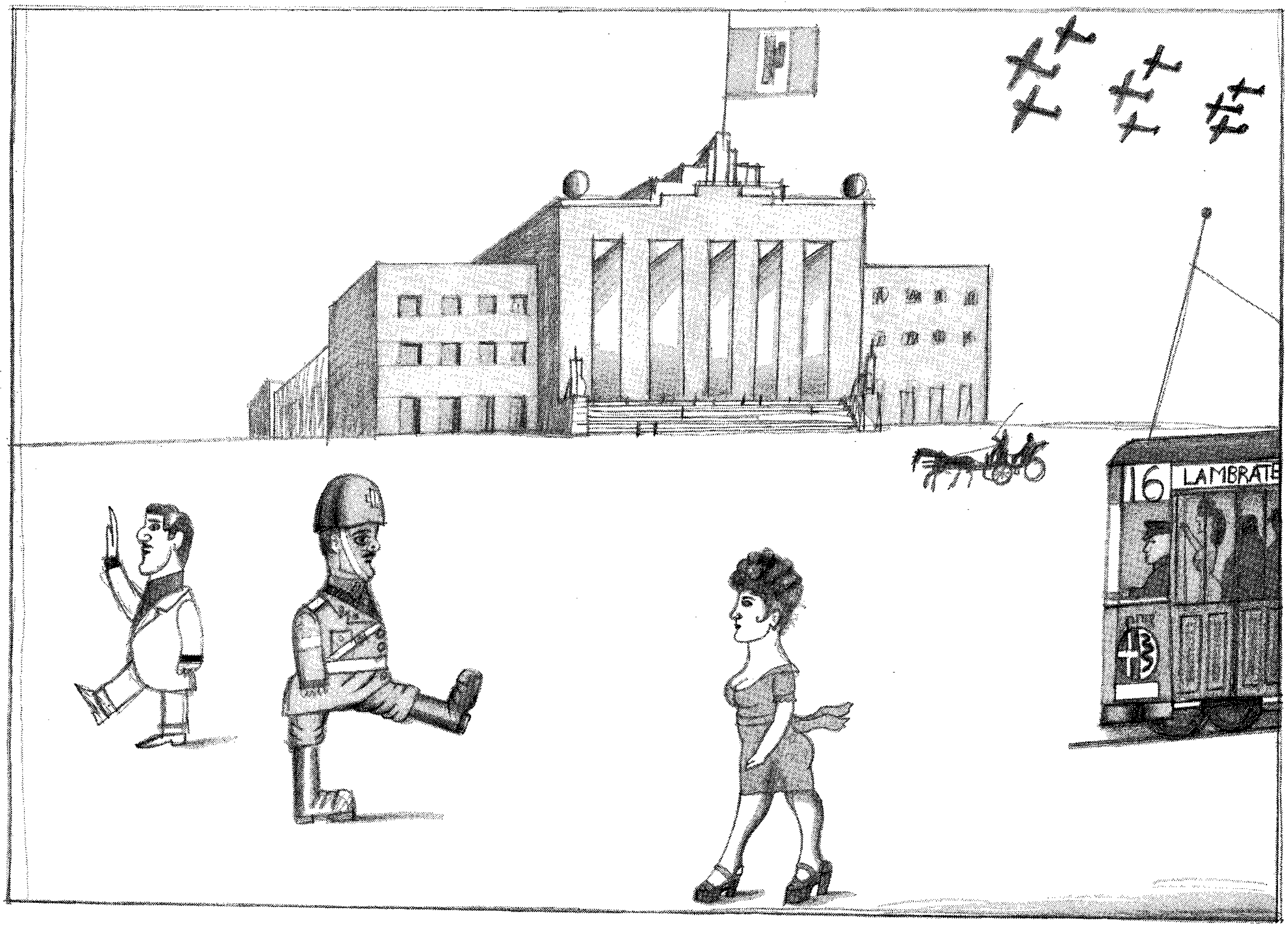
“Bee-yoo-ti-*ful!*” Fellini repeated carefully, savoring the word. He laughed, and gave a long sigh.

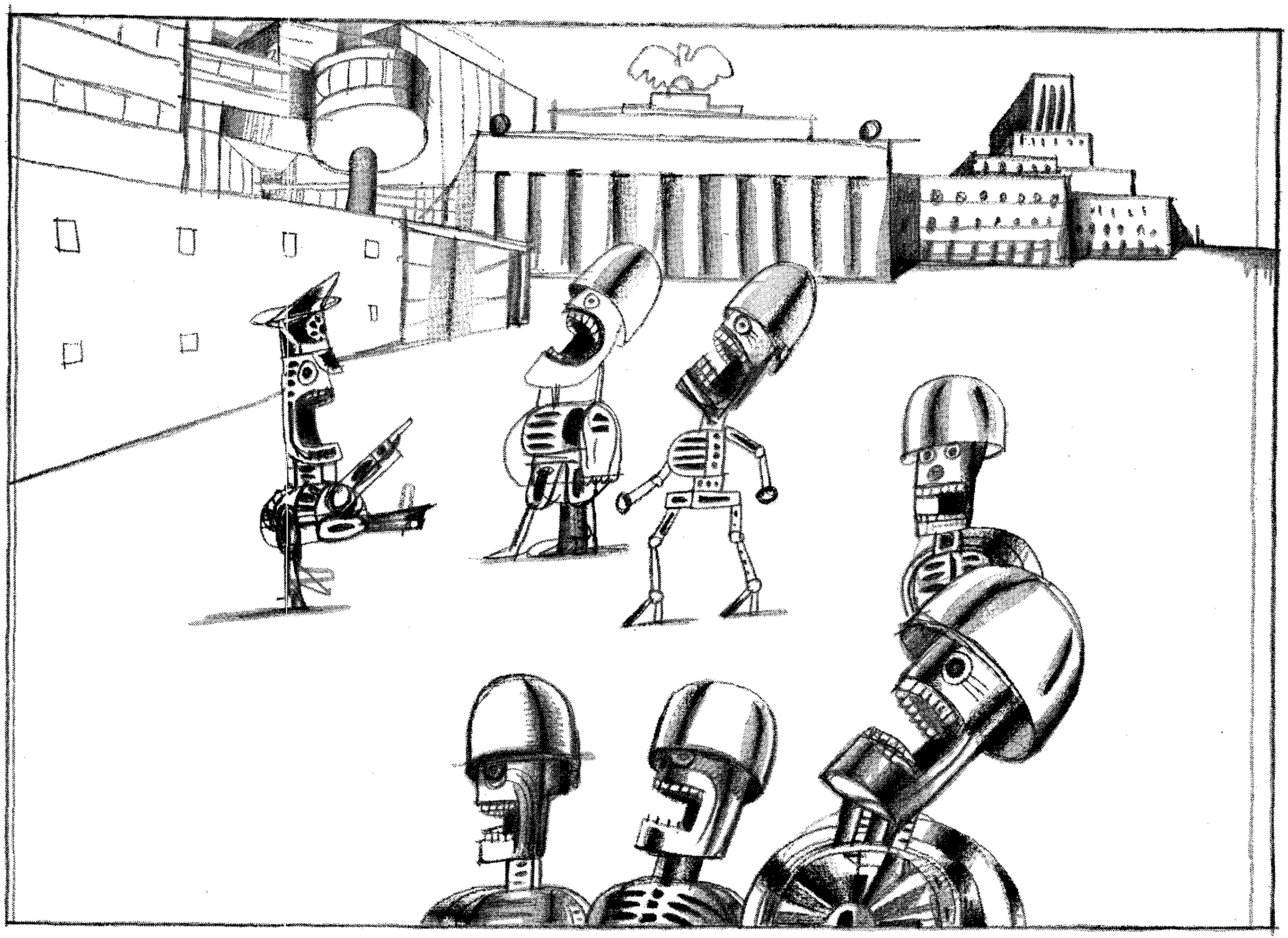
ITALY—1938

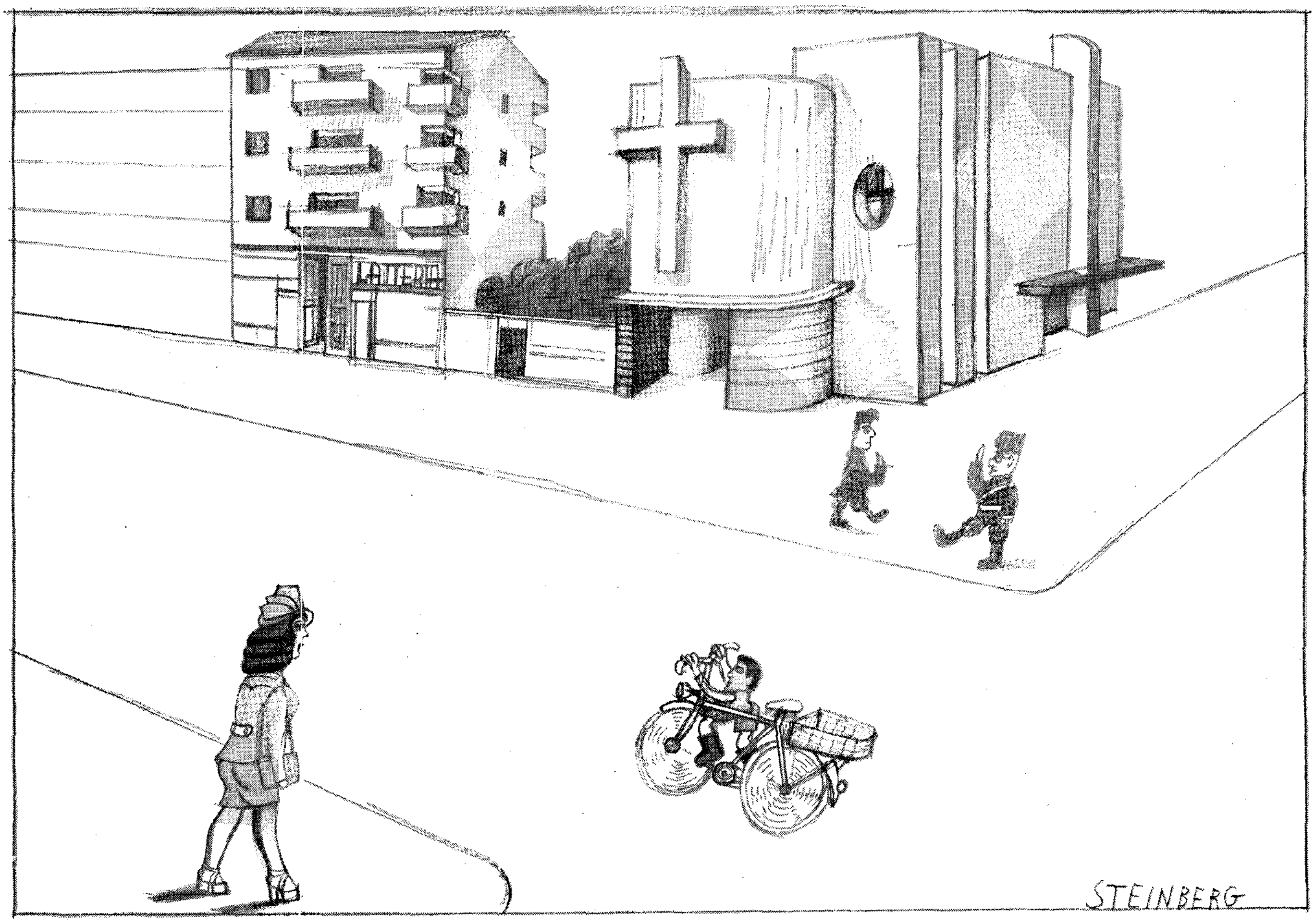

59
BAR del GRILLO






16
LAMBRATE




LATTERIA
STEINBERG

FAST FOOD FOR THOUGHT

WITH the common stock of McDonald's and the other glamour franchisers tobogganing from overpriced to oversold in today's market, this seems a good time to review for Burry, Mendl, Foxholm, Tanniger, Brayhagen, Cholt, Greenwarren & Wolveringstone customers the potential of some of the lesser-known entries in the "fast food" field. This week's newsletter, then, brings you our fry analyst's appraisal of the more likely buys among six or eight dozen recent listings. An asterisk marks those firms in which stock options are available to store customers in lieu of a pickle slice.

GRABABITE*: This conservatively managed smaller chain (870 outlets since its founding nearly four months ago) seeks narrow-frontage locations in the high-density urban areas. Franchisees are encouraged to aim for low overhead by buying up leases of watch repairers and keymakers. GrabABite is known in industry lingo as a "Mama or Papa" operation. To make the minimum-footage locations pay, high customer turnover is a must, and this is achieved through a unique patented feature in the franchise package. After an hour's instruction in wrapping and bagging, and another in relish control, the remaining five hours the new franchisee spends at GrabABite University, the corporation's modern training center in Plandome, Long Island, are devoted to acquiring dexterity in operating discreetly hidden pedals that control the store's oversized heating and air-conditioning units. There are few dawdlers at GrabABite counters.

MARC SPITZ' DIP 'N DRIP*: This thoughtfully managed chain, now well nto its fourth week of operation, is pegged to a "roast" "beef" on "bun," generously soaked in a zesty gravy. Sales volume, so far, exceeds expectations, but cautious investors are advised, pending developments, to opt for the pickle. Accurate growth projections must await the outcome of litigation now in the California courts. Attorneys for former Miss America Valerie Jean Wisselhouse seek an injunction against use of her likeness in connection with a ried-chicken franchiser called Bucket 'n Thighs. This litigation might have he effect of also banning the Dip 'n Drip logo, which features a bun dressed n Olympic swimming trunks that drip gravy. In the event of a similar challenge, Marcus U. Spitzberger, who owns three per cent of the franchiser's stock, is prepared to testify that he has been known as "Spitzy" or "Spitz" since he was a pupil in the fourth grade at the Sycamore Street Elementary School, in Canton, Ohio, some seven years before natator Mark A. Spitz was born, and that he has long been an avid swimmer and a contributor, through office collections and street cans, to the U.S. Olympic Fund. Insiders believe the franchise corporation will win any injunction suit brought by the champion swimmer if the precedent set two years ago by its principal officer, Gerald Frink, obtains. In that action, attorneys for a famous film comedian withdrew his suit to enjoin Frink, the owner of a modest hamburger stand near a federal penitentiary in Pennsylvania, from calling the shop Jerry LewisBurg. As of yesterday, Jerry LewisBurg, Inc., boasted 11,234 outlets.

MR. BULK: The appeal of this artfully managed chain (7,600 franchises, six of which have already opened) is generous portions that offer a fair shake for a dollar. Outlets are planned to attract the heartier appetites found along truck routes, near schoolyards, and an hour's drive from major Chinese restaurants. Basic menu item is the "Mr. Bulk" that gives the chain its name. This is a hot food approximately eight inches long, four inches wide, and two inches thick, affording sixty-four cubic inches of what management describes as "solid eating pleasure." According to Burton Yerby, president of the franchise corporation, the Mr. Bulk provides up to twelve per cent of minimum hourly requirements of three different vitamins and minerals. Yerby claims that his "food aggregate," as the Mr. Bulk is technically known, "will revolutionize the food industry pretty much as the cinder block did the building trades." A substantial campaign is already under way to introduce the public to Abner Brokaw, a genial, six-foot-five-inch, barrel-chested former wrecking-ball operator and alligator wrestler, who adapted the Mr. Bulk from an old family recipe. A one-minute TV spot soon to flood the airwaves shows Mr. Brokaw in his back yard in Tallahassee, Florida, with his well-endowed wife, husky parents, six active teen-age sons, and eight Labrador retrievers all gathered around in high anticipation as he hand-builds a mess of Mr. Bulks. Commercially, of course, the procedure is completely automated, and the franchisee's heaviest cash outlay is for a patented modification of a machine originally designed to extrude aluminum sash.

THE BULGE 'N WAFFLE: This "ice cream" and waffle operation depends on what may be the cleverest markup scheme in the fast-food field. Nine years ago, when labor and flour costs were half what they are today, Batter Masters, a food processor, mixed and baked seven and a half million gross of waffles in anticipation of lucrative contracts with concessionaires at upcoming trade and regional fairs. When competitive bidding awarded the business to TasteBuddies (a subsidiary of Colonial Sand & Gravel), Batter Masters' waffles were quick-frozen and stored by its creditors in vaults deep in the Adirondacks. Now they are being thawed in hundred-thousand-gross lots, and sold, at *today's prices*, in nearly sixteen thousand Bulge 'n Waffle outlets. A buy at yesterday's close—1/8.

BURRY, Mendl, Foxholm, Tanniger, Brayhagen, Cholt, Greenwarren & Wolveringstone has underwritten the stock of the above corporations. Partners may have moderate to substantial equities in each. The B.M.F.T.B.C.G. & W. employees' cafeteria is under the supervision of GrabABite. Marcus U. Spitzberger is a brother-in-law of Curtis Burry and a son-in-law of J. T. Brayhagen. Burton Yerby, president of Mr. Bulk, is a squash partner of Hal Foxholm.

—GORDON COTLER

THE EARTHLY PARADISE

FOR one reason and another, whether it was their improvidence or their restlessness or his frequent change of jobs or their accumulating discontent, Jack and Irene Davis had lived in fifteen different apartments in the eight years of their marriage, and now, after three disappointing years on the West Coast and nine troubled months back in New York where they had started, Davis had moved alone into a sixteenth. He had almost no money. Moving from the Coast had taken much of what they had saved, and living for two months in hotels until he found a new job had taken nearly all the rest. The job didn't pay a great deal. Fortunately, he had learned by now how to live cheaply if he had to. He paid three hundred dollars to the super for a tenement apartment on Fifth Street in the East Village that rented for only sixty dollars a month, and considered himself lucky. He agreed to give Irene half his pay for herself and their daughter, Judy. His rent and food and subways and fixing up the apartment took care of the other half.

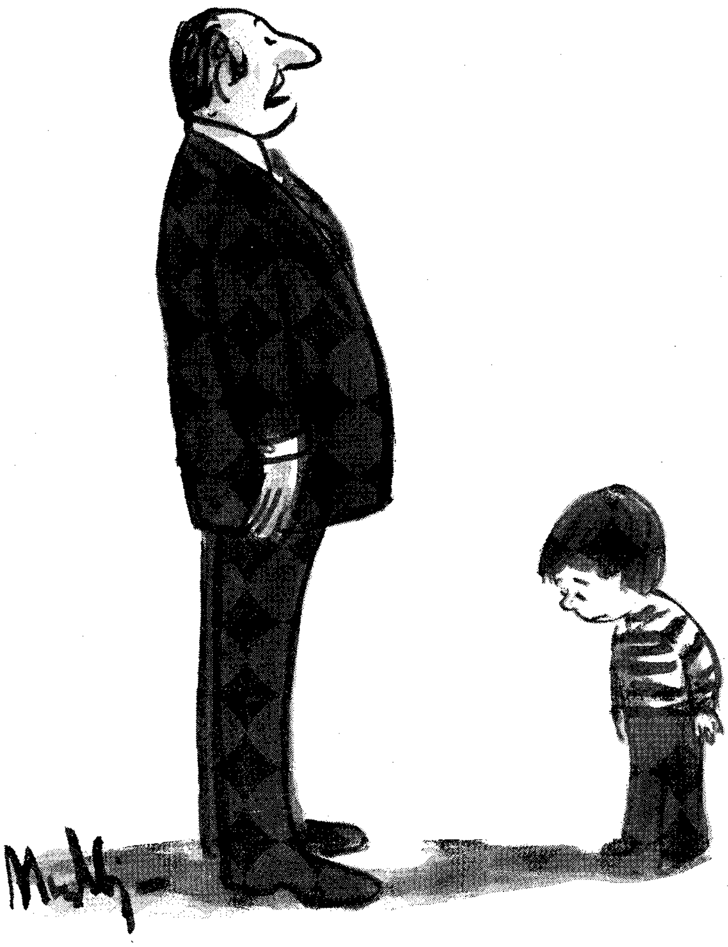
Davis left with nothing but his clothes, his books, and a few pictures. Let Irene have their worldly goods! Let *her* be reminded of their past. He wanted to put behind him the years of his giving in, his weakness, his indifference that had finally left their marriage a ruin. Was he justified in leaving her and Judy? He didn't know. He could no longer see a future that did not begin with his leaving, that was all. There was no other woman—not even in his imagination. Or barely. Months passed before he began to think much of other women, and the intensity of his first affair took him by surprise.

What drew him to Mariko Nomura at first was her strangeness. She was Japanese—nisei, rather—though it wasn't that, so much. There was something wayward in her, something slightly awry, that he found appealing. And she was so gentle and unsure of herself. Unlike Irene! What drew Mariko to him, curiously, was his solidity. He was so attached to a real world, she told him, with his regular hours and his conventional job. "You are so *solid*," she would say, and strike his arm with her small fist. Solid? Many nights he lay in bed shaking, biting his knuckles to keep from crying aloud. During the day he had dizzy spells, convinced they were heart attacks, although his doctor assured him that it was anxiety, no more, and prescribed a tranquillizer that he rarely took because it slowed his brain. The city was at fault, Davis thought, as well as the separation—being thrown back into New York like this, with no limits anymore. Not having to go back to Irene at night. Not *having* to do anything. Though he still turned up at work every day. He still had enough sense of obligation to Judy for that. One needed limits, he thought; they guarded you from the unconditioned, from the void. He had once heard Paul Tillich lecture, and when he spoke of the void, bringing the word up from deep inside his body, you could feel it, feel the emptiness and the terror of the emptiness. Well, here was he, Jack Davis, on the edge of the void himself, stripped of his defenses, a man six feet tall and weighing a hundred and ninety pounds, standing on Park Avenue South too dizzy to cross the street. *How* could Mariko think there was anything solid in him?

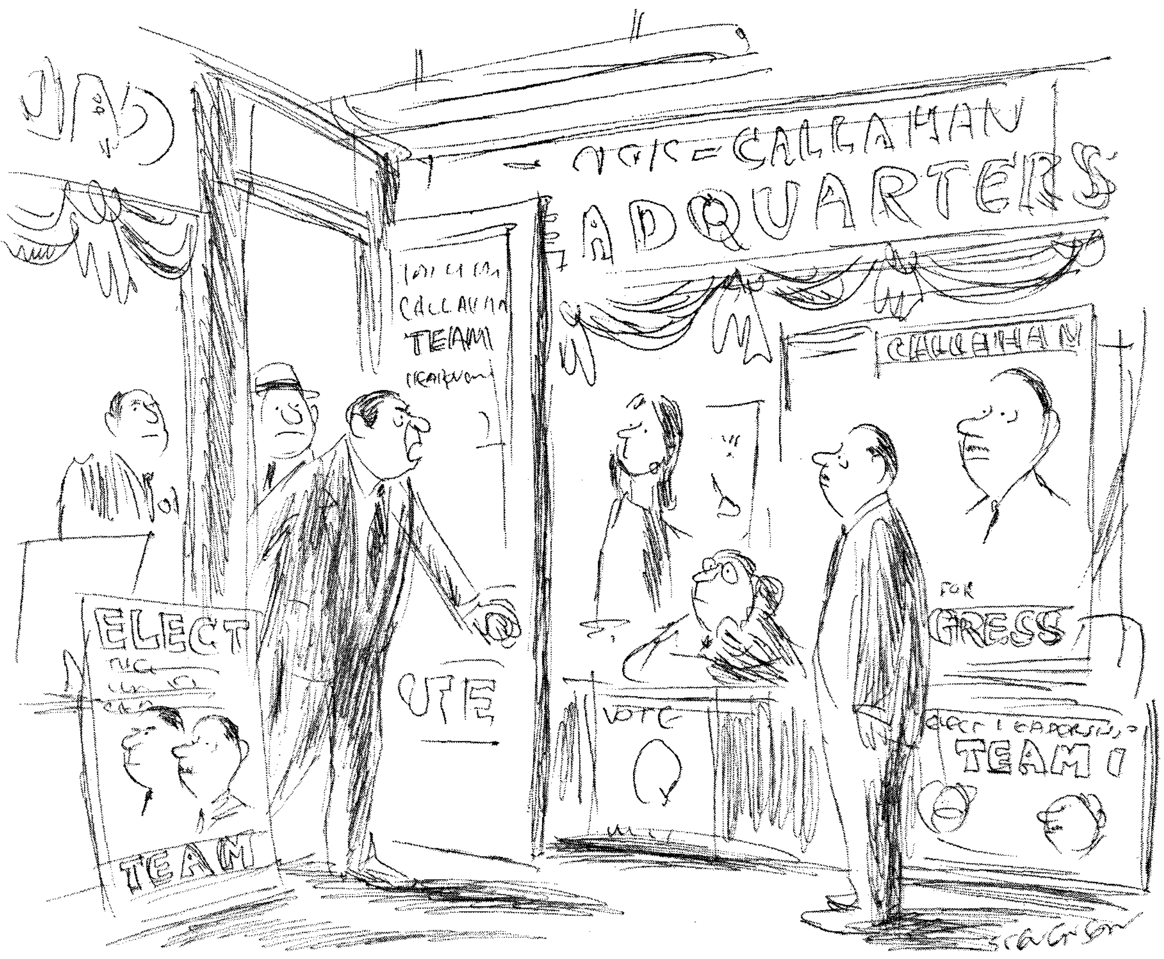
She considered herself homely, with her square pug face. Her forehead was too low and her skin too dark, she said. She hid the forehead with bangs. "I'm ugly. I'm a hairy Ainu," she would say, and Davis would reassure her, not understanding the reason for her self-contempt. Once, caressing her, he pushed back the bangs, which put her in a sudden temper. She did not like to have her forehead touched. Her hair had been long once, she told him—down to the small of her back. For a while, she had a boyfriend with a motorcycle, and they would go whizzing up Park Avenue on it late at night, then around Grand Central—around those sharp turns—with her behind him, her helmet off, her hair streaming. It was *wild*. She was a lot wilder then, she said.

There was a troubled streak in her somewhere, but she seemed placid enough, Davis thought. During their first evenings together, she would often sit on the bed, hers or his, while he sat opposite her in a chair and she told him of herself. He liked watching her, liked being aware that he was sitting there talking so intimately with a woman of a sort so unfamiliar to him. And one who wasn't Irene. It was that, too. Mariko had been born in an internment camp in Colorado and spent her first years there. She remembered a dust storm—dust in her nose and eyes—and nothing more. She did remember the crowded apartment in Denver where her family stayed first after their release. And then going to California, where they lived on the Peninsula near San Jose in an old farmhouse, little more than a shack. Their neighbors were Mexicans. She remembered barbecues that the Mexican neighbors had; once every summer, a whole pig! Now her father owned a farm again, but, of course, he was getting old.

Or she would sit, cradling one foot in the palm of her hand, on his dresser, as she did one night some time after they first met—sit there and tell him



"Filling Daddy's shoes is no job for a sniveller."



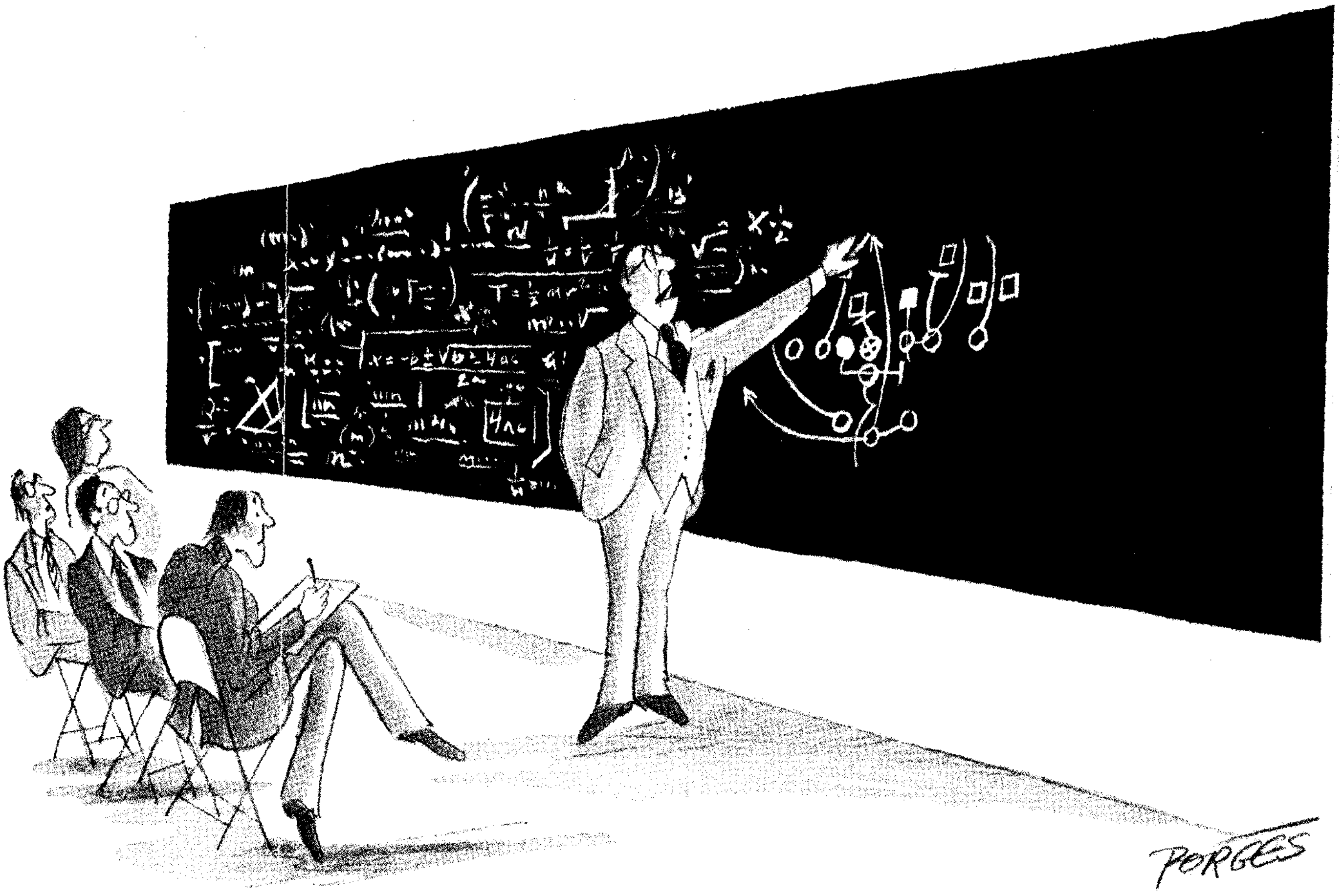
"Callahan, get off my coattails!"

• •

eacefully, in that oddly etached way of hers, f lying awake when he was quite young in heir house in San Jose, here she and an older ister shared the same ed. She would lie here for hours, she aid, afraid to go to leep. Her sister could e mean—more than ust mean. Sometimes he would bring a pair f shears to bed with er and threaten Ma-iko with them, telling er she was going to ouge out her eyes. here were nights hen Mariko barely ot away from her, to her parents' room. hen, for a long time, er sister seemed to be ll right, and then, hen Mariko was in unior high, she beame really violent. he was in a hospital ow. And for all that me her parents would ot see that there was ything really wrong. ot for years. Not even ow. Davis's childhood ad been ordinary hough, and what struck him when ariko told him such stories was the ck of emotion in them—her excessive lm.

Davis moved into his apartment in arch; he met Mariko in September. uring the spring and summer before e met her, he had no company but s daughter, whom he took on Saturays every week that she was in the ty. The apartment, when he moved , was a mess. Its walls were paint-l a glossy green, thick with grease. e washed them down and gave them vo coats of bone white, then a third. Ah, the rooms he had painted with ene! More than he could remember. e liked strong colors—a kitchen done Chinese red, a small living room mewhere with orange walls, a yellow iling, and purple pipes. It was in the sement and had many pipes. Their ning room in San Francisco, a deep, ep royal green. *Nothing* could bright- that room. They sat there through e fogs of their last summer together, ering at Irene's candlelit casseroles d stews.) He ripped old linoleum, veral layers of it, off the floors and inted them a battleship gray with avy paint he bought on Canal Street. In his mind was a photograph of Le Corbusier's studio in the early twenties—white walls, gray floors, a skylight, one bentwood chair, a table, a ladder in the corner. He bought a small stepladder; for a time it was his only chair. The windows had shutters, solidly painted in. He burned off the paint with a blowtorch and soaked the shutters in a lye solution in his tub, then scraped them and oiled them and hung them again. He furnished the place slowly, spending little. At first, he slept on a polyfoam mattress on the floor. Then he built a plywood platform to put it on. He bought pillows and a sailcloth cover for the mattress. He bought two cheap canvas chairs; a flush-door desk; a secondhand dresser without its mirror; an oak table, badly marred; four unmatched bentwood chairs. He painted the dresser and the bentwood chairs and the table black. He put up shelves on one wall and ranged his books on them. All of this took many weeks—until late in the spring. Saturdays, Judy would draw or read while he worked on the apartment, and then they would go to Ratner's for mushroom-and-barley soup and blintzes.

He took no vacation, but worked through the summer. He would stay late and fill in for his boss, who had a house and boat on the Sound and liked to get away early in the afternoons. And the office was air-conditioned. Davis's apartment was not. But there was little more work to do on the apartment, and he had time to kill. Irene had taken Judy with her to East Hampton for July and August; she'd made new friends, and was sharing a house. Now, on Saturdays, Davis would wander through the shops on the East Side and in the Village, buying odds and ends to put on his shelves or to hang on his walls. His anxiety was increasing. Distrusting the tranquillizer still, he looked for other ways to calm himself. There was a yoga breathing exercise that helped—something called the healing breath, which led him now and then into a sense of well-being he had once associated with happiness. But he could never remember to keep it up for more than a few days in a row. He attempted silent meditation, sitting in the half-dark on one of the bentwood chairs and staring at a white porcelain knob on his door, which glowed in the light from a



"But I digress."

• •

street lamp outside. But then something would interrupt him—thoughts of the office or of Irene, new angers or old. He bought a prayer book and read aloud from it in the morning and before he went to bed, finding some comfort there but little meaning, merely the suggestion of a life more ordered and assured than his own, of what it was like to be in a state of grace—or, rather, to think that you were in a state of grace. He no longer tried to believe in these things.

He was more successful at dieting. Through the summer he ate little but yogurt and vegetables and cottage cheese, and lost fourteen pounds. He exercised; the floor of his apartment shook. He finally quit smoking entirely. By the end of the summer he had brought enough order to his life to be able to say, for any hour, what he would be doing and where he would be. Reach the level of mere habit first, he thought to himself. Don't try for more.

One August evening Davis was eating alone in a cafeteria near his office when Harry Phillips, a friend from his early days with Irene in New York, sat down next to him with his tray. They began talking as if no time had passed, though they had been out of touch for years. Harry was driving a cab now, off and on. There were no real money problems, he said. Dorothy had come into her inheritance, and had enough for herself and the children—three children, all boys. Harry took the evening off and drove Davis down to a bar on University Place for a drink. Davis tried to talk about his life, but all that he could say was that it didn't seem to have much point. How could he speak of his loneliness or his prayers or his exercises or the months he'd spent fixing up the place?

"Have you got a girl?" Harry asked him.

"I haven't met any," Davis said.

"Look," Harry said, gesturing munificently. "Girls all over the place."

"I've never approached a girl in a bar," Davis said.

"Do you see Irene?" Harry asked him.

"Not if I can help it," Davis said. "She's away for the summer, anyhow."

Harry still saw Dorothy and the kids. He loved the kids. They lived outside Nyack, in a big house that Dorothy had bought, and Harry went up on weekends. They all got along. He and Dorothy got along. She didn't like the city and he did. She didn'
care for sex much and he did. Sh
was a lot happier if he wasn't aroun
all the time. Happiness meant a lot t
Dorothy, he said wryly. It was wha
she expected from life.

"That's my problem," Davis said
"It's why I left Irene. I want to b
happy."

"Maybe you're better off now. I
used to see Irene here and there without you when you lived in New Yor
before."

"I stayed home with Judy one nigh
a week. Irene had a dancing class."

"Irene had a lot of friends."

"I know," Davis said. "It all cam
out. We talked about it and agreed t
forget it. I wanted to forgive her. Sh
asked me to. She felt guilty, she said
But the memory traces were there, o
something. When we came back t
New York, it started being the way i
had been. But how can you explai
these things? I had black times—months, years. I drove her to it, fo
all I know. And then when we go
back here we both decided we wante
more than we had. New York doe
that."

Davis was unsteady and Phillip
drove him home. "I'm having a part

fter Labor Day," he said to Davis. 'Come over. You can meet some girls."

PHILLIPS lived in a furnished basement two-and-a-half on Horatio Street west of Eighth Avenue. It was where Davis met Mariko. The rooms were hot and smoky, and filled with the mell of onions and tomato sauce. Dinner was baking in the oven, in a kitchen separated from the living room by a padded plastic screen. People stood, or at on two daybeds covered with shabby brown throws. Others were in the bedroom, where raincoats were piled on the bed; a light rain had been falling. Everyone was drinking wine from Dixie cups that they refilled from jugs n the floor. Davis did not care for hese aimless Village parties. He knew no one but Harry, who took him into he kitchen, where there was a Japanese girl in a white cotton apron making a large salad. "Mariko," Harry aid, and left. Davis introduced himelf. "You can call me Mary if you want," the girl said. "People do." Mariko's fine," Davis said. She gave him cucumbers to slice. "Are you Harry's girl?" he asked. "Oh, no," she aid. They were friends. She liked to ook, that was all.

Mariko reminded Davis of the women in Japanese movies—the peasant women, not the delicate aristocrats. Her gestures were as brusque as theirs, nd she would laugh or exclaim aloud n the same harsh way. He was surrised at her eyes, which were large nd open. They might ave had depth, he hought, but they had one; they were uarded, opaque. Her yebrows were heavy nd unplucked; this, or some reason, leased him. He didn't ay much, but stood beside her, helping preare the greens. She howed him how to core cucumbers instead of peeling them, sing the tines of a ork. "I'm a health ut," she said.

Dinner took a long me to eat, for there were seven plates and more than twenty peole. But there was a reat deal of food—a arge meat loaf in tomato sauce, and the alad, and long loaves f Italian bread, and utter and fruit and cheese. Davis ate with Mariko in the kitchen from the meat-loaf pan and the bowl of salad. Now and then she stopped to wash the plates and forks and knives. People began to leave. He went with Mariko into the living room and sat with her on one of the beds. She gave him her hand, which was moist and rough from the dishwater. A Bach cantata came from speakers on the opposite wall. On the other daybed lay a tall girl wearing a high-necked blouse and a full red skirt—attractive, Davis thought, in a mournful Pre-Raphaelite way. He hadn't seen her before. She got up suddenly, pulled a handful of coins out of her skirt pocket, and threw them across the room as if she were sowing grain. A penny rolled to his feet and he bent over to pick it up. The girl sank to the floor and began to sob. Davis and Mariko helped her into the bedroom. She lay down on the bed and Davis covered her with his raincoat. "What do you think you're doing?" she said harshly, and fell asleep.

Mariko touched the girl's cheek. "She's beautiful," she said.

"You are," Davis said, drawn to her gentleness.

She laughed in her abrupt way. "I'm not," she said. "I'm tiny and chubby and I have a fat face. People call me 'cute.' Boy, if they knew!"

They were still looking down at the girl. "She had a concussion last month," Mariko said.

Davis and Mariko went back into the living room. The other guests had all gone. Phillips went into the bedroom and shut the door. They listened to the Bach, sitting on the daybed and leaning against the wall. The music whined down to a stop.

"Oh, that happens all the time," she said. The bed had slid out from the wall and pulled the player plug from its socket. She rolled over, reached for the cord, and plugged it back in. Davis pushed the bed back against the wall, then sat down and put his arm around her. She leaned against him, and the music stopped again.

"Come. Let's go," Davis said. But when they went to the bedroom for their coats the door was locked.

"We'll be at the bar," Mariko called. "Bring the coats."

The Pre-Raphaelite girl, her voice muffled, said, "Oh, go away."

Davis and Mariko ran to the bar, which was on the corner, through the rain. He asked for Irish coffees. "Were you ever Harry's girl?" he said.

"Not for long."

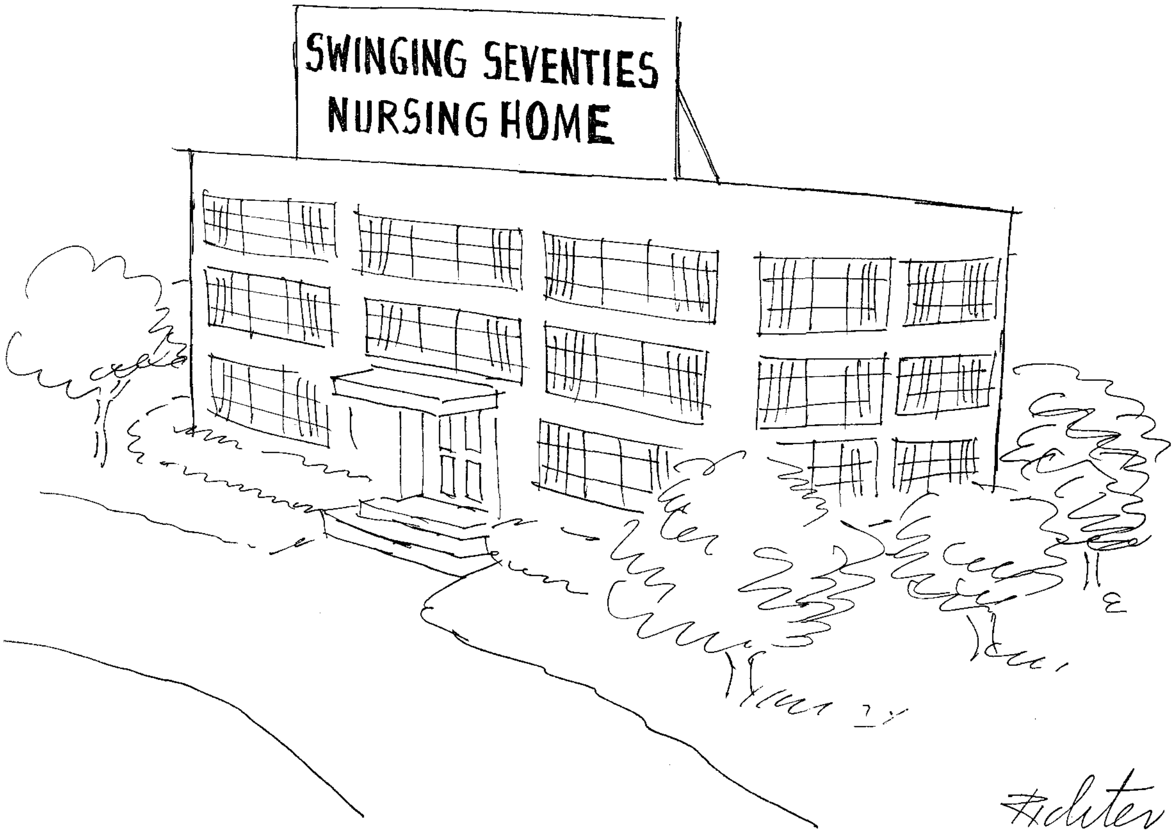
"Did Harry ask you over to meet me?"

"Sure."

"I don't think I want things to be arranged for me," Davis said.

"We met, didn't we?" Mariko said. She seemed to like him, and Davis was surprised that it was all happening so fast.

Harry came in with the beautiful girl. He was carrying the coats. The girl began whispering to Mariko, and



Harry looked at Davis and shrugged.

Davis paid his check. "I have to go," he said. He looked at Mariko. "Can I take you home?" he asked her.

"Oh, no," she said lightly. "It's out of your way."

After he left, Davis, puzzled at her refusal, realized that he had no idea whether she lived out of his way or not. He didn't know where she lived. He didn't know her last name.

Davis could not bring himself to call Harry to ask for Mariko's name and telephone number, but not long after Harry called him. "You should have stayed," he said kindly. "We sat talking until three." Then he said, "What did you think of Miss Nomura?"

"I liked her," Davis said. Ah, so that was her name!

There were no Mariko Nomuras in the Manhattan book, but there were three M. Nomuras, two on the upper West Side and one on Avenue B, not far from where Davis lived. Mariko would be one of those on the West Side, he thought. He tried the numbers that evening. One had been disconnected. At the other, a woman answered; when he asked for Mariko, she hung up the phone without saying anything. Annoyed, he decided to give up. But later, after his solitary dinner, he tried the third listing. Mariko answered. "You live right around the corner, practically," he said accusingly. But she hadn't known where *he* lived, she said; he looked as if he lived uptown.

"I didn't think you'd call," she said then. "Harry told me you were shy."

"I wanted to see you," Davis said.

"Tonight?"

"I was thinking of dinner sometime," he said. He had planned, if he found her, to make a date for one night the following week.

"I've eaten," she said. "But I could come over for a while."

"I'll come get you," he said.

"Oh, no," Mariko said. "Tell me where you live."

When she rang his bell, he went down to let her in. She wore jeans and a white shirt and a black raincoat, open, over them. "Hi," she said easily, giving it two syllables—"Hi-yee." He followed her up the stairs. Inside his apartment, she dropped her coat on the bed and began to look around. "My, what a lot of nice things!" she said, and inspected them slowly, touching everything, moving from table to chest to desk to bookshelf—all the bric-a-brac he had begun to fill the room with over the summer, bought for a few dollars in those shops in the Village and on the East Side, ordinary things that he had seen girls just out of college buying for their first apartments: lacquered boxes, *fiaschi* of purple glass with paper flowers in them, cast-iron ashtrays in the shape of fish, wooden birds, animals of painted papier-mâché. And the pictures on his wall. That glossy still of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the tree with their chimp—the Tarzan family. The sepia portraits of Garbo and Dolores Costello and Louise Brooks. The framed reproductions of the Maxfield Parrish illustrations for Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood" that had once hung in his room at home. No one had seen his apartment but his daughter, and this inspection left him ill at ease. His tastes were childish, he knew—

A THOUSAND WORDS

"*Ce que j'admire en Leningrad, c'est Saint Pétersbourg.*"
What fellow-traveller returned from the U.S.S.R.,
Burdened with souvenirs in the form of second thoughts, said
That, rephrasing the Slavic platitude as a reactionary epigram? Thence
One must count oneself privileged to have escaped empty-handed,
Frisked in exit by the incompetent customs of the country
Who got everything backwards, inspecting my papers with a glass—
Bourgeois formalism apart, my handwriting looks like a decadent cipher.
"*Chto eto?*" The pocket epic or my wordy verse? "*Poezia.*"
Insisting I scan as prose they confiscate "War and Peace."
The classic comeback: loved her, hated him, your eponymous warhead
In gremium qui saepe se reicit aeterno devictus vulnere amoris.
Even apologists for free love must confess this pair legally
Wed, a union no sentimental do-gooder likes to solemnize.

V., I'm afraid the authorities took away your name,
Which they found in my notebook. Asked who you were,
I said, "Someone I met in a restaurant." Not so;
You were a pick-up of sorts on Nevsky Prospekt,
Where, as I puzzled over a plan filched from Intourist
That first evening, you appeared eager to be of help.
In exchange for a few verbatim tips on English idiom
("Tell me, please, is it better 'Here you are!' or
'There it is!'?"), you afforded me a smattering of Russian—
Dom, dub, sad, eima dvorets, knigi, mir, ya ne ponimayu,
House, oak, garden, winter palace, books, world, I don't understand—
And your jealous services as a guide to the environs
When you were "free from class." Unlike the other touts,
Official and unofficial, who besieged the foreigners' hotel, you never
Asked for cigarettes or dollars or offered girls or watches,
But wanted books and talk. Whether you were an agent
I am not absolute. If so, it doesn't figure.
Who sold me "art treasures" to take out—a nickel
Samovar and the biscuit bust of Pushkin, price two rubles—
From that popular Thrift Shop where one bought antiques, the
Only place in Leningrad to find silverware, glass, or china,
As department stores seemed to stock nothing but plastic gimcracks?
Enough economics—unless I just mention in passing the maids
At the hotel, patriots whom I detected to be helping
Themselves to my dwindling whiskey. When I locked it up
One morning, on my return I found the bed unmade.

Still there are things I want to ask you, V.
Are you in prison or power? Were you really interrogated
As you foretold if you were seen with me? Paranoid
Melodrama, I supposed, yet daily life in never-never land.
You warned me one was followed, watched, suspected, bugged, betrayed
As a matter of course, and there were certain places
We mustn't be seen together in public, like divorcées.
Out of bounds to you, the doldrums of the Europa.
Every day you used to suggest some novel rendez-vous
Where, until you materialized, no one was in evidence.
Dialectics make impossible bedfellows. Are you today the interrogator

• •

You once were, inexhaustible in futile questions of American usage?
Following a call at the single synagogue, where we tapped
The anti-Semitic party line, you invited me back for
A supper of black bread, sausage, and sweet white wine.
No English on the stair or in the common hallway
You cautioned, but your student's room itself was an asylum,
With an encyclopedia, your father's paintings, a dusty grand piano
("I was used to play"), and the telephone. "Talk now!"
The couple embracing in the entrance, were they also spies?

What circuitous routes we pursued in our innocent sight-seeing!
How vast the meander of the stone Hermitage, which holds
A pictorial history of pillaged Europe, where the fat, satisfied,
Intelligent bust of the Holstein Messalina smirks from its pedestal,
As at Tsarskoe Selo, which the present regime calls Pushkin!
There, amid monumental, autumnal ruin, in a neo-Gothic folly,
Lunching on lard, I learned the Russian word for cozy,
Uyutny—neither Pavlovsk, that meticulously restored memorial to
  filial resentment,
Nor Peterhof's postwar proletarian Renaissance trick pavilions quite qualify.

I go on like a guidebook, there being none such.
Nowhere could we find a Russian-English, English-Russian dictionary,
Or maps less rudimentary than those of a vanished century.
Lies appropriately describe this sequestrated czarist capital founded on water,
Edifice of pure will and an idea, double-glazed window
Closed on the West. The past lingers along the Neva
Like a revisionist prince: pink, green, ochre, robin's-egg-blue
Italianate confectionery on a Scythian scale. You wanted to know
Why all foreigners are so fascinated by palaces and churches
Used as cinemas and baths? Our taste is counter-revolutionary.
Just fancy playing Soviet Monopoly or enduring social-realist monotony
And having nothing to read but Lenin and Jack London
Unless in *samizdat!* I am unable to appreciate a solitary
Line of Russian verse in translation, from Bogan to Brodsky.
Although, like Leningrad, at the same time fantastic and prosaic,
Your novels form a sort of exotic province of English,
I don't know why inimitable Pushkin is a noted bore.

But who came here to talk about literature? The night
Before leaving, I invited you to squander my last vouchers
Somewhere they, and we, would be accepted at face value;
After two helpings of chicken you ordered another, of veal.
Russkaya dusha! What if we were brothers? Haven't men
More in common than their wants, such as language, a
Skeleton key rattled in so many locks? With all utopias,
The farther from perfection the better; this future that works
Looks so old-fashioned and unkind. Although the masses may
Be content, unhappy, or indifferent, excellence is an individual gesture.
Malice, too, is personal. The destroyer Aurora, opposite Intourist's
  incongruous
Glass prison, her heroes liquidated, will she ever lift anchor
For the free world? Here, perhaps better dead than read,
Instead of the Concise Oxford Dictionary you wanted, this letter.

—DARYL HINE

• •

picene, sentimental, dated. He had illed this room only to put Irene out f his mind. He no longer knew what is real tastes were.

From the ceiling hung a tin Mexi-an star. Mariko pointed. "You got hat from the Rebus Gallery," she aid. He had. It was where she vorked, she said. But he had never een her there. No, she worked in the warehouse on Spring Street, blocks away. It was a big operation—the wholesale business bigger than the retail. In the warehouse, they still had forty-six dozen of those stars! She was secretary to the owner, which meant she ran the place. He was away half the year buying in Mexico and Guatemala and Peru. The hours were easy—from one to seven. She could sculpt at night and sleep through the morning. "I'm a night person," she said.

"I only moved here this year," Davis said. "Just about everything is new. Except the pictures and the books and me."

But his place was so cheerful, Mariko said. Not like Harry's, which was a real bachelor dump. She went on looking. Now she held a piece of rock crystal in her hand, a prism about three inches long. "Take it," Davis said. "Take it if you like it."

"You don't want to give it away," she said. "It must mean something to you."

"No, nothing," he said. "Take it. I can see that you like it." She smiled, and put the crystal in a pocket of her coat. Then she sat down on the bed and propped pillows behind her back. She looked at him.

"Would you like a drink?" Davis said. "I have beer."

"I don't drink much," she said. "I like tea, though." Davis made tea in glasses with lemon and honey.

"A man followed me when I was coming over here," Mariko said conversationally. "He asked me where I was going so late. I told him to a friend's. I said my friend was bigger than he was."

"I wanted to walk you over," Davis said. "It's dangerous here for a woman alone."

Mariko laughed. "I've lived in this neighborhood for years," she said. "People know me. He was harmless. He was old—one of those old Spanish. He'd been drinking wine. I let him walk with me. We talked."

Davis looked out the window. The street was empty. He sat down beside her and they touched glasses. "It's nice here," she said. "Slightly monastic . . ."

Monastic! Davis said he hadn't thought it showed. He had meant to keep it bare, like a student's room, but then he began to fill it up with these little things. He'd taken next to nothing when he left his wife, he said, assuming that Harry had already told her about his situation. He'd wanted nothing. All he wanted was *space*, between that life and this. To wait for a decent interval, alone. He had seen too much damage done by men and women like him, just separated and still out of balance, out of control. They were nothing but trouble—the newly separated, the newly divorced. And in the city there were so many of them. They even had *clubs!* He had decided to live alone until he got over his bitterness.

"You need to see people," Mariko

"The thing to bear in mind, gentlemen, is not just that Daisy has mastered a rudimentary sign language but that she can link these signs together to express meaningful abstract concepts."

• •

said quietly. She was quite simple, Davis thought. He felt that his situation was not one she could easily comprehend.

He asked her about Harry Phillips. Harry was erratic, she said. Either he was with you every minute or you never saw him at all. And he was always trying to set up situations to make women jealous. But she saw him sometimes.

"Why?" Davis asked her.

"Oh," she said. "He's nice."

"Why didn't you let me take you home?" Davis asked.

She shrugged. "I was more interested in them than I was in you. It was one of Harry's situations. You could take care of yourself. I wanted to be sure the girl was all right."

"What if I hadn't phoned?" Davis asked her.

"I was going to call you," she said.

Davis said, "I've been married too long or away from New York too long. I don't understand yet how your feelings and Harry's operate."

"Mine don't, most of the time," Mariko said, stretching her arms and yawning. "I don't know about Harry. Most of the time I don't feel a thing. Like the stranger, in that book by Camus. Not numb, exactly. Just detached."

That wasn't his problem, Davis thought. His feelings went *too* deep—deeper, often, than his convictions, and often for the wrong people, the wrong causes, the wrong things. But now, after not letting himself feel anything for so long out of fear of being sucked back into his marriage, he thought he understood what alienation was. Why should he still consider himself superior, with all his fine capability for feeling, to these creatures—to Harry, or this woman, or that girl with the handful of coins? He, too, was detached, he said to Mariko, seeking common ground. Yet things could still move him to tears—children marching in a play parade; these old women in the slums leaning out of their windows in the evenings silently watching the streets; messages in chalk on the walls: "I was here and I waited. Sonia."

"That doesn't happen to me," Mariko said. "I don't cry."

They talked for much of the night. Mariko, he learned, had lived in the same apartment on Avenue B for seven years. She had come to New York after two years of junior college, where she won art prizes, and had gone to the Art Students League for a year, then taken classes at the New School. But her parents couldn't send her money for long, and she had gone to work. She seemed to think she had little real talent for sculpture, though she liked it. She had no special ambitions.

"I always wanted to be kept," she said to him. "But the men I knew! They couldn't keep themselves. I had a long affair with a married man. Almost three years! He taught at M.I.T., and every other week he came down to be somebody's consultant and stayed overnight at my place. I met him in P-town one summer. I was standing in water up to my knees, in the bay, wondering to myself if I could ever get far enough out to swim, and he came up and started telling me about crabs and stuff. We used to meet in the dunes. I drove him crazy, he said. When he came to New York, I cooked for him because he was afraid of being seen—I think he thought he was a celebrity or something—but once he got his courage up and took me to a delicatessen on Second Avenue. I teased him about not spending money on me, and I made him put his loose change in an old sock each morning before he left. When he stopped coming to New York, I counted the money. Sixty-three dollars and twenty-nine cents! I bought an FM radio. One night I called Boston to thank him with the radio on loud next to the phone, but his wife answered. So I said, 'Tell your husband Koko says hello!' and hung up. He called me Koko. I put up with a lot in those days."

"Stay all night," Davis said. "It's nearly morning."

"Oh, I can't," she said. "That wasn't a true story. I didn't say anything to his wife. I lost my nerve."

"Stay," Davis said. "I won't try to make love to you."

But she couldn't stay, she really couldn't. Not tonight. She had to go home. Her dream book was next to her bed.

Her dream book?

The moment she woke up, she wrote down her dreams.

They walked back to her building down the middle of the empty streets, holding hands, away from the dark cellar entrances.

"Have dinner with me tonight," Davis said.

"Tomorrow night. Not tonight. Go sleep."

"Yes," Davis said. He was sleepy now. They were standing in front of the steps to her building. He pulled her toward him for a moment and held her, without kissing her, then let her go.

IT was odd, Davis thought when he woke to the alarm, that he should be ready to enter into an affair so quickly after so many months of scruples and self-denial. In his own experience until now—colored and shaped, he knew, by countless movies—you would expect some delays, even when ove was at first sight. He could probably sleep with this woman the next ime he saw her. Where was he suspense? Where was the plot? Ah, well, it *wasn't* love t first sight. He liked her, but he wasn't attracted to her—not passionately. His heart wasn't in it, he knew. Somehing, though, was pulling him toward her. What was it? She wasn't at all beautiul. Perhaps it was that mixure in her of simplicity and knowingness. Perhaps it was her race, but he didn't think o. Perhaps it was just her motional trouble. Disturbed people often had a special exual current in them, didn't they?

He already knew that they would become lovers. He had no moral qualms. He was no longer bound to rene, surely. He supposed he *wanted* Mariko. Of course he did! If only he could feel omething stronger! But if here was little passion beween them there would be little harm. He did not want to injure her, and he thought her fragile, though she might retend to be tough.

He called her that afternoon at the warehouse and suggested that they go to the movies the next evening and have dinner late. There were two old Renoir films playing uptown. He wanted to give himself a few more hours with her—wanted to feel more sure with her—before they went to bed. He took the subway up after work and met her at the theatre a little before eight. She was waiting when he arrived, standing under the bright marquee. He did not recognize her for a moment. Somehow, he had forgotten that she was Japanese. But in the theatre she gave him her hand, and he felt that sexual current again. He did not like to hold hands when he was watching a movie closely, yet thought it rude not to. They sat through all of "Picnic on the Grass" and part of "The Rules of the Game," and by then they were so hungry they decided to go.

They walked up Broadway to a Chinese restaurant, passing the street where Davis had last lived with Irene and Judy before moving to San Francisco. He had not been by there since. Little had changed. A building was burned out. There were more Puerto Rican shops now, and more Puerto Ricans on the street.

They waited at one corner for the light. As they crossed, Davis took Mariko's hand. It was an automatic gesture. He always reached for Judy's hand when they crossed the street. Mariko looked up at him. "I'm in analysis," she said. "My doctor says I mustn't get too involved."

"That doesn't matter," Davis said.

"It doesn't rule anything out," she said. "I mean, we can see each other and all that. But I wanted to tell you."

"It doesn't make any difference," Davis said.

"I mean seriously," Mariko said. "I'm sort of a freak."

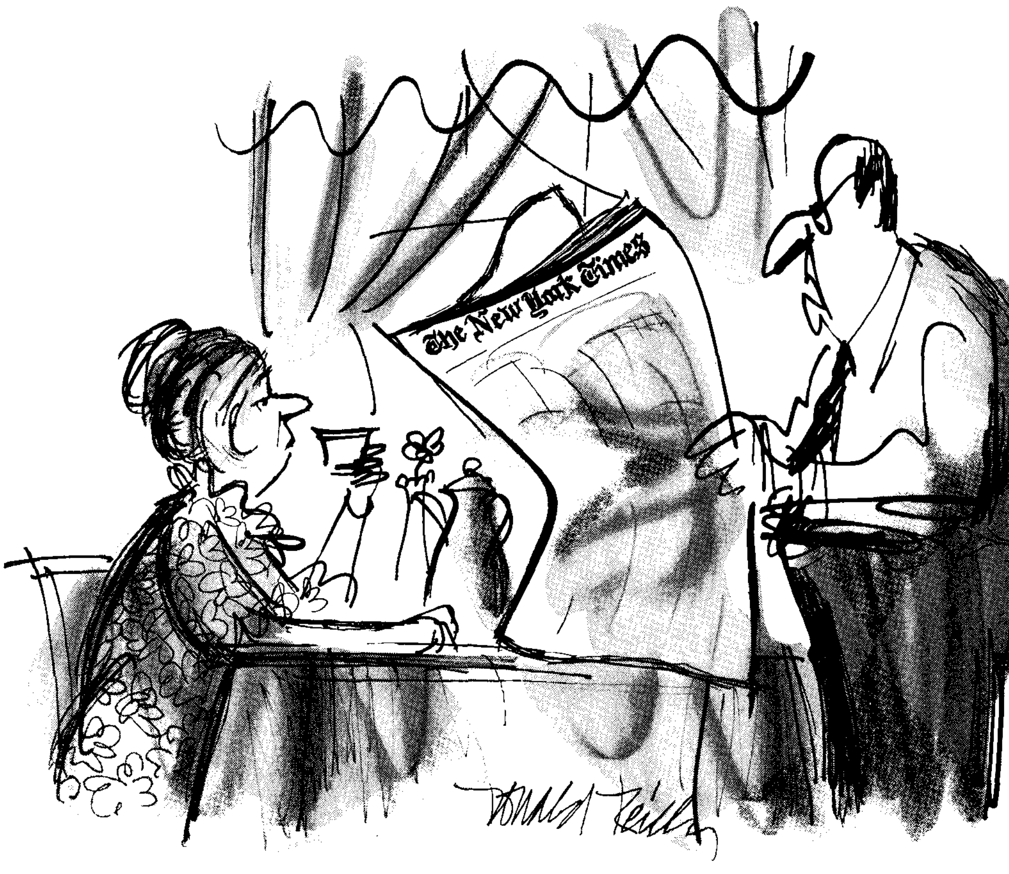
He laughed and looked down at her. "You're not the only one," he said.

"Not an ordinary freak," she said. "I've tried to kill myself."

"It really doesn't matter," he said flatly, meaning it, irritated at her insistence. Who hadn't thought of suicide? Who hadn't come close to trying? Was she saying these things out of honesty, or did she, too, feel reluctant to go any farther? Was she trying to ward him off?

"I slashed my wrists," she said. "But I did a bad job."

"You don't have to tell me about it if you don't want to," he said. He didn't want her to, certainly. They had reached the restaurant by now, and were shown to a booth without waiting; it was late. He followed her. Her walk seemed carefree and her body looked ripe. How compact she



"And yet another crackpot editorial about frogs croaking in the autumn stillness."

was! He thought that her frankness with him was simply the candor of a child.

They ordered ten-ingredient soup, and then moo-shu pork with a stack of thin pancakes, and the sautéed vegetables, and tea. How hungry they had been!

And now they were opening fortune cookies. She shouldn't have told him that, Mariko said. About her wrists. She held out her hands to him; there were only very faint scars. But she *had* to tell him about the analysis. She was still working things out. She had been going to doctors now for five years—through a clinic, but even so it took a lot of money. She was better now, a lot better. Now she only went twice a week.

They took the subway to the Village and walked back to her apartment along Eighth Street and St. Marks Place. Her living room, larger than his, was a little jungle, lit by fluorescent lights, of ivy and philodendron and dracaena and rubber plants and avocados—nearly a hundred avocado plants of varying height that made a wall of green before the windows. Some of the plants were spindly things sprouting from pits propped with toothpicks on the rims of glasses and jam jars; others, in full leaf, rose from pots that stood in shallow trays of water on the radiators and windowsills. On shelves and hanging on the walls were her sculptures—not at all what Davis expected, but small, intricately worked constructions of brass or copper or silverish wire that reminded him of enlarged microphotographs of cell tissue, or sections of beehive, or slices of sponge.

Davis left after a few minutes, although Mariko was willing, he thought, for him to stay. He simply kissed her good night. He was afraid of not pleasing her—afraid of he didn't know what. Another few days passed before they made love, but they then began at once to spend all their nights together, usually at her apartment, rarely at his. She felt uneasy away from home.

HOW Davis liked that room of Mariko's! It was always close and moist there, with a greenhouse smell, mixed with the odors of sandalwood and eucalyptus, and of the fused metals and solders and fluxes with which she worked, and of the cats' box. She had two cats, great altered toms, left years before by friends who never turned up again. One cat was called The Bird, the other Hadji Baba. One ate nothing but chopped kidneys, the other ate anything at all. Davis would see them sometimes peering out from the avocado jungle. And everywhere there were seashells, driftwood, dried grasses, polished and unpolished stones, snapshots in gilt oval frames, jars of potpourri, lace valentines, spiral eucalyptus stuck in copper pails. From the ceiling hung a wooden cherub, one silvered wing knocked off. Davis kept hitting his head on it. "My guardian angel," Mariko would say. On the bed were pillows—a dozen, fifteen—on which she had painted or sewn smiling cats, sunbursts, arabesques, black-eyed Susans, zodiacal signs. Each night she arranged some neatly on the floor; it was where the cats slept. Stacks of magazines were in a corner—*Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and *Cosmopolitan* and *Art News* and the magazine section of the Sunday *Times*. Her workbench, with pliers and hammers and torches and spools of wire and two or three unfinished constructions on it, was against one wall near the windows. A round dining table was before the avocado plants near the opposite wall. Davis's crystal prism was on it, grouped with several highly polished pieces of red and yellow and dark green stone.

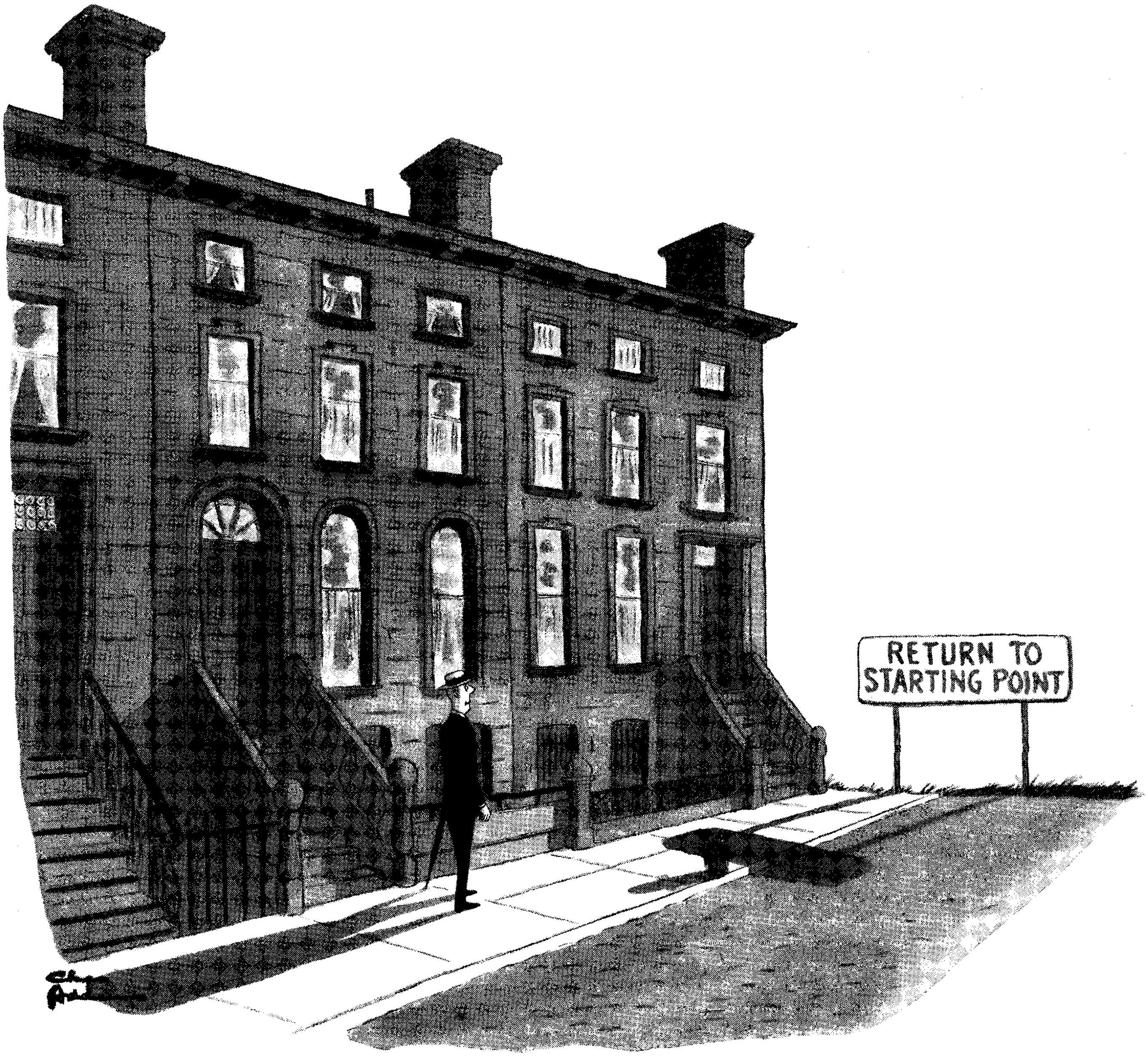
The bathroom, papered in silver, was filled with Caswell-Massey soaps and lotions, and creams with hormones and estrogens in them, and vitamin pills. Davis found five kinds of Vitamin B. The kitchen cabinets were a jumble of organic honeys, and packages of Tiger's Milk, and herb teas, and seaweed, and stone-ground flours.

Mariko loved to buy things, and on Saturdays they went shopping together in the afternoon. Davis was taking Judy on an evening during the week now; he told Irene there was work at the office on Saturdays for him to do. They visited the import shops—as if Mariko didn't have enough of that in the warehouse during the week!—and Woolworth's and Lamston's, and art-supply stores, and health-food stores, and Oriental stores for seaweed and bonita flakes and packets of noodles like maidenhair.

The five-and-tens seemed to please her most. Her forays down the aisles were marked by quick cries of amusement or excitement, as if she were an eight-year-old with a quarter to spend. But she managed to have dollars to spend, and spent them, more than Davis would or could. All those years when her family had nothing! She remembered the five-and-tens in San Jose when she was little, when she was only allowed to look while her mother was furnishing their house, week after week, buying dishes and kitchen things there. They still sold those milk-glass dishes then. The green ones? And people *collected* them now.

The stores made Davis uncomfortable. There was no longer anything *he* wanted to buy, and what little he could spend he liked to spend with Mariko, going to a restaurant and the movies, or paying for the groceries when they shopped. She would slip and sidle her way through the crowd, seeming to like the press, the impersonal warmth. Often he would lose her and stand waiting for her outside, hoping that Irene would not pass by.

But then they would go back to Mariko's apartment and look at the new things, and then she would make tea, and then they would take most of the pillows off the bed and lie down together. How happy he was making love! He hadn't expected that—had forgotten the joy of it after years of inhibition and make-believe with his wife. Mariko excited him, though he supposed she was used to something more violent or less conventional than he gave her—he didn't know what. He remembered Irene trying to teach him new tricks, there at the end when she had begun to sleep around again—as if new tricks might save their marriage! Oh, the pity of it! It *was* her marriage, after all. She did want to save it, in her way. He supposed he had long since stopped satisfying her. Well, hell, he didn't go for tricks—didn't believe in them. Mariko found him satisfactory enough. And he liked her slaps and bites, her cries, liked seeing the scratches on his chest and shoulders. And still it wasn't *passion* he felt for her—not the overriding passion he remembered from his twenties. No, it was some extraordinary mental excitement. She was always in his mind now—the images of her naked, those dark breasts, that patch of hair. On her side, on her back, bending over him, standing in that green forest light before the drawn shades, or sitting cross-legged, or on her knees. Ah, he *couldn't* have stayed pent up any longer, with his dizzy spells and his exercises and his prayers. This was re-



ase! For her, too, he thought. He oped it was for her.

But he was not sure. Try though he did to reach out to him, to conince him of her intensity, there was omething flat in her—as she had said, omething detached. He would notice now and then but make himself foret it. He wanted everything to go vell, wanted a simple, healthy affair vith a girl as simple as Mariko was. Simple! She was hardly that.) He eeded something exciting, that was ll—to clear his head, to drive Irene way. Yet there it was, often—that atness when they made love. It was vhen a woman couldn't help revealing erself. When a man couldn't. Though ometimes she was all touch and exectation and response. Her moods hanged quickly. He seldom knew why.

Mariko's therapy sculpture, as she ometimes called it, kept them at her partment most nights. Davis would doze for a while after they made love and be wakened to find her up, dressed again, working under the fluorescent lights with her radio on, tuned low. She seemed compelled to work, and yet she thought little of the things she made. She had sold a few, not many. Only the junky shops in the Village would buy them—for the tourists, she said, laughing. And they asked her for something prettier! She wasn't interested—not yet. She might have to be someday. At first, Davis tried to persuade her to stay in bed with him and sleep, but she would not. Lying waiting for sleep was what she feared most; nothing the doctors had done had helped. It was the old fear of her sister. She hadn't got over that.

So Davis would rise, too, and read while she worked, and later they would talk until four or five, when she could sleep. At eight, he would wake and dress and go back to his place to shower and change before going to his office. The hours began to tell on him, and in spite of himself he would fall asleep in her bed and sleep through until morning. But only now and then. He liked being awake through the long nights with her, liked to see her intent on her work.

"You never leave me alone," she said once. "You give me so much attention."

He was sorry, he said. He should let her have more time by herself.

"Oh, I like it," she said. "But I've never met a man like you."

And so he persisted, thinking sometimes that the only connection between them was their proximity, that if they did not see each other every night they would not see each other at all. One morning he looked in his diary to see how long he had known her. Only five weeks! Five weeks since Harry's party, and no more than three since they began sleeping together. He had not made an entry in the diary since he took her to the movies and dinner for the first time.

He was uncomfortable with her in public, and this troubled him—that *he* should be uneasy. He was without conscious prejudice, he knew. But they *were* an odd pair! He was growing bald and looked older than his age, he thought. She looked younger than she was. And he towered over her. But he knew that the looks he got when they walked together were those appraising glances that white men receive when they are with a woman who is Oriental or black. The glances hit home, in a way, because there *was* something between them now, no question of that. He felt the tug of it—an itching lust that had come on him gradually. Because of their strangeness for each other, because they had given themselves over to the exactions of the flesh, because of that detachment of hers, because after their lovemaking they were never quite content and desired each other still. He had seen those glances before at home, when he first introduced Irene to his family. How interesting! A Jewish girl! From Atlanta, Georgia? My, she certainly has a nice *figure!* Oh, God, his unctuous aunts. Knowing there could be just one thing between them. Did Jewish girls still have a "reputation" in the Midwest? Probably. Nothing changed much. Nothing changed fast enough. Well, Irene *had* been a hot number. She still was, for all he knew. Whatever possessed him to *marry* her? Was it partly those knowing glances—that numbing, silent disapproval of his family? And hadn't they turned out to be right?

Men telephoned Mariko while Davis was in her apartment—often very late, at midnight or two or three, and she would talk with them, flirting, almost as if he weren't there. It bothered him, and he told her so.

"You must think I'm bad," she said. "I don't mean to be bad." She was quite in earnest. "You must tell me when I'm being bad," she said. For a night or two, in deference to him, she did not answer the phone, but then she began to again. He didn't ask her to stop. What right had he, after all? He had no absolute claim on her, and these were old friends. It occurred to him that she might be promiscuous—that these were calls from men who, finding her at home, would once have come over for the night. He thought that her alienation, her loneliness, her self-contempt all made it likely. Her agility in bed, for that matter. Her being Japanese. He had read that the Japanese were more matter-of-fact about sex than Americans. "But I'm not Japanese," she would say. "I'm nisei. I was born here. I'm an *American.*" Sardonically, knowing what whites thought and felt—couldn't help feeling.

"Are you serious?" Mariko asked him one day toward the middle of October. "Do you want us to be serious?"

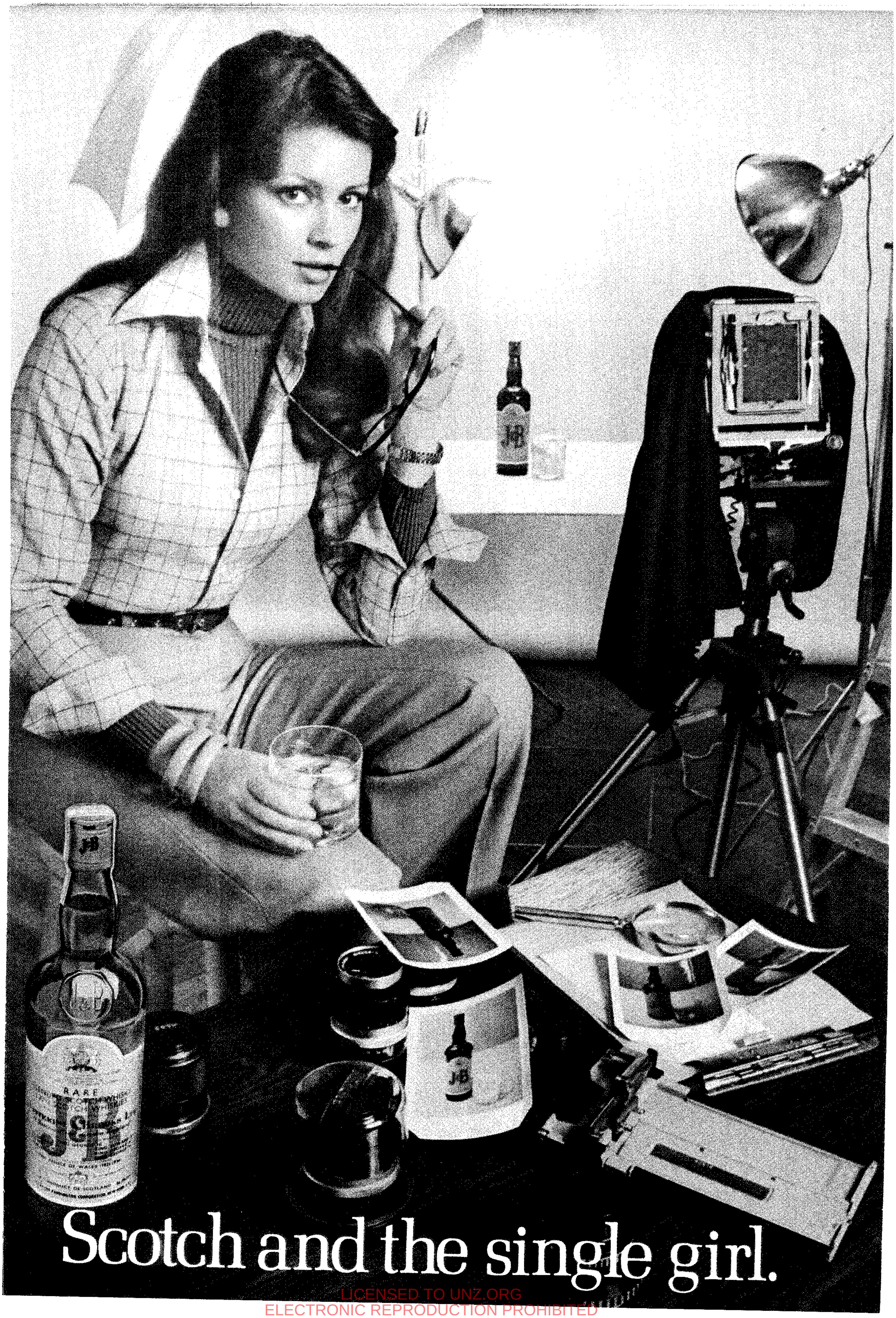
What was she talking about? "Do you mean do I want to marry you?" he said. He laughed, embarrassed. "I'm married," he said. "Irene and I haven't started to talk about divorce."

It wasn't what she meant, she said. But had he ever thought about marrying her? Did he ever think of her in that way?

He wanted to be honest. No, he said, he hadn't. He wasn't serious in that way. But, he thought, hadn't she told him *she* couldn't be serious, not while she was in analysis? "You're free," he said, thinking this might be what she was asking him. "You're free to do what you like. Though I hope we'll stay together." Later, he thought that it might have been *her* seriousness she was asking about as much as his. What if she

BAR
Charlie's PLACE
Price

"You'll like Charlie's. The bouncer has a glass jaw."


Scotch and the single girl.

The heart of this new Quartzmatic® beats 32,768 times a second to bring you a whole new dimension in timekeeping accuracy.

A.
B.
C.
D.
quartzmatic
WESTCLOX
3:42
SAT 30

From the sundial, to the water clock, to the pendulum, to the balance wheel... man has never rested in his search for accurate timekeeping.

And because time is money, we have become increasingly preoccupied with timekeeping accuracy—to the point where today's world operates in microseconds.

Yet, most of us still keep time with personal clocks and watches in which the timekeeping mechanisms are about the same as those Napoleon used.

That is why the Quartz Crystal Timekeeping Breakthrough, pioneered by Westclox, is so significant. For when a quartz crystal is electronically stimulated, it can vibrate at thousands of oscillations a second, compared to 2 or 3 a second for a balance wheel, 360 a second for a tuning fork.

Inside every one of these Westclox Quartzmatic watches beats a quartz crystal heart, to bring you a personal timekeeping possession—accurate within one minute a year.*

Quartzmatic®

leading the new time technology

A. Quartzmatic, Liquid Crystal Digital Watch with *Field Effect Display.* 100% solid state, no moving parts. Digital time readout. Colon flasher indicates seconds. Power cell included. $195.00

B. Quartzmatic, Liquid Crystal Digital Watch with *Dynamic Scattering Display.* 100% solid state, no moving parts. Digital time readout. Colon flasher indicates seconds. Power cell included. $185.00.

C. Quartzmatic, Dial Watch with Day/Date *Calendar.* Day/Date instant reset. Jump sweep second hand, water/dust resistant, luminous dial. Power cell included. $125.00.

D. Quartzmatic, Dial Watch. Jump sweep second hand, water/dust resistant, luminous dial Power cell included. $99.95.

WESTCLOX
DIVISION OF GENERAL TIME
A TALLEY INDUSTRIES COMPAN

All prices are manufacturer's suggested prices.

"In these days, when it takes a great deal of money to live, I feel damn farsighted in having a great deal of money."

• •

had been asking for reassurance—to be told that her feelings for him were reciprocated, that it would be safe for her to fall in love with him, that it was safe for her to let her feelings be real?

"There's nothing I really *care* for," she burst out later that evening. "You know? My body is doing something *here*, and all the while I'm over *there*. . . ." She had both hands cupped as if she were holding a bowl, and then she flung them apart. "But no," she said. "I don't know where I am. No place, I guess." She laughed in that brusque way.

What *was* important to her? Davis wished he knew. Her analysis, it seemed. That is, herself. Getting better. Which meant having an ongoing relationship, she explained to him once, and feeling things. Experiencing life. Her solemn talks with him would come down to such platitudes! But they weren't platitudes to *her*. He knew that she meant more, meant something fuller and more specific than she could express. And what was important to *him* now? Wasn't it simply to connect with a woman—to really connect? But what if that could only be in passion? And what if he were no longer capable of passion?

"I'M almost sorry we met when we did," Mariko said to Davis the next night. "I'm going to Bermuda in a few days."

Bermuda?

Oh, not for long. She had never *been* anywhere—Provincetown and Fire Island, yes, but not out of the country—and she had always wanted to have a real vacation, an adventure. It was only for ten days. Her doctor didn't think she should be gone longer than that.

"I wish we could both go," he said.

She had been planning to go for so long, and now, suddenly, her analyst had said she was ready.

Thanks to me, Davis thought. And what did her analyst know about it? To let her go off on her own *now*—just when she was beginning to establish her "ongoing relationship"! What did girls go alone on vacations *for*, after all? But he checked himself. Could he be jealous, then? He supposed he was. But he would not let her know it. He was able, surely, to see the trip as she must see it, to feel her sense of anticipation.

They made love. Tonight, her body was soft.

"We must always be honest with each other," she said. "We must always say exactly what we feel."

"Yes," he said. He held her to him. He wanted her like this, didn't he? Wanted her free? He wanted her to go off on her "adventure" with nothing binding her, nothing holding her back. She must not give a thought to him while she was gone, must not think once whether she "should" or "shouldn't" do this or that—whether he would call it "bad." Let her be open and free now! If he told her how much he cared for her, even that he loved her—for he thought at that moment he did—why, it would stand in her way. He *had* turned up at the wrong time. But he couldn't have known.

And then his heart sank. He could imagine her in Bermuda, but he could not imagine her without a man.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he said.

"I didn't know until today," she told him simply. "I thought it would be months before he'd say I could go."

So they had a week, then. No, much less. It was Tuesday. She had arranged to leave on Friday morning. The trip didn't have to be quite so soon, but this way it fell during a week when her analyst would be out of the city.

There was no time left, really. Wednesday night he had Judy, and later, when he went over, Mariko was busy mending and washing her clothes. Thursday they went out to dinner, and then, around midnight, friends on Fourteenth Street who were going to take care of the cats came over to pick them up and stayed talking until nearly two. And afterward Mariko had to pack. Davis was to keep an eye on the plants, and she gave him a set of keys. They slept for a while in the early morning, he took her to the airlines terminal, and she was gone. They got to the terminal early. She felt frightened, and he had to calm her. When the airport bus left, he was relieved. He walked to his office, not many blocks away. "You must feel absolutely free," he had said to her firmly as she got into the bus. "Forget everything. Have a good time."

The days passed. There was an airmail card early the next week on which Mariko had written, "I felt like a greenhorn, but now I am becoming a pro." The picture was of a large, ugly hotel. A day later there was another card, showing white beach and blue-green water, with a one-word message: "Hot!" She's made friends by now, he thought.

Davis called Harry Phillips on Thursday and suggested dinner. They

DAKS®

LONDON NEW YORK

all the others are just slacks!

For the name of your nearest dealer write
WM. B. KESSLER, INC.
1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

SEBAGO

Miss American
CLASSIC

Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

The contemporary, classic good taste of the beefroll moc. A confident complement to any leisure fashion. Unique support sole construction and handsewn quality by Yankee craftsmen.

Sebago Classics available at **Fischer's**, Trenton; **Brown Shoes**, Montreal, Quebec; **Hecker's**, Milwaukee; **Corbat's**, Albany; **Village Bootery**, San Francisco; **Tog Shop**, Americus, Ga.; **Szabo Shoes**, Rocky River, Ohio; **Kamp's**, Pittsburgh; **Little's**, Pittsburgh; **Muller's**, Grand Rapids; **Monnig's**, Fort Worth and other fine stores.

ate the next night at a pizza place on Greenwich Avenue.

"Mariko's one of the five or six nicest girls I know," Harry said. "She's nomadic, of course."

"Nomadic? This is the first time she's been out of New York for a couple of years," Davis said. "It's the first time she's ever been out of the country."

Phillips looked at him. "You're kidding?" he said. "I mean she has a nomadic *personality*."

"I suppose so," Davis said. "We never went into it. She's trying to settle down."

"Don't count on anything," Harry said.

"You introduced us."

"I know. You're shy."

"That's what she said you told her. That I was shy. I'm not."

"That's what she said."

Davis laughed. "I didn't know you'd talked me over," he said.

"To tell you the truth," Harry said, "I never thought you and Mariko would get along so well."

"I'm not in love with her, if that's what you mean," Davis said. "Right now, I'm about as alienated as you can get. She's in Bermuda. I won't talk to Irene. I don't enjoy seeing Judy, my own *daughter*."

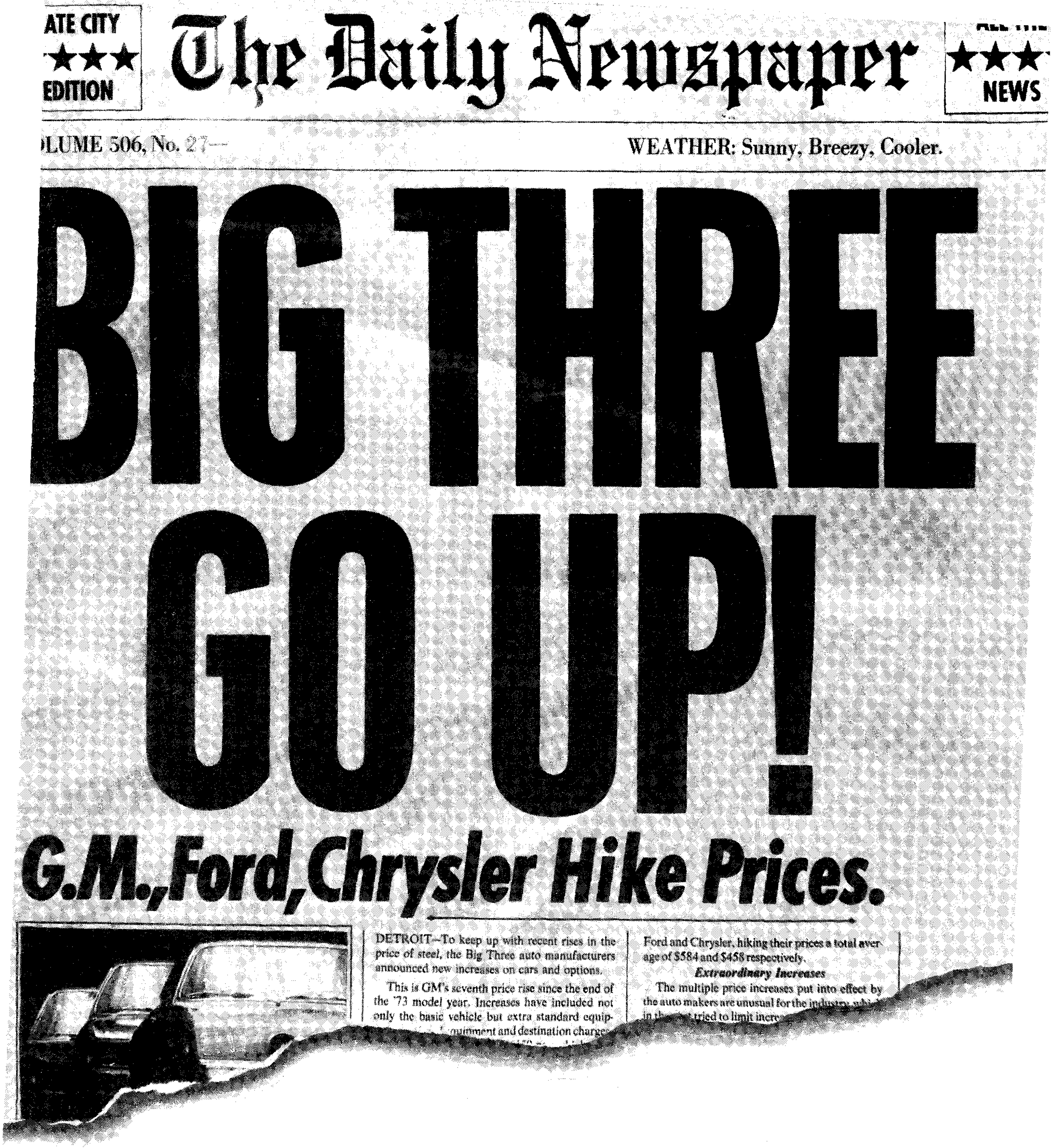
"Don't take it so seriously," Harry said.

"Oh, Christ," Davis said. "It's being separated. The first months wear a man down."

Davis went over to Mariko's later that night, watered the plants, lay down among the pillows, and wept.

All right, then, he missed her, he thought. But it wasn't love and it would not become love. She was incomplete, there was something not there. And she had that damn psychiatrist always right behind her, helping her to act, helping her to fabricate a self and a conscience. That was probably the trouble. She really had no conscience! That was what she meant about the stranger in Camus. That was why she asked him to tell her when she was being bad. She really didn't know. It would account for that strangeness, for that sense of distance in her. Wasn't he in enough trouble without trying to fall in love with a girl who couldn't tell right from wrong?

It won't be impossible to give her up if I give her up now, he thought. Before she hurts me or I begin to hurt her. Mutual need had kept them together so far, no more—nothing stronger. Lust had no strength. He supposed he could go back to being alone. But how he liked the odors of



ATE CITY
★★★
EDITION

The Daily Newspaper

★★★
NEWS

LUME 506, No. 27

WEATHER: Sunny, Breezy, Cooler.

BIG THREE GO UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

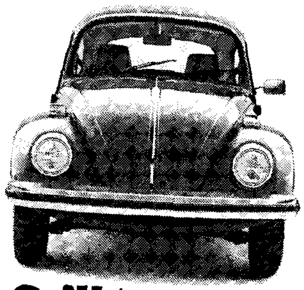
This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equip-
quipment and destination charge

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of $584 and $458 respectively.

Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry
in th tried to limit incre

Little One Stays Down!



Still $2625*

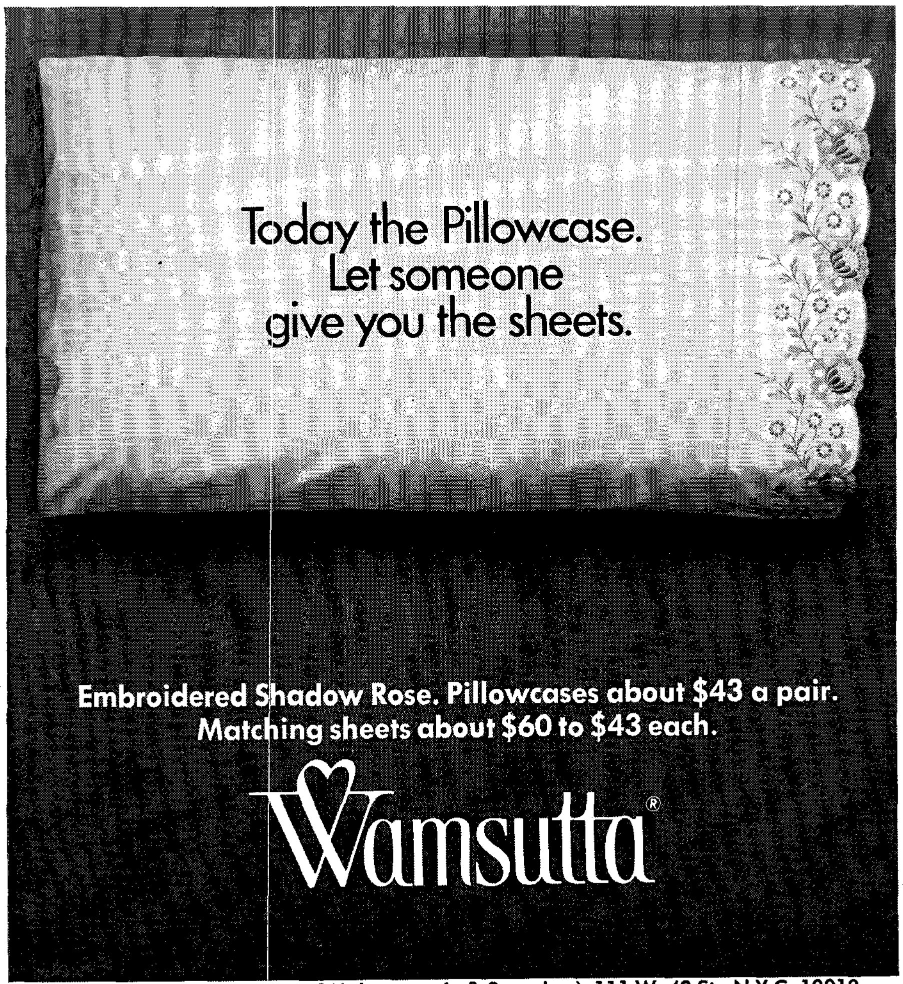
©Volkswagen of America 1974. *Sedan 111-1 P.O.E., Suggested Retail Price, Local Taxes and Other Dealer Delivery Charges Additional.

The Beach and Tennis Club at John's Island is an architectural gem—in a setting of great tropical beauty.

The understated lines of classic design characterize everything built on John's Island. Here, in a world apart, is a privately owned resort community for a discerning, conservative clientele. We offer residential properties, golf cottages and oceanfront apartments for both purchase and rental. For our hard-cover book, illustrated with 99 color photographs and available at $5, write to Roy D. Chapin III, 31 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Florida 32960.

john's island

Obtain the HUD Property Report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value of the property as an investment, if any. This offering is not available to residents of states where prohibited by law. AD# 12088


Today the Pillowcase.
Let someone
give you the sheets.
Embroidered Shadow Rose. Pillowcases about $43 a pair.
Matching sheets about $60 to $43 each.
Wamsutta®

Wamsutta Mills (a division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 111 W. 40 St., N.Y.C. 10018

that room! He slept there through the night.

WHEN Mariko did not return on Sunday as she had planned, and when she did not call or answer the phone during the next two days, Davis assumed that she would stay on in Bermuda through the week. It made little difference to him, he thought. When she called him at the office late Wednesday afternoon, she took him by surprise. Her voice was thin with fatigue.

"I'm back," she said.

"Where are you—at the airport?" he said softly, surprised at his emotion. "I would have come to meet you," he said. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"I'm *home*," she said. "I'm at the apartment. I got in five minutes ago. I picked up The Bird and Hadji Baba and came home. They're fat."

"When can I see you?" Davis said.

"When you want. Boy oh boy, is it hot in here! They turned on the heat and the plants are dying." After the night he had slept there, Davis had not gone back.

"I'll be there soon," he said.

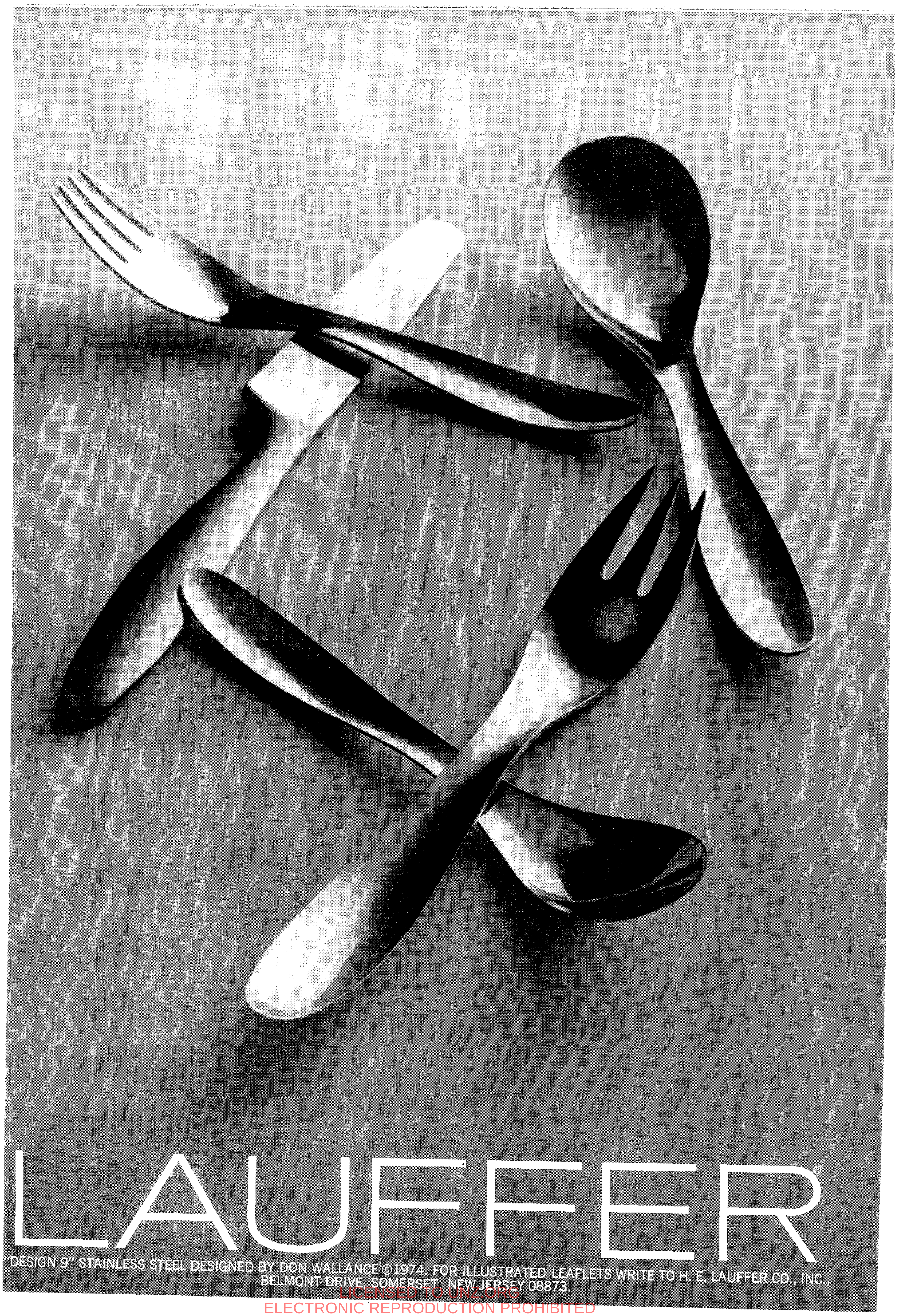
"Take your time," she said. "I can't move."

The door to her building was open. He rang once and went up without waiting. When she was not at her door, he let himself in. Her suitcase and a pair of sandals were just inside. She was asleep on the bed among the pillows, wearing a long-sleeved blouse of heavy silk and a blue skirt that were new. Her legs were bare, her skin dark from the sun. One of the cats lay at her feet. Davis stood looking at her. She was breathing deeply, and he did not wake her. The room was still hot, though a window was open. He turned off the radiators and sat down with one of her magazines to wait until she woke up. The other cat jumped onto his lap.

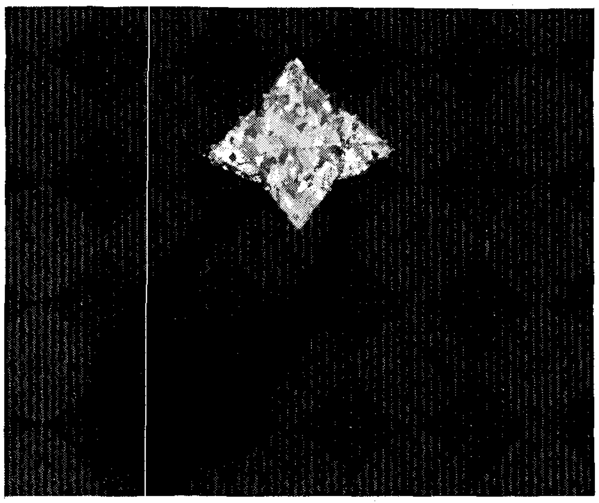
When she woke it was dark. She kissed him and said she was hungry. Davis heated a can of vegetable soup while she took a shower. She came out in her white terry-cloth robe and they sat at the table by the window, before the avocado plants, while she ate. She had given the plants water before falling asleep. Several were drooping, but they would survive. Her face was much browner and skin had flaked off her nose. Her eyes were red.

"Soap in your eyes?" Davis said.

"I was crying," she said sheepishly. "I cried almost all the way. I didn't want to leave. The man next to me on the plane thought I was *bereaved*, but



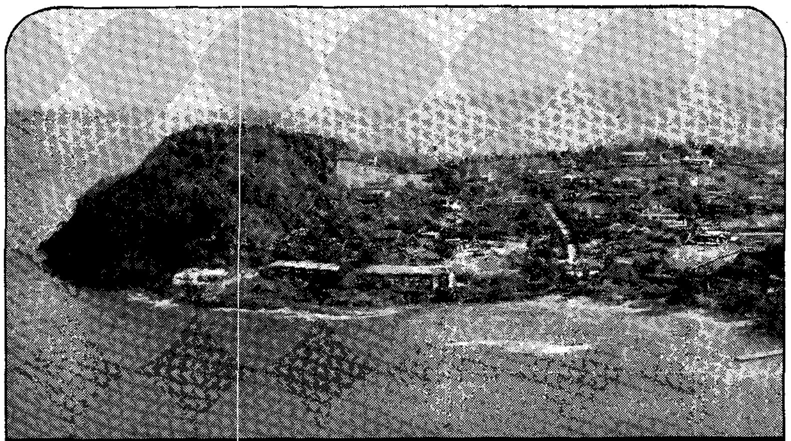
"DESIGN 9" STAINLESS STEEL DESIGNED BY DON WALLANCE ©1974. FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS WRITE TO H. E. LAUFFER CO., INC.,
BELMONT DRIVE, SOMERSET, NEW JERSEY 08873.



Something dazzling from Neiman-Marcus for Christmas . . . a blaze of diamonds in a ring of over nine carats. 57,500.00. Precious Jewels Salon

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas Fort Worth Houston Bal Harbour Atlanta St. Louis



Elegance and hospitality in Jamaica's most beautiful setting.

Luxurious suites in private cottages on a superbly landscaped hillside. Hotel rooms with balconies overlooking a crescent beach. All accommodations have a spectacular view of the ocean and dramatic coastline.

Friendly, experienced staff devoted for many years to pleasing our guests. Excellent cuisine. Music nightly. Informal atmosphere.

Tennis—water sports—nearby golf course.

Round Hill
Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York. JU 6-4500. Offices in Boston, Chicago, Washington, Toronto.

it was leaving, coming back here." She went on eating. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm glad to see *you*. But you should have seen Bermuda from the plane when we left! The island was so green and the sea was so blue." She giggled. "That's not much of a description, is it?"

"You had a good time," Davis said.

"Oh, yes," she said. "There was sun nearly every day. People said that was a little unusual this time of year. I swam a lot and lay on the sand."

"That's all?"

"I went on tours. I was a tourist. I saw some lovely old houses, and the aquarium, and the perfume factory, and the caves, and I rode in the glass-bottomed boat. There's not so much to *see*. And I rented a motorbike once. But mostly I stayed in the sun."

She had finished her bowl of soup, and Davis gave her what was left in the pan. "We'll go out to dinner later if you want," he said.

She smiled at him. "Oh, yes," she said. "We can have real American hamburgers. I'm not tired now. What did you do?"

"Not much. I stayed by myself. You know. I saw Harry one night and took Judy to the movies a couple of times. I've had a lot of work. I missed you."

"I missed *you*," Mariko said. "It wasn't so hard meeting people, though."

"I knew it wouldn't be," Davis said. "How was the hotel?"

She grimaced. "Ugh. It was awful—not the hotel so much but being alone there. They were all middle-aged couples and old couples and a few men on the make. I got there at noon—it was raining, the only day it rained, I think, and of course that was depressing—and some guy who saw me in the lobby called my room before I'd been there two minutes. The bellboy hadn't opened the windows and closed the shutters yet. I couldn't imagine who it was. I thought it might be you. Then there was a voice with a Southern accent wondering if I'd like to have a drink, honey. I said '*No thanks*' and I hung up, but he called right back and said very sweetly that all he meant was a drink sometime if I was ever lonely, so the next day I was and I did."

Davis winced. He wished she didn't feel she had to tell him these things.

She went on. "He was a rug salesman from Atlanta. The Caribbean and Bermuda were his territory. He wanted to show me his samples. I said I wouldn't go up to his room, but he could meet me on the beach. So he brought them down. And he spread

Wool is for the good times.

Deserted beach times.
Falling leaf times.
When the sun's hot, but the shade's not.
Wool carries its climate with it, keeps you comfortable when the temperature climbs, cozy when it drops.
And wool's tough.
Gutsy. Rugged.
It can take the good times—time and time again.

His Sweater
by Pendleton Woolen Mills, about $33.

Sage-Allen—Hartford and Branches
Rike's—Dayton
Pogue's—All stores
The Emporium—San Francisco
Capwell's—All stores
Frederick & Nelson—Seattle
The Broadway—Los Angeles

Her Sweater
by Peter G's General Stores, about $44.

Saks Fifth Avenue—All stores
Hughes & Hatcher—Detroit
Gimbel's—Midwest
Higbees—Cleveland
Back Street—Dallas, Houston, and Los Angeles

PURE WOOL

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of a quality-tested product made of the world's best...pure wool.

**Wool.
In a class by itself.**

The Wool Bureau, Inc., U.S. Div. of IWS,
360 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017

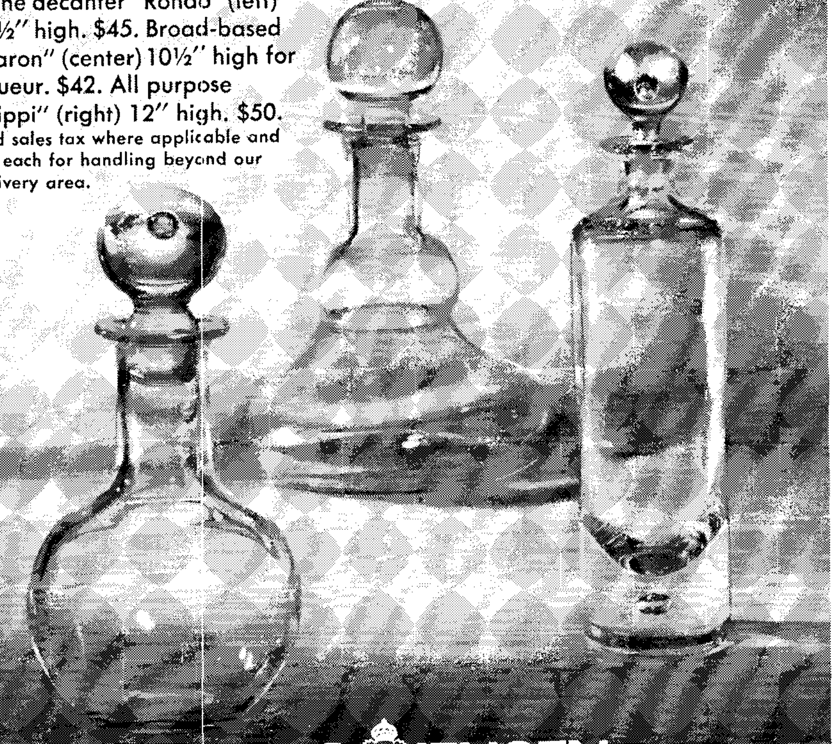
The Cartier Card

"The Traditional Tree", designed for Cartier, has been a classic for generations. Engraved green pine has red and gold ornaments in full relief. Red border and envelope lining. With your name and greeting printed in black. 50—$95. 75—$135. 100—$150. Engraving or color additional.

From one of the most beautiful Christmas card collections in the world. The Stationery Room, first floor.

Cartier Inc.
Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, New York 10022 (212) 753-0111
Bal Harbour • Palm Beach
Paris • London
We honor the American Express Credit Card.

Decanter Diversity... simplified for easy modern living.
Pure Swedish crystal handblown to sparkle and function beautifully by Kosta/Boda.
Wine decanter "Rondo" (left) 10½" high. $45. Broad-based "Baron" (center) 10½" high for liqueur. $42. All purpose "Pippi" (right) 12" high. $50.
Add sales tax where applicable and $2. each for handling beyond our delivery area.



GEORG JENSEN INC.
Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York 10022 (212) 935-2800
Manhasset Millburn Paramus Scarsdale/Bal Harbour
We accept the American Express Credit Card.

out all his colored squares for me on the sand."

"You were still a greenhorn then," Davis said.

"Oh, yes. I only talked to people I liked the looks of after that. I moved out of the hotel. It cost a lot and the beach wasn't *that* good. I found another place with a marvellous beach. There they were all honeymooners, and young. Eighteen and nineteen and twenty. Small-town kids. Nobody from New York. They made me feel old, and very experienced. And in the mornings I had the beach to myself while all the honeymooners stayed in bed. I'd go down at seven, before the boys came to rake up the seaweed. There was a cove out past the beach house that got the morning sun, and I'd go there where nobody could see me and take down my straps and lie there and read. Then later I'd get an orange soda at the beach house and talk to the boys while they cleaned the beach. They were very sweet, with those soft Bermuda voices. And next door was a hotel, another big one, that had a lighted pool you could swim in at night, and I'd go over there and swim. . . ."

She had finished the soup and gone back to sit on the bed. "See how brown I am?" she said, showing Davis her legs. He sat on a chair opposite her, the chair reversed, resting his arms on the back of the chair and looking at her. She went on talking.

"I don't tell things very well," she said. "There isn't much to *do* or much to say about it. The sun is hot and yet it's gentle, and the air is such an intense blue and so pure, that's all. In the little cove there were dark-blue crabs, whole families of them, whole *clans* of them, sunning themselves on the rocks. They're the same color the rocks are, and the first time I went to the cove early in the morning I startled them. I saw all the rocks begin to move. It was weird. I thought it was a landslide or an earthquake. But it was the crabs. And then there are little lizards on the walls, and the *flowers!* The roses! The colors are so strong and nature is so abundant and yet everything is so cultivated and neat. So English. Beautiful gardens, beautiful lawns, beautiful trees . . ." She stopped, then went on. "I have to tell you," she said. "I stayed last weekend at the most elegant place, with great wonderful broad lawns, genuine *greenswards*, at the other end of the island. Near St. George."

"By yourself?" Davis asked.

"No. With a friend. Someone I met."

"The man from Atlanta?"

She laughed aloud. "Oh, no. This was

Dear America,

I just know you'd like it here. The folks that I drive tell me they've never seen such a beautiful place. Some like the fishing and the clear reefs for diving. Some don't bother much with that. They just want to relax themselves, go on the beach a little, sip rum a little. I been driving for about forty years now and you know the island changed with new hotels and all, but I don't think the people here changed much.

It's still a small place, everyone knows each other, smiles and speaks. Sometimes I drive people down here for maybe the twelfth visit. They been to that place and the other place in the West Indies, but they seem to always like Cayman best. I know why. I was born in Cayman but I been all over this ocean. I never found a better place.

The People of The Cayman Islands

Cayman Islands Department of Tourism
250 Catalonia Avenue, Suite 604,
Coral Gables, Fla 33134

Please send me your brochure that tells all about the Caymans.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

NY

WE'RE IN THE EIGHTH CONTINENT OF THE WORLD

The day we invented the spinet!

The year was 1935. Family fun centered around the radio and the piano. But smaller houses of the day called for smaller pianos. Small, but with a big sound.

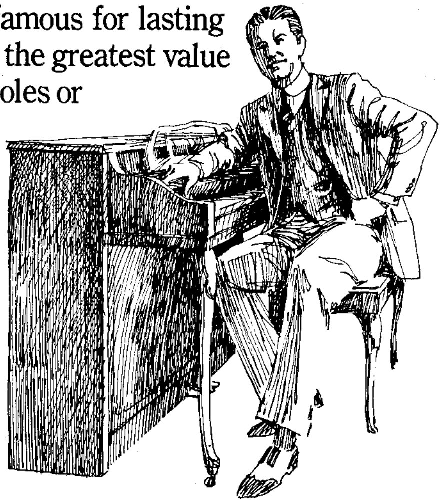
So Winter invented the spinet. And it's been copied ever since. Still no one yet has matched the tonal purity of the Winter scale or the way the Winter Practiano® pedal softens sound without distortion.

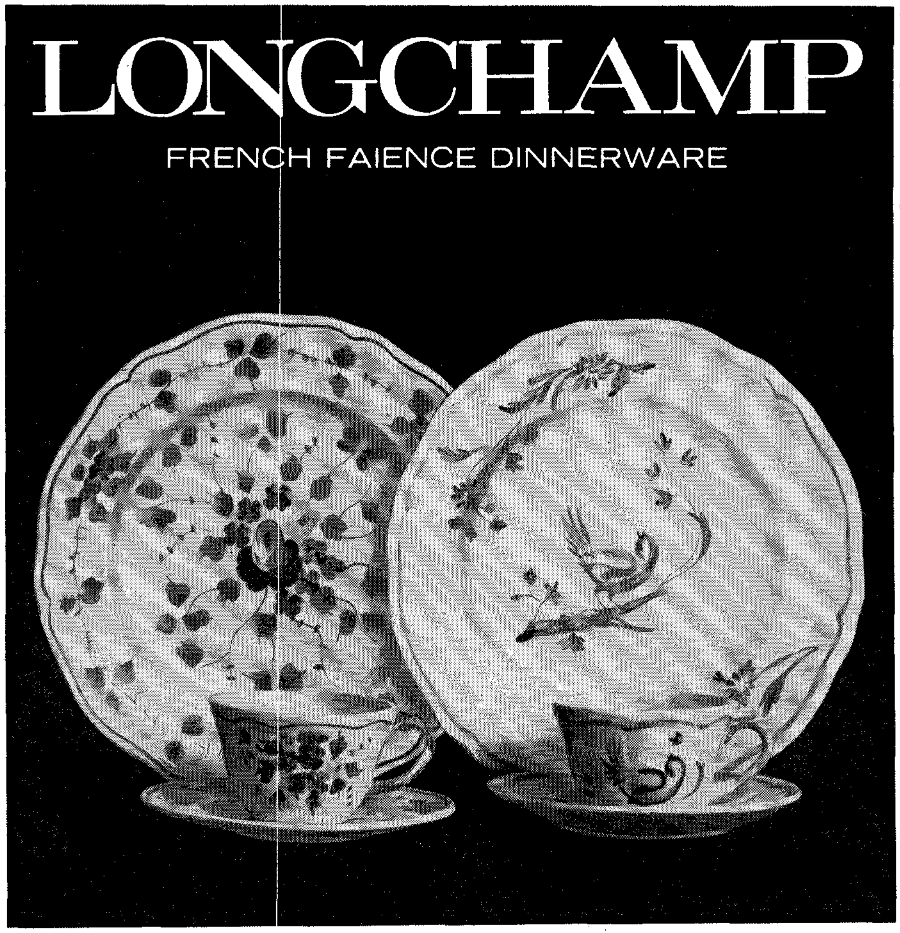
Add these to all the other remarkable Winter features; embody them in cabinets famous for lasting beauty; and there you have the greatest value to be found in spinets, consoles or grands—then or now.

For color literature, write Winter Div., Aeolian Corp., 2722 Pershing Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. 38112.

WINTER® SPINETS

AEOLIAN CORPORATION





Enhance the beauty of your dinner table with exquisite hand painted Gallic faience by Longchamp. Illustrated: Nemours (left) and Perouges. $21 for 5-pc. place setting. Write for brochure and name of nearest dealer. Dept. LO, Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010

someone I met at a tennis exhibition, there at the big hotel next to the little one. He sat down next to me, very casually, and started talking. It began to sprinkle a little—there was rain on two days, then—and we went in and had a drink in the hotel and kept on talking. He was staying at the hotel. Then I went back and changed and we had dinner—not at the hotel, but at a lovely place on the bay with a garden—and we kept on talking. It had stopped raining and the night was clear. There was a moon."

It was what Davis had half expected, that this would happen—that this was how she would hurt him. Yet there was no malice in her telling him, he saw. It was her excitement at the experience; she could not help giving it voice. But whatever she said from this point on would make him feel pain. Well, it didn't matter. He was leaving her. "Your friend was nice, then," he said.

"Nice?" Mariko said. "Oh, yes. And he had *money*. He had money and he was English and he wasn't married and he really liked me. I wasn't nisei for him. I was Japanese. He took me to another place he knew, a kind of private club, where the food was marvellous and we were surrounded by waiters and we were treated with great *respect*. He was somebody important, I think—I don't know who. He had a yacht. That is, it wasn't his, but he could borrow it from friends. He took me out on it. The boat wasn't huge, but it *was* a yacht and it had its own crew—a captain and a stewardess, two beautiful Italians. We sailed all afternoon and we swam off the side. That is, the stewardess and I swam."

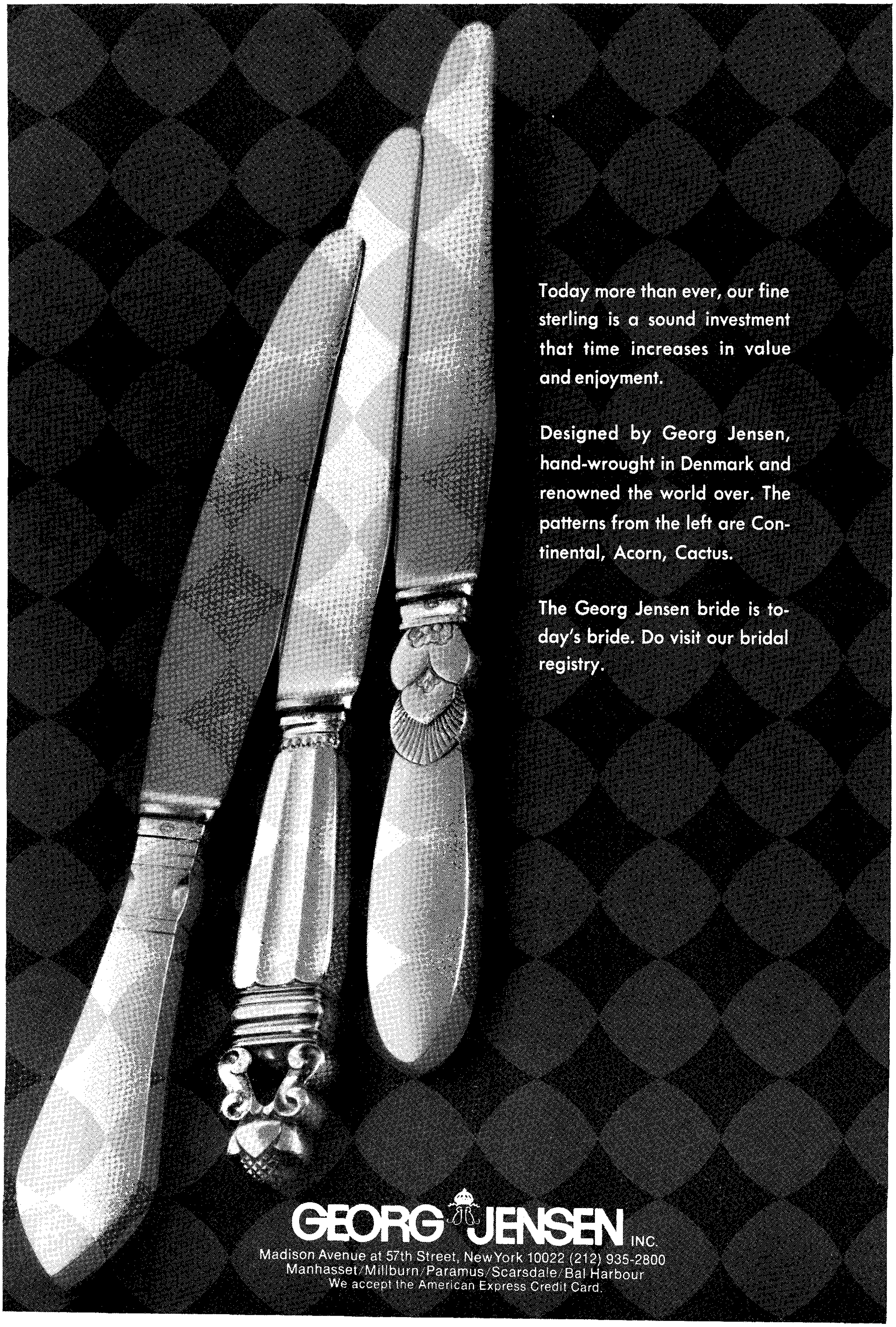
What was it he felt, Davis wondered, already detached enough, he realized, to ask the question. It wasn't jealousy, exactly. Envy? Resentment? Probably. She had tricked him. She had made her life richer than his.

"It was only three days," she said, sadly. "He flew back to London Monday night. I stayed until this morning and tried to come down to earth. I should have cabled you on Sunday I wasn't coming back. . . ."

"You look different," Davis said. "More like yourself. I mean your true self. The way you must have looked when you were a child." He had a double vision of her. The woman that he had once made love to was receding, and this other was taking her place.

"I was a very plain child," Mariko said.

Could her story be true? He sensed that some part, at least, was not. It was



Today more than ever, our fine sterling is a sound investment that time increases in value and enjoyment.

Designed by Georg Jensen, hand-wrought in Denmark and renowned the world over. The patterns from the left are Continental, Acorn, Cactus.

The Georg Jensen bride is today's bride. Do visit our bridal registry.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York 10022 (212) 935-2800
Manhasset/Millburn/Paramus/Scarsdale/Bal Harbour
We accept the American Express Credit Card.

Ispanky

New Ispanky catalogue gratis with each purchase; for interested collectors, $2.00

Ispanky Porcelains, Ltd.,
N.Y. Route 31, Pennington, N.J. 08534

Belle of the Ball
by Ispanky

To Laszlo Ispanky, The Living Master, came the image of the universal belle of the ball. The enchantress at countless glittering events . . . in every age and culture. He captured her timeless beauty, swirling about in sheer gaiety, in a porcelain radiant with the joy of youth. For just 500 art collectors, numbered. 12" high. $550.

Rural French bombe chest with bold, deep carving from our Baker Furniture collection.

Baker
Knapp & Tubbs

Two volume 400 page Baker Book, $10.00. 474R Merchandise Mart, Chicago 60654. Distinguished manufacturer and distributor through your interior designer or furniture retailer. Showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Grand Rapids, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

so much like a fantasy. Was it possible that she hoped to make him jealous, and that was all it was?

She held out her arm. "Look!" she said. "He gave me this." He saw a gold link bracelet. "It must be worth at *least* three hundred dollars," she said. "He took me to the Penthouse Club in Hamilton on Monday—it's not a club, just a restaurant with a bar—and he told me to wait for him. I thought he wasn't going to come back, that he didn't like saying goodbye, but I waited. There's a terrace there, and you can sit and look down at the main street and the harbor. A ship was unloading at the dock. I waited a long time, and then he came back with this bracelet and a silly straw hat. I lost the hat at Kennedy. It blew away."

Davis waited for her to go on.

"He wanted to *marry* me!" she said.

"That's an old line," Davis said gently.

"He said he wanted to but he couldn't have children."

"That's an old line, too."

"I really don't think he could," she said. "What he told me was that he knew *I* could, so it wouldn't be fair to me to marry him. You see? He really liked me. He gave me things. He gave me *clothes*. He wants me to come back and see him when he's in Bermuda again."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him no, I couldn't promise. It wouldn't be fair. After all, I might get married."

"To me?" Davis said.

"Not to you," she said. She was quite in earnest. "You won't be ready to marry again for a long time. But I may be almost ready. I'm better now. I'm really a lot better."

Everything is therapy to her, Davis thought.

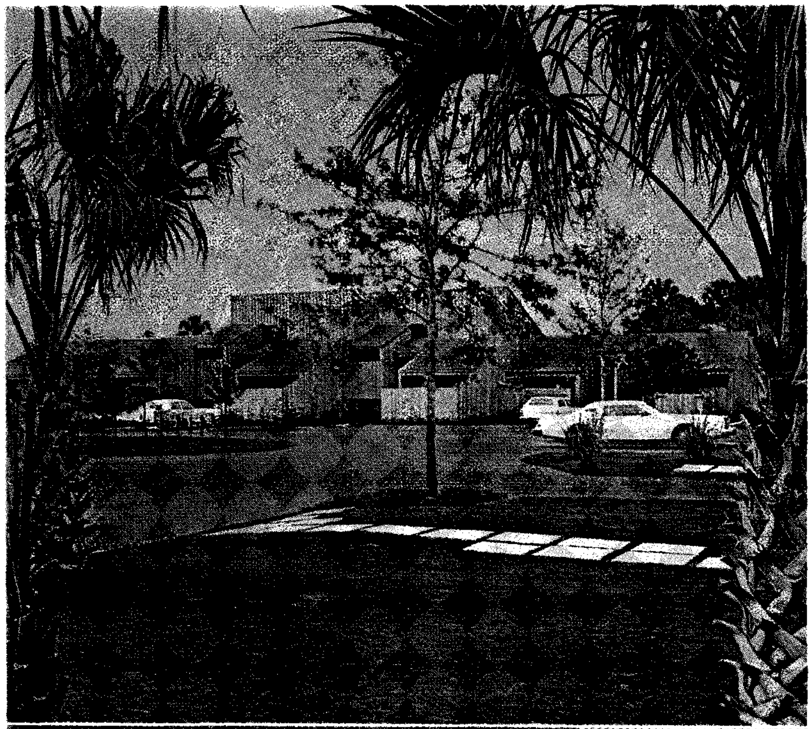
"That's why I cried when I left," Mariko said. "Because I really couldn't bear it, looking down from the plane. I told you. The sea was so blue and the island so green."

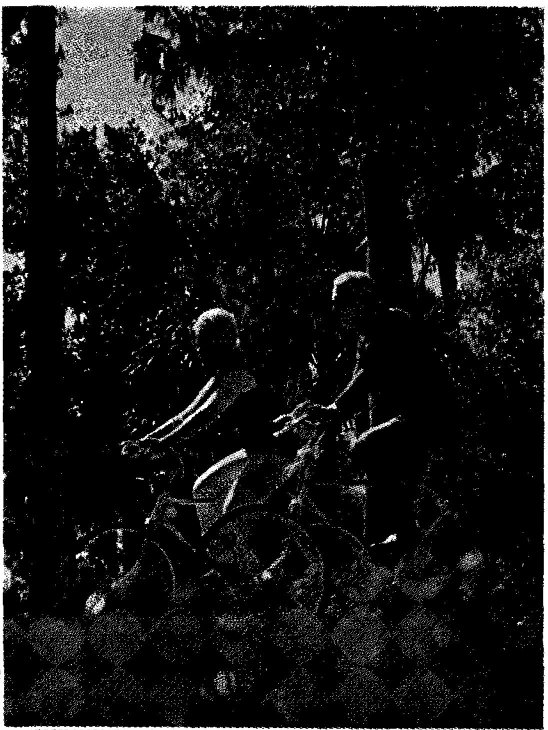
"What was he like?" Davis said.

"Oh, he was old," Mariko said. "He was a lot older than you, and he wasn't good-looking. You're better looking. He used to fly planes, and once he crashed and the plane caught fire. He was very badly scarred. He wasn't the kind of person you feel sorry for, though. I think I was good for him. He didn't feel embarrassed with me, the way he might with a Caucasian woman. . . ." Her voice trailed off. "I mean," she said, "he had lived in Japan. To him I was Japanese." She stopped and looked closely at Davis. "I hope

Elements of Elegance

They're easy to talk about but something else to achieve. You don't cut corners, stint, tolerate adequacy or lower a single standard. You follow through from the smallest detail up, as if you were building your own private estate. Some elements of elegance were structured into Sawgrass; underground utilities, winding roads, championship golf course, Tennis and Golf Clubs and beach facilities. Each distinctive townhome, villa and homesite faces a magnificent natural amenity. But most of our elements of elegance were bestowed by nature and will remain unspoiled; acres of wildlife preserves, small lakes, palm groves, meadows of sawgrass and beyond rolling dunes, the blue Atlantic. Visit Sawgrass. On every hand you'll see in profusion precious elements of elegance. Make them yours, soon.





For details plus club dues and fees, mail coupon today

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

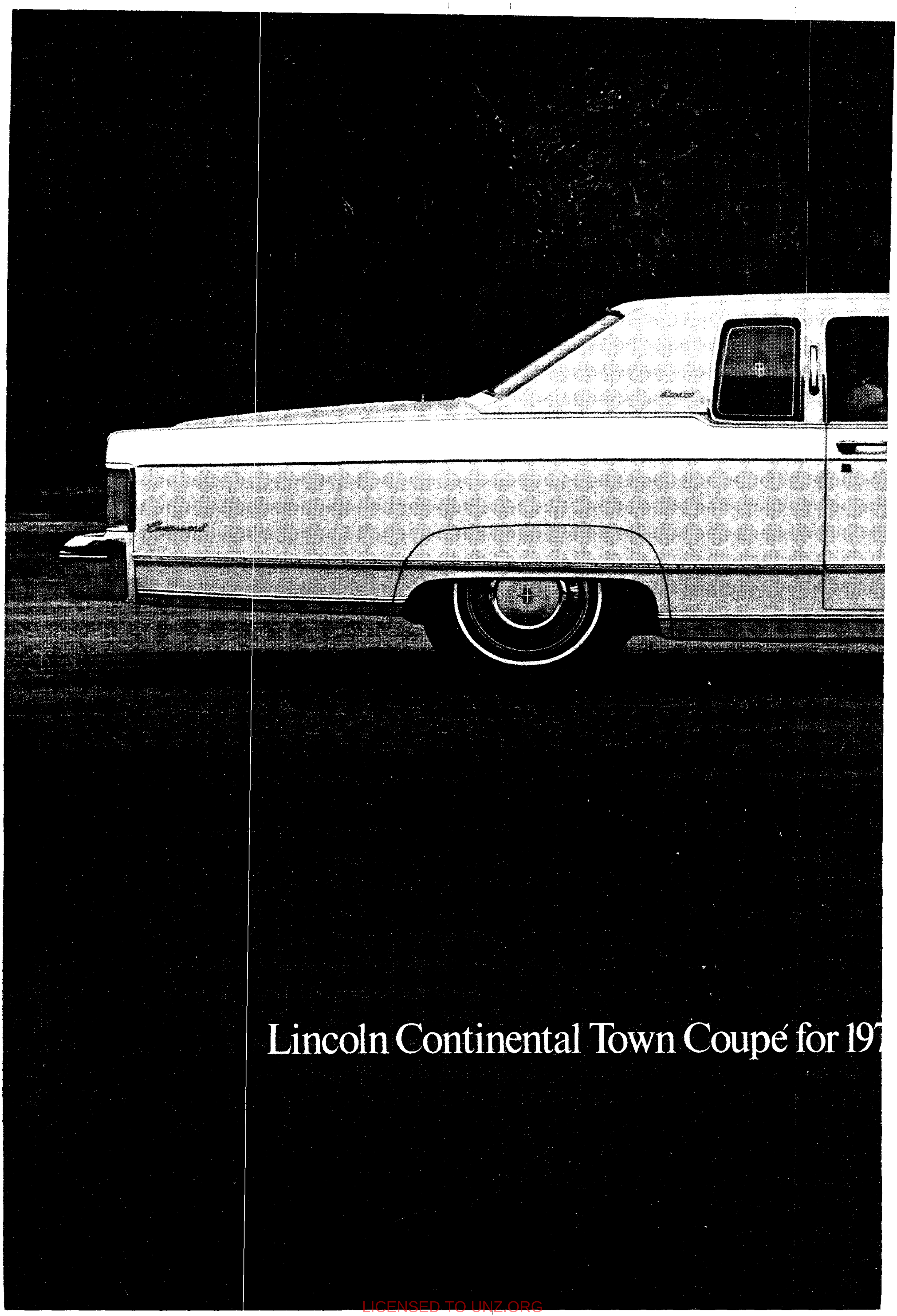
CITY ____________ STATE ________ ZIP ______

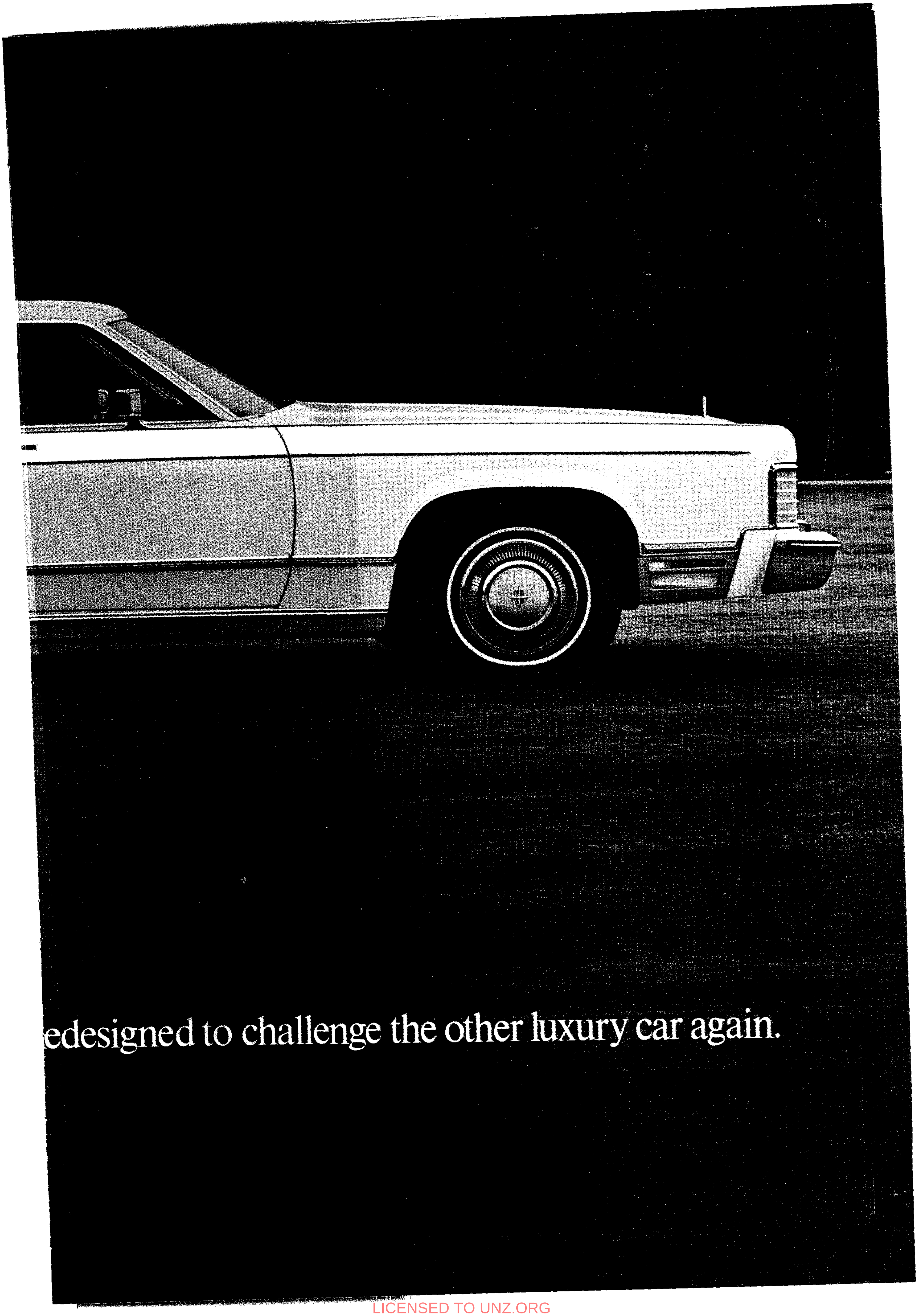
Mail to: Sawgrass, Ltd. Box 600, NY Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida 32082

Sawgrass®

Developed by Stockton Properties, Inc.

Obtain HUD Property Report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves of the offering nor the value, if any, of the property. This offering not available to residents of the states where prohibited by law. AD 11564.


Lincoln Continental Town Coupé for 197


edesigned to challenge the other luxury car again.

The 1975 Lincoln Continental Town Car.

Luxury wheel covers, Twin-Comfort Lounge Seats shown are optional.

Over the past three years, in tests of riding comfort and driving ease, owners of the other luxury car picked a Continental over their own make. Introducing the 1975 Lincoln Continentals.

The new 1975 Lincoln Continentals have been redesigned to challenge the other luxury car again.

The look of the 1975 Lincoln Continentals is all new. The Sedan is one of the most impressive looking cars in Lincoln Continental history, with a new front end and roof and an opera window inspired by the Continental Mark IV. The Coupe has a roofline and rear quarter window that makes it more glamorous and distinctive than it has ever been.

Inside, the traditional luxury of the Continentals' interior excel for 1975, with leathers, velours and vinyls to choose from and upholstery styles that look as rich as they feel.

The new driving ease of Continental
The engineering improvements in the 1975 Continentals center around the concept of driving ease, ease of handling, and ease of stopping. Basic to this concept is a central power reservoir that provides the Continental's hydraulic power. It supplies the power for our new rotary valve steering gear, a system which reduces steering effort of the 1975 Continentals.

It also supplies the power for our new Hydro-boost braking, a system that provides positive braking with even pedal pressure.

And it powers the Lincoln Continentals' optional four-wheel disc brakes, for more fade-resistant braking.

The switch to Continental
Over the last three years, a nationwide survey projects that over 33,000 drivers of the other luxury car have switched to the Continentals: Lincoln Continental and Continental Mark IV.

See the redesigned Continentals for 1975.

Judge any luxury car by our car.

LINCOLN CONTINENTA

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

you're not angry with me?" she said.

"No," Davis said.

"Have I been bad?"

"No. I'd tell you if you were bad."

She reached over and touched his arm. "There wasn't anything cheap about it," she said. "Or I wouldn't have told you at all."

Davis moved to return her touch, but she got up from the bed and went over to the suitcase by the door. She put it down flat and opened it.

"I forgot to buy presents until this morning," she said. She gave him a pink china Bermuda cottage—it was an ashtray—and a thin package from Trimingham's. He opened it and found a navy-blue foulard square. "Thank you," he said, and kissed her cheek. "Did you get what you wanted, then?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes."

He wondered what it had been, exactly. The gift of tears? It was hard to know—hard to know that much about anyone. He did not think that he would ever have been able to move her. "There was no need to tell me all this," he said to her.

"I didn't mean to," she said. "It just came out. You would have seen the bracelet anyway. And the clothes."

"I guess I wish you hadn't told me," Davis said. "Though I'm glad you did." The thought of her with another man tore at him. He couldn't help it. Even though it wasn't this woman so much. It was Irene. The shame of it. The shame of all of it. Her shame. His shame. All those adulterous beds. . . . He had managed to put Irene nearly out of his mind, but the suffering was in him still, waiting for an event painful enough to bring it forth. He thought that this might be the event.

He took Mariko to a bar in the West Village that had once served the best hamburgers around. One of the old waiters was there and remembered him, but the man who had tended bar for many years was dead. Davis and Mariko sat in the back room. The hamburgers were good, still. The back room was cold. "Bermuda was so *warm*," Mariko said. They ate without saying much.

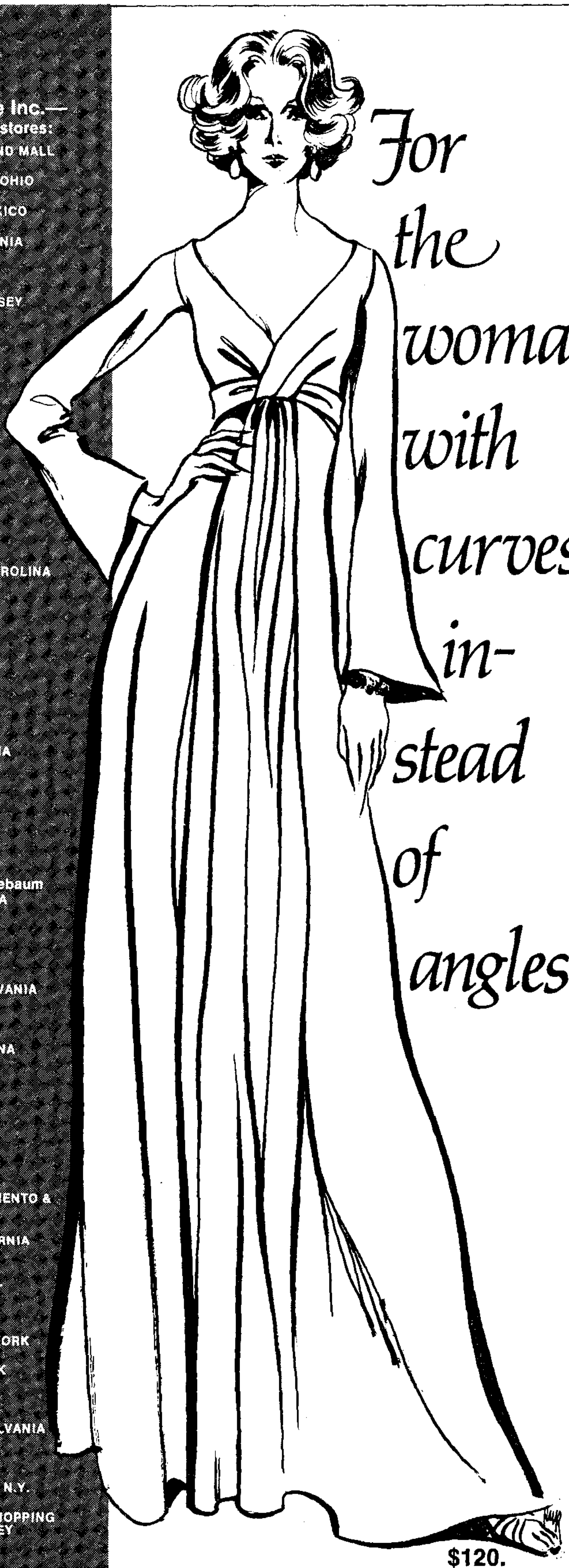
They were back at her building by eleven. At the outside door she said, "Is it all right if I go to bed? I'm so sleepy."

"Me, too," Davis said. He still had the set of keys she had left with him, and he gave them to her. They kissed good night.

"I'm sorry," Mariko said. "I *am* awful."

"Why?" Davis said, looking down at her. "What do you mean?"

She looked at him. "I meant to bring

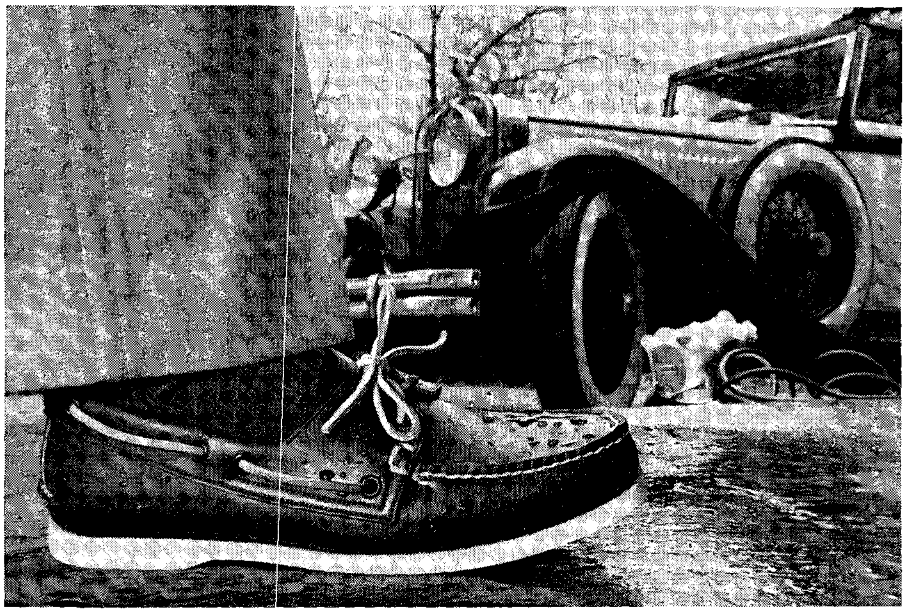


Carr Buying Office Inc.—
available at these fine stores:
ALTOONA, PA. & RICHMOND MALL
Brett's
AKRON & YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Birnbaum's, Inc.
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO
Jordan's
ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA
Adam's Company
AMARILLO, TEXAS
Alexanders of Amarillo
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY
Homberger's
BETHESDA, MARYLAND
Claire Dratch, Inc.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK
Joseph's
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Wm. Kitt
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
B. Siegel
DES MOINES, IOWA
Norman Cassiday
EASTON, MARYLAND
Bird Speakman
FREEPORT, ILLINOIS
Borcher's
GLEN FALLS, NEW YORK
Merkel and Gelman
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
E. L. Brownhill
HARTFORD, NEW YORK
E. Cramer & Son
HOUSTON, TEXAS
Craig's
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
Rosenblum's
JOPLIN, MISSOURI
Kassab's
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
Chasnoff Plaza, Inc.
LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA
The Fashion
LEWISTON, MAINE
Ward's
LUBBOCK, TEXAS
Dunlap's
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Robert Hyman
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA
La Vogue Shop
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
La Vogue Shop
ORLANDO, FLORIDA
Gibbs-Louis
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Elegance by Edythe
PHOENIX, ARIZONA
Jennifer Shops, Inc.
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA
Ellisberg's
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS
Edith Parrish
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI
Einbender's
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
Garland's
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA
The Fashion
SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO &
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA
Ransohoff's
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA
Lou Rose
SAVANNAH, GA. &
OGLETHORPE MALL, GA.
Town & Country
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
Edson's
NORTH SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
E. Cramer & Son
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK
The Imperial
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA
Milady Shop
STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA
Mr. Charles Shop
STREATOR, ILLINOIS
Esther Kirk
SPRING VALLEY & NYACK, N.Y.
Edythe For Elegance
TRENTON & LAWRENCE SHOPPING
CENTERS OF NEW JERSEY
Stacy Shops
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA
Turner's
TULSA, OKLAHOMA
Vanderveers
WICHITA, KANSAS
Henry's
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA
Hal Lewis
WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA
Hal Lewis
WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
Norman's
WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS
Coleman's
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK
Fournier's

For the woman with curves instead of angles

$120.

THE Eva Gabor LOOK BY ESTÉVEZ



The year-round water sport.

Our traditional leather moccasin loves the water, fresh or salt. The special elk-tanned leather dries to its original softness no matter how often it's wet. Handlasted and handstitched. Soft, antiskid Sperry Top-Sider® sole makes it perfect for boating or street wear. $28.00

Write for catalogue: Sperry Top-Sider
18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Conn. 06770

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

Main Line cover story for men—ticketed for travel, for town, for country. Harry Fischer's greatcoat of Harris Tweed, that 100% pure wool ecology cloth from Scotland with its built-in windbreak. Added assets: split shoulders, slash pockets, adjustable sleeve tabs. Right now at John Wanamaker, all stores.

HAND WOVEN Harris Tweed SPUN, WOVEN OUTER HEBRIDES, SCOT.

cap: Knox
photo: Arthur Todd

For other fine stores, write: Harry Fischer Corp., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York 10019

you something really nice," she said. "Some nice, funny thing."

"AH, none of it matters," Davis said aloud to himself on his way home, the bitterness sweeping over him now. He felt nothing for her. He had felt nothing for her. It was finished.

He did not try to see Mariko again. He did not try to call her again. One evening during the Christmas holidays, she telephoned him at his apartment. "I guess you've abandoned me," she said.

No, it wasn't that. He had been busy at the office, and Irene had asked him for a divorce. There had been meetings with lawyers.

"I've been out a lot," Mariko said. "I thought you might have called. I've been having fun. Last weekend I went to New Jersey with a friend and we sang songs and danced folk dances and drank slivovitz. He's Yugoslavian."

"It's good to hear your voice," Davis said. "We have to keep in touch."

"When you want," she said. "Just call."

He would, he said, as soon as things straightened out. But he did not call. He thought of her late at night, sometimes, only a few blocks away from him in her green, odorous apartment. But what was the point of seeing her? The break had been for her good and his.

He looked for her name in the new Manhattan telephone book the next June, but now he found only one M. Nomura, an old listing on the upper West Side. He walked over to the building on Avenue B, but her name was no longer on the letter box. Harry Phillips didn't know where she had gone, nor could anyone tell him at the Rebus Gallery. In the only clear image Davis now had of her, she was working on one of her sculptures, sitting half turned away from him before the green plants in that fluorescent light. A year or so later, he thought he saw her in one of the sidewalk cafés near Sheridan Square, but it was late in the afternoon, he was across Seventh Avenue on his way down to Bleecker Street to buy prawns and artichokes and Italian rice before the stores closed, and he could not be sure.

—ROBERT HEMENWAY

•

Staff and pupils were evacuated when fire broke out at Harrow Public School in Grove Hill, Harrow, last night. Forty firemen, some wearing breathing apparatus, fought the blaze in the school's basement. No one was impressed.—*London Daily Express.*

Just give the news, please.

There are three kinds of vodkas:

Russian vodkas These vodkas are perfect for the way the Russians traditionally drink their vodka: tossed off straight.

American vodkas These vodkas are perfect for the way Americans traditionally drink their vodka: mixed in things like orange juice or tomato juice.

Borzoi vodka is made especially for the way martini drinkers drink: sip and savor. It's made in England, where the great dry gin comes from. And it's distilled like the best English dry gin from barley and corn for smoothness — instead of corn alone like most vodkas. This gives it the softness and dryness vital to the taste of a good martini. And it's 91.5 proof, so it maintains its integrity on ice or with vermouth.

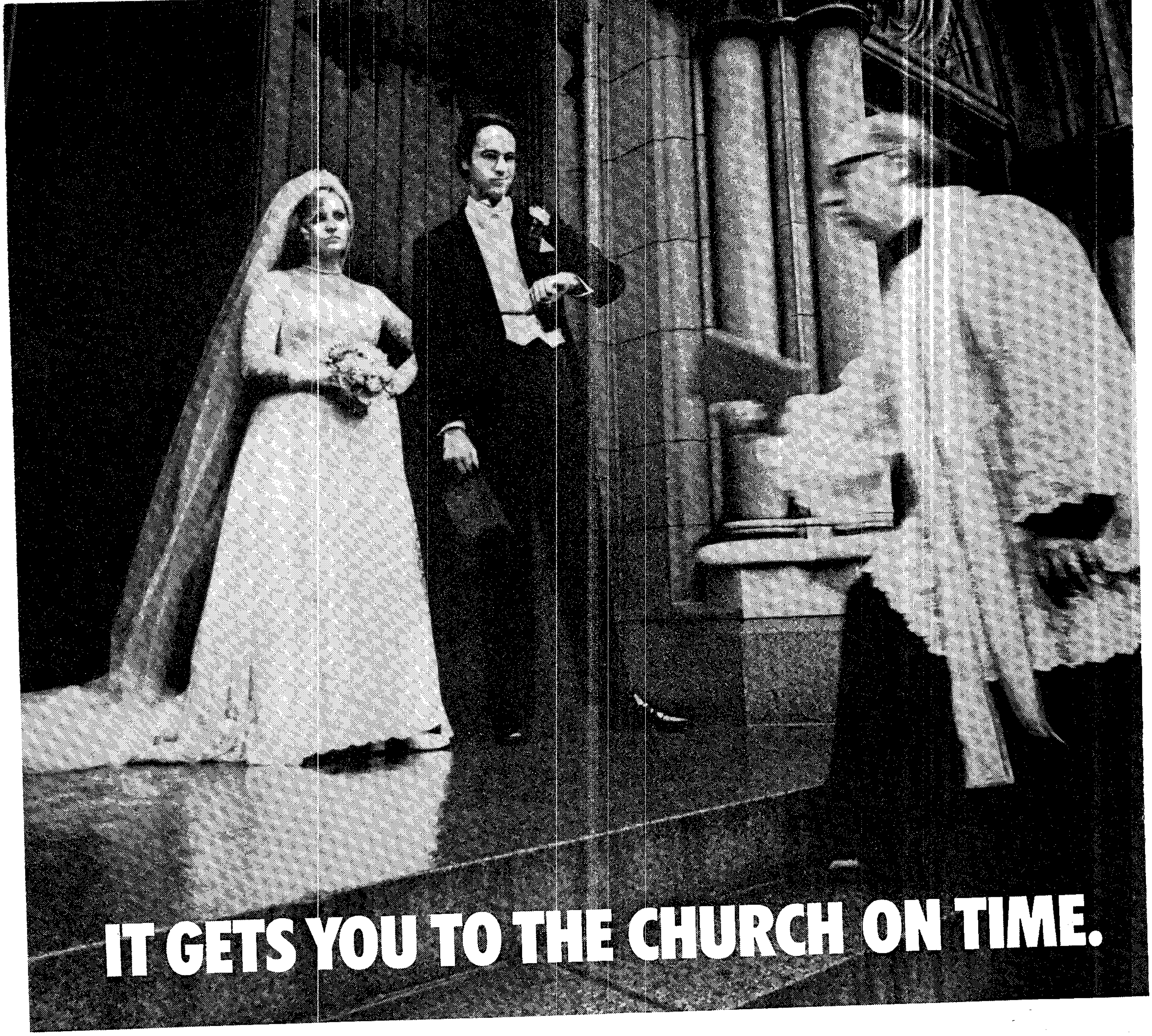
BORZOI
VODKA
IMPORTED from ENGLAND

Now, if you're a vodka martini drinker, order a Borzoi Martini and enjoy its English character.

Borzoi English

The vodka for the martini.

From England by Kobrand, N.Y. 91.5 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.


IT GETS YOU TO THE CHURCH ON TIME.

BULOVA
ACCUTRON
SAT 15
15

The Bible tells us, there is a time for everything.
But if your watch is not one of the faithful, your time for everything will be wrong.
To get back on the right path, you need an Accutron® tuning fork watch.
It resists the temptation of running fast or slow.
It never needs winding to remind it of its moral obligations.
And unlike us mortals, its behavior is guaranteed righteous to within one minute a month.*

BULOVA ACCUTRON®
For men and women.

His: #22511. Date and day. Heavy link bracelet. $225. Hers: #22802. Calendar. Tapered link bracelet. $200. You'll find many other styles at fine jewelry and department stores. From $95. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

THE THEATRE

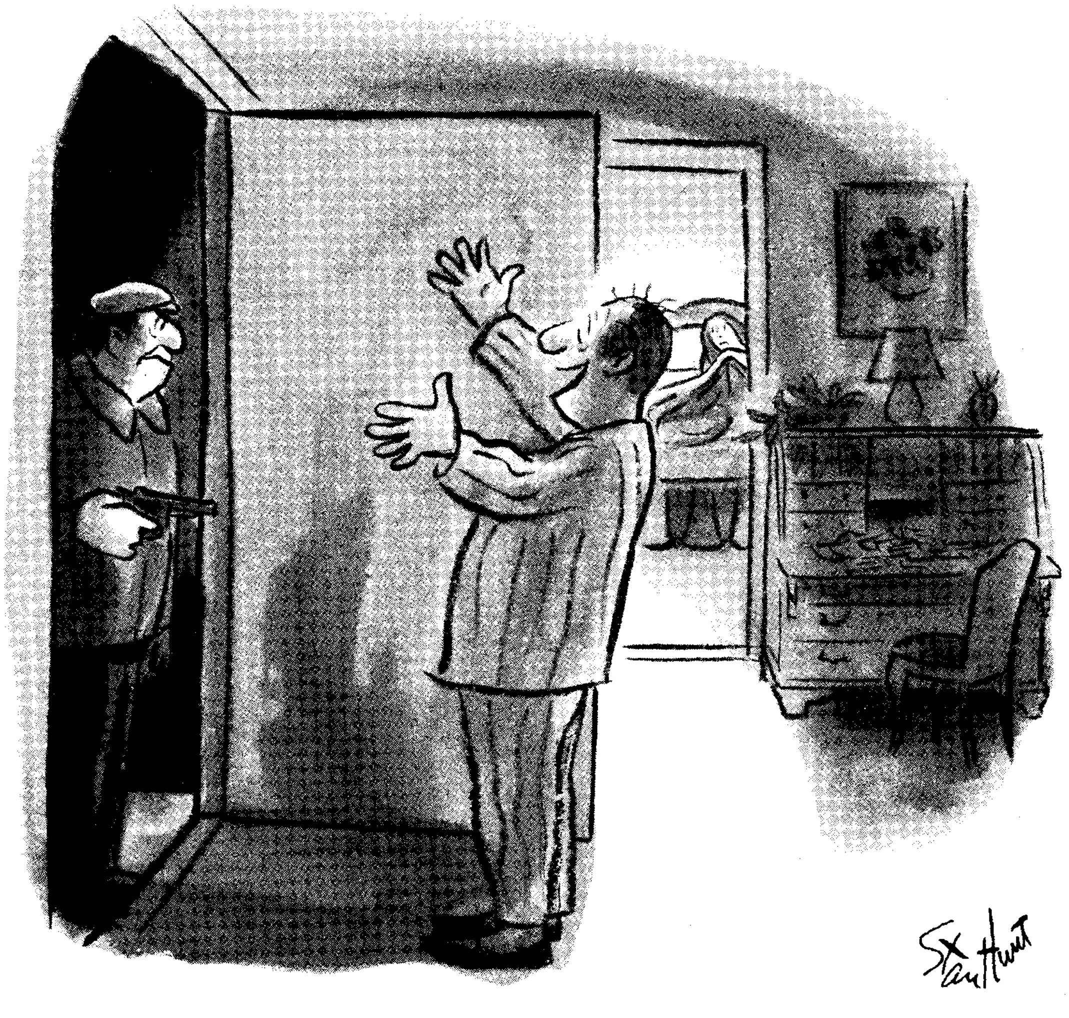
FAMILY TROUBLES

DURING the summer, at Stratford, Connecticut, the American Shakespeare Theatre put on a production of Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" that received much praise. Now the American National Theatre and Academy has brought this production to its own acronymic ANTA Theatre, again to much praise. And no wonder, for what a rousing melodrama it is and how the present company enjoys immersing itself in all those luscious roles! Williams is a playwright in the nineteenth-century tradition, and one observes in him the qualities that our ancestors admired in Dion Boucicault; nothing is here for tears and scarcely anything is here even for credulity, but the evening roars past in a glory of gorgeous Southern fustian, and one leaves the theatre like a happy sleepwalker, reluctant to be waked. One has had such a good time that to question the means by which the prestidigitator-playwright has achieved his effects would seem a dour Yankee incivility. Let the Technicolored dream go on and on, let the bright birds flutter up out of the black cape perpetually.

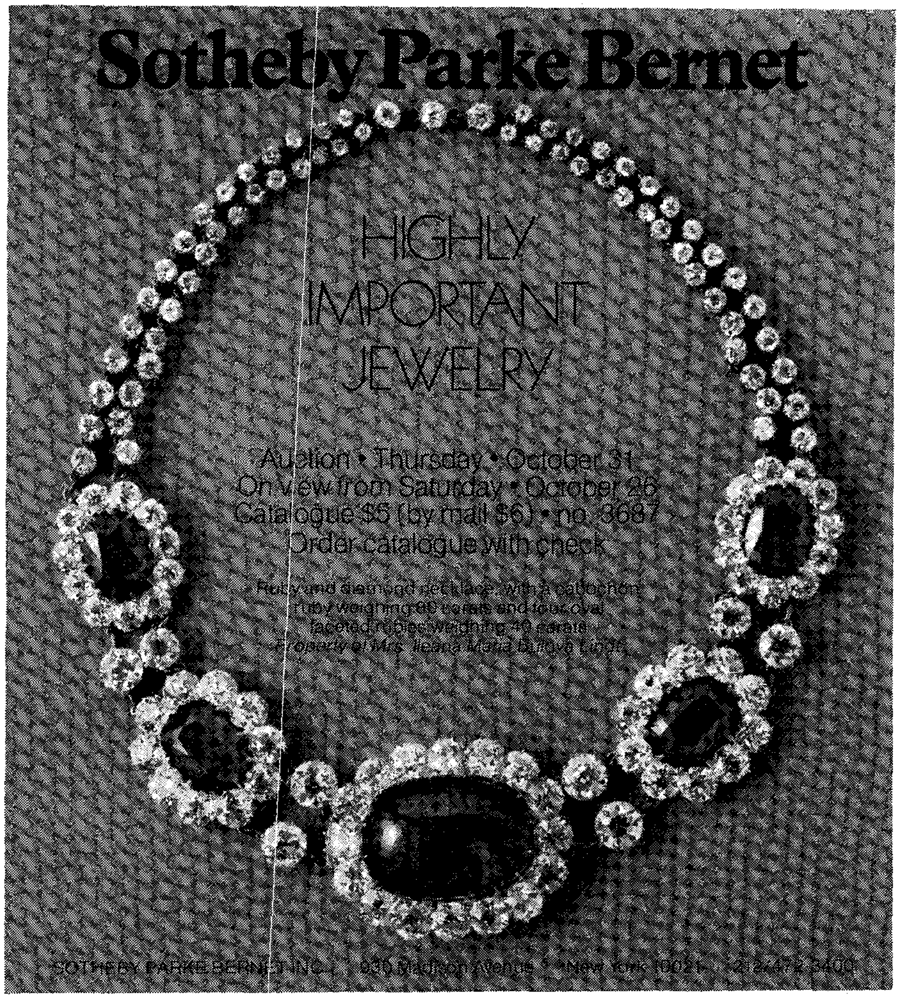
Elizabeth Ashley makes an incomparable Maggie/cat, afire with sexual frustration and determined to get her way not alone in respect to her husband's unfulfilled connubial obligations but also in respect to an inheritance that may soon be his. Nor will Maggie be content until it is acknowledged by the family she has married into that she is one of them, and possibly the best of them—an ironic ambition, since the family is coarse, grasping, and without social background, and Maggie affects to champion good manners and good breeding. Miss Ashley revels in Maggie's sensuality and calculating viperishness; she leaves us in no doubt that her Maggie could snatch from life any prize she deemed worthy of her. Her husband—sullen, drunken, failed Brick—will not be allowed to disarrange her plans because, disliking and fearing her almost as much as he dislikes and fears his own nature, he cannot make love to her. We are invited to assume that the most thrilling action of the play is the one that is supposed to take place in Maggie's and Brick's bed the moment after the curtain goes down.

The first act of "Cat" is nearly all Maggie's; Brick, played by Keir Dullea, has little more to do than provide her with occasions for outbursts of angry speculation. He pours himself one drink after another, waiting for the "click" that ordinarily sounds in his brain at a certain stage of inebriation and that he counts on to bring him peace. Since Mr. Dullea is not a vivid performer, the contest between his Brick and Miss Ashley's Maggie becomes too unequal for the play's good. The second act is almost all Big Daddy's, with Brick again serving as a hapless foil. Big Daddy is enacted by Fred Gwynne, who is very good in the part; one cannot fail to remember how Burl Ives embodied it long ago, but Mr. Gwynne is sure to be equally well remembered. The third act of the present production conflates several earlier versions of the act, and it succeeds better than any of its predecessors, not because it is plausible but because, all simply and outrageously, it plays.

Others in the cast deserving of mention are Kate Reid, as Big Mama; Charles Siebert, as Brick's brother, Gooper; Joan Pape, as Gooper's wife; and Wyman Pendleton, as the Reverend Tooker. Some exemplarily ugly children have been rounded up to serve as Gooper's offspring; Maggie describes them as "no-necks," and the casting director has done his work well. The beautiful, lofty set—the bedroom of an ancient, newly restored planta-



"Come in! Come in! The bills are on the desk with the overdue-mortgage and overdrawn-checking-account notices, the closed-out savings-bank book, the dunning letters, and the checks that bounced, and there are forty-three cents and a pawn ticket in my pants pocket. Help yourself!"



Sotheby Parke Bernet

HIGHLY IMPORTANT JEWELRY

Auction • Thursday • October 31
On view from Saturday • October 26
Catalogue $5 (by mail $6) • no. 3687
Order catalogue with check

Ruby and diamond necklace, with a cabochon ruby weighing 80 carats and four oval faceted rubies weighing 40 carats
Property of Mrs. [illegible]

SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET INC. • 980 Madison Avenue • New York 10021 • 212 472-3400

it's **Carroll Reed** for...

Irresistible splendor in our tailored suede, natural sheepskin coat. Furred inside. Two deep pockets. Sizes: 8-16. One of our stellar selections this season, for any reason. $298.00 Ppd. **Send for our irresistible Winter Holiday catalog.**

Carroll Reed
DEPT. 583, NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03860
☐ **Enclosed Check/M.O. in the amount of $______ for ______ The Irresistible Coat in Size ______**
☐ **Send your free Winter Holiday catalog.**
Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
OTHER SHOPS: CAMPTON, N.H., SIMSBURY & WESTPORT, CT
WE ACCEPT BANK AMERICARD, MASTER CHARGE AND AMERICAN EXPRESS

tion house—is by John Conklin, and the costumes are by Jane Greenwood. The director is Michael Kahn.

ANGELA LANSBURY has come to the Winter Garden in a revival of the musical "Gypsy," and I am under the impression that everyone else who has seen it likes it better than I do. The book, by Arthur Laurents (who also directed the production), was "suggested" by the memoirs of Gypsy Rose Lee, but the character of Rose, Gypsy's mother, is so unremittingly self-centered, self-aggrandizing, and, at last, self-destructive that not a shred of humanity adheres to it. Rose's inhumanity didn't matter very much when, fifteen years ago, she was being acted by Ethel Merman; listening to that matchless voice, we had no reason to take the role seriously. Miss Lansbury is far from having a matchless voice; she has great warmth, charm, and energy, and she has brought these qualities to bear on a part that can make no use of them. Gallantly, she has sought to give us a Rose capable of having children, of loving them, and of failing them; it is a Rose that Mr. Laurents omitted to invent.

The songs—music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim—remain very pleasant, and Robert Randolph has provided admirable scenery and lighting. The costumes are by Raoul Pène du Bois, and the choreography of the original production, which was by Jerome Robbins, is noted in the program as having been "reproduced" by Robert Tucker. The word has inappropriate biological overtones, but I am unable to volunteer a better one.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Dr. Charles Reed of the University of Wisconsin has investigated the mysterious group of ailments called "farmer's lung," "pigeon breeder's disease" or, more scientifically, hypersensitivity pneumonitis. It affects people who spend much time in the country, and workers who sew furs, raise parakeets and strip cork trees in Portugal.—*Bangor (Me.) Daily News.*

A worker like that is sick to begin with.

•

FOR SALE
Volkswagen Bus
with 9 Passengers
1965 Model, 1 Owner
in good condition.
—*Adv. in the Apia (Samoa) Times.*

What condition are the passengers in?

Why the rich look different from you and me.

There is a polished glow certain women possess that goes beyond expensive clothing or the confidence born of wealth.

Rather, it speaks of pride and relentlessly disciplined care.

Nowhere is this more evident than in their skin. Seemingly ageless and certainly radiant, theirs is truly gifted skin. Endowed not so much by nature as by unwavering care with such very fine beauty treatments as Orlane alone can perhaps now offer.

First discovered by these very women on their trips to France, Orlane's extraordinary collection soon became an indispensable part of their beauty regimes.

Needless to say, it was almost no time at all before Orlane enjoyed as renowned and celebrated a reputation here in America as it had for so very many years on the continent.

Today, the entire Orlane collection is now sold by trained consultants at finer stores throughout the United States, as well as Europe.

Crème Hydratante Liquide: Due to its rather unique shark oil based formulation, this is the perfect moisturizer for extremely dry, dehydrated complexions.

Applied in the morning, it will leave your complexion fresh and glowing throughout the day. 13.50

Crème Oryane: The first throat cream to contain a unique combination of ingredients designed to help rapidly firm and strengthen skin in that area.

Used first thing in the morning, it is immediately absorbed and will work all day to keep your throat younger looking and more beautiful looking. 15.00

CRÈME
HYDRATANTE
LIQUIDE
ORLANE
ORLANE
NET WT. 2.2 OZ.
ORYANE

ORLANE.

An advantage shared by the world's most beautiful women.

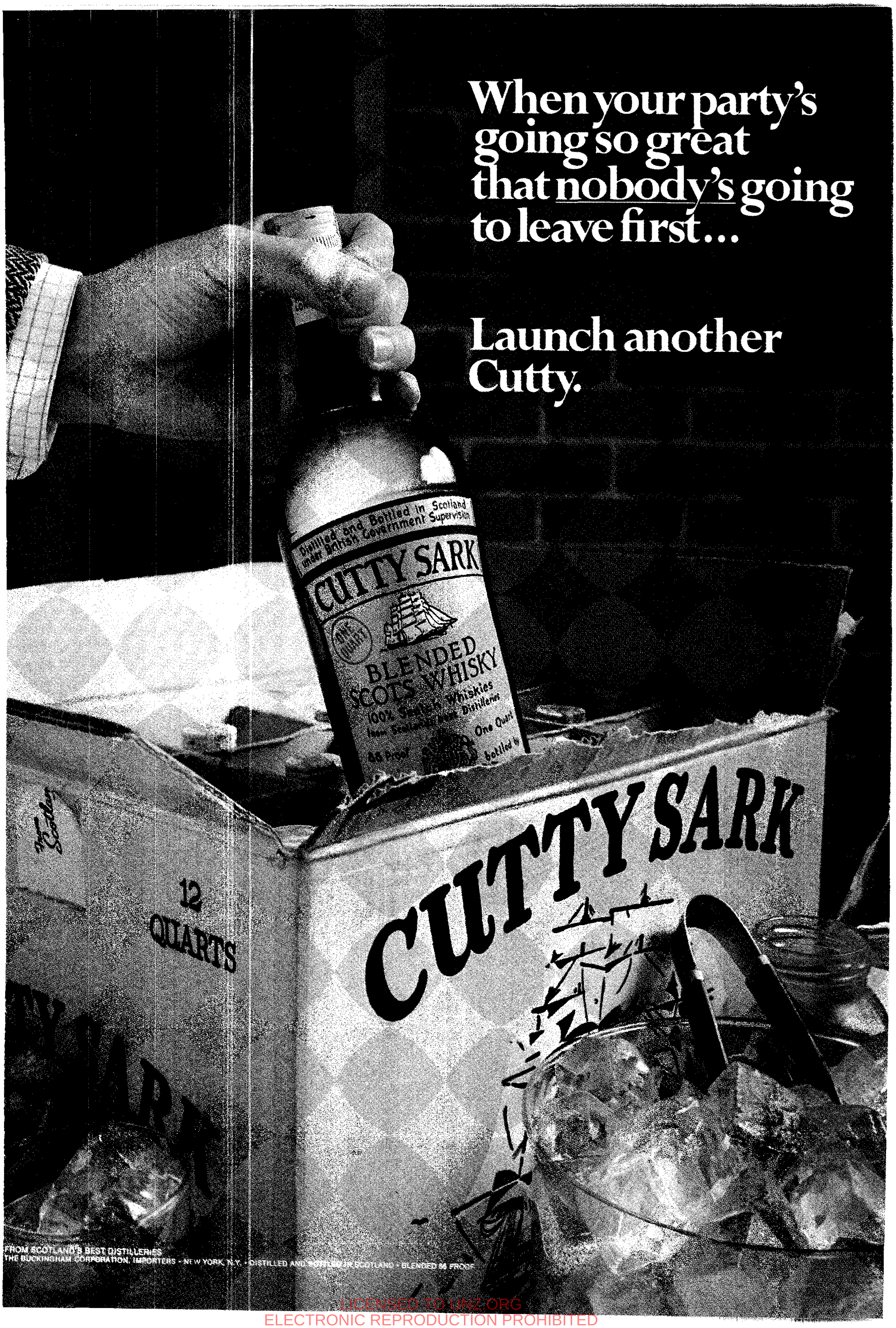
Orlane, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019, Paris, London

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

I HAVE a durable friend in Edinburgh, whom I will call Hamish, and with whom I take up a long-running argument whenever I revisit Scotland. Hamish was born, bred, and schooled in Edinburgh, where he now practices law, and it has never entered his head to leave the place—something that to me seems inexplicable, since I grew up in Scotland with an ever-hardening intention of leaving it behind me. Hamish looks on his nationality as a kind of destiny—an inevitability—and has set himself to learn Scotland by heart, whereas to me the country has the air of a museum and huddles in the shadow of its long and brutal past. I could always rely on it to stay the same and say the same—Scottish conversations sound as if they were scripted in stone. In Scotland, I feel a gloom, a joylessness, a lack of exuberance. Not long ago, walking into the town of St. Andrews from the sands on a jubilant, delicately balanced spring morning, I passed a woman I know and exclaimed over the day. Her brows came down. "We'll pay for it," she muttered. The shadow of Calvin still falls long across the land, in the propensity to judge and to feel judged. Childhood landscapes are, however, irreplaceable by any others, and I find myself returning about once a year, for I am quite awed by Scotland's imperviousness to accelerating change. I have taken the train journey north so many times that I am able to pass the time identifying landmarks. After the labyrinth of the industrial Midlands, signs of civilization dwindle away into the grassy sweep of the border. On the Scottish side, the small, stony villages look like caretakers' shelters, so meticulously cultivated is the whole landscape, so ancient-looking, so well used. Descending in Edinburgh, I find my old selves all there to meet me. I used to think of myself as an exception in leaving Scotland, for the rest of my family stayed firmly and imperturbably rooted there, but I have learned that I was following a well-beaten track: while the population of Scotland at the 1971 census stood at 5,229,706 souls, steady emigration has scattered close to twenty million itinerants of Scots descent about the planet—more than can be accounted for by ships' engineers and strays.

From early on, Hamish declared himself a Scottish Nationalist—thunderously so—and over the years he has amassed a vast battery of historical arguments to support his separatist ambitions. Although I had become caught up with Basque and Catalan separatism in Spain, I used to feel that Scotland's claim to independence, however justifiable and understandable its impulse, was unlikely to come to much. Its following, though vociferous, was small, for one thing, and, for another, it seemed extremely doubtful whether Scotland could sustain itself economically on its own. Actually, did Scotland really want complete separation, with its own armed forces, its own foreign policy? Could it survive, even marginally, on a combination of whisky, tourism, agriculture, fishing, and small industry? Injured dignity seemed to me an insufficiently muscular foundation for a passionate quest for independence. Hamish could be extremely agile with statistics, but even he would admit occasionally that his aspirations were predominantly romantic. When the Scots reluctantly entered into the Act of Union with the English in 1707, it was projected that Scotland and England should surrender their separate sovereignties and amalgamate into a new state called Great Britain, but Scotland and England survive independently, as culturally distinct today as they ever were. Scotland did badly out of the Union—no question. Poorer and less powerful than England, she felt she was given meagre representation in the Westminster Parliament, and—apart from keeping her own church and law courts—she was institutionally absorbed by England. The concentration of government and government offices in London has always riled the Scots; in governmental thinking, Scotland is a region, whereas in Scottish thinking it is a country. In spite of getting along perfectly well with each other person to person, the two races are by now quite used to rubbing each other the wrong way. Sporting contests between the two have an especially sharp edge to them, and when Scotland beat England in their annual soccer confrontation a while back, the sporting press evoked all the

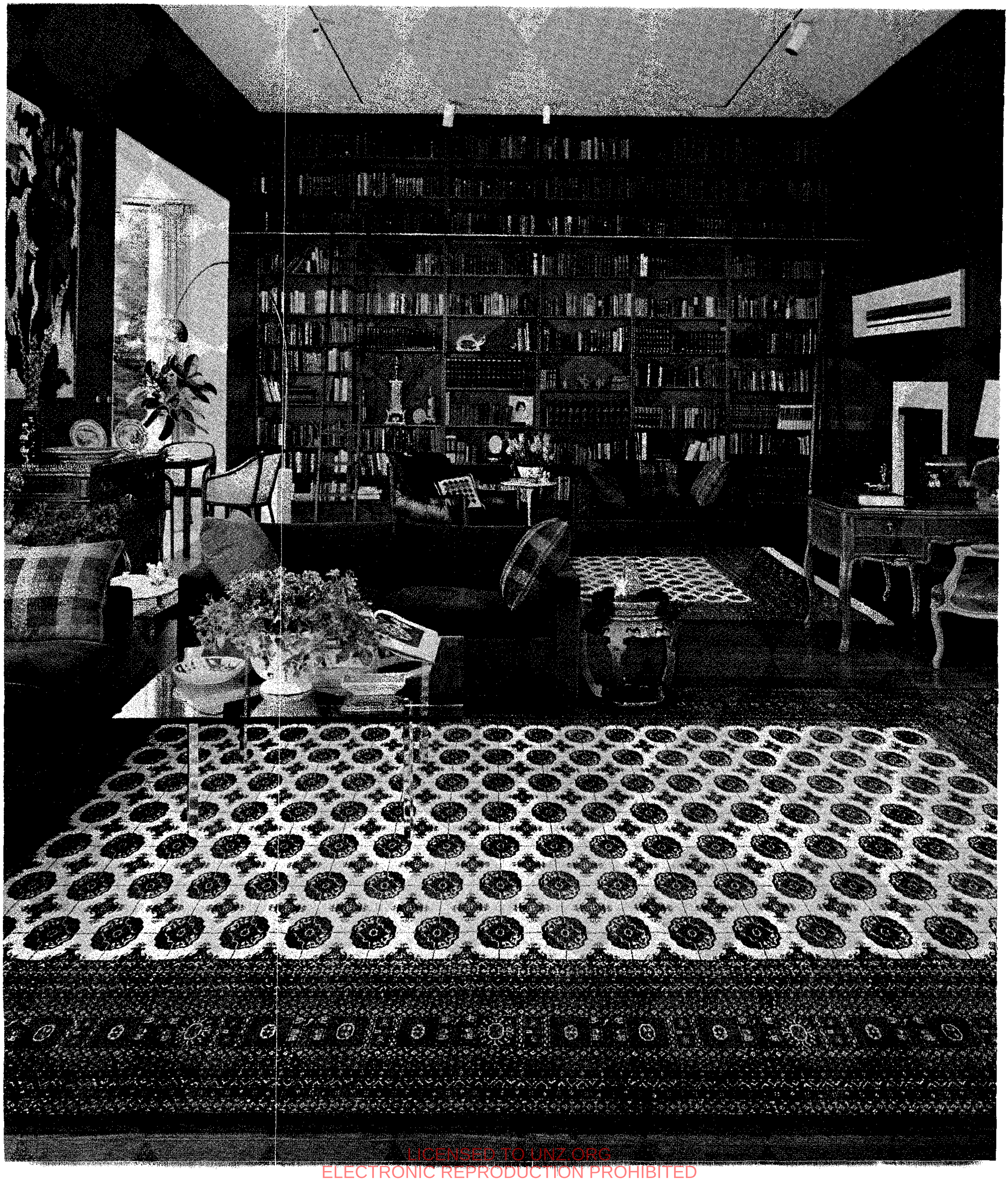
"*At precisely three-forty-seven this afternoon my fire went out.*"


When your party's going so great that nobody's going to leave first…
Launch another Cutty.
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
One Quart
12 QUARTS
CUTTY SARK

FROM SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

expect the unexpected.

In the den, traditional Bokhara style rugs eloquently play against splashes of pink and purple.

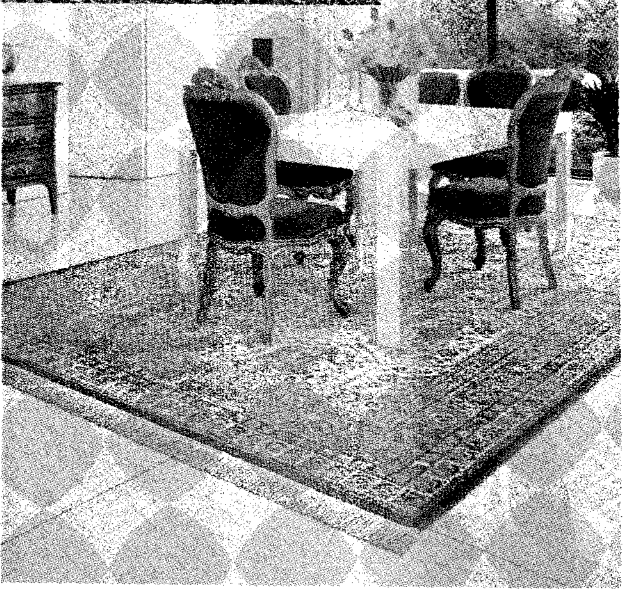


.with Karastan

carpets and rugs of pure wool . . . in a class by themselves

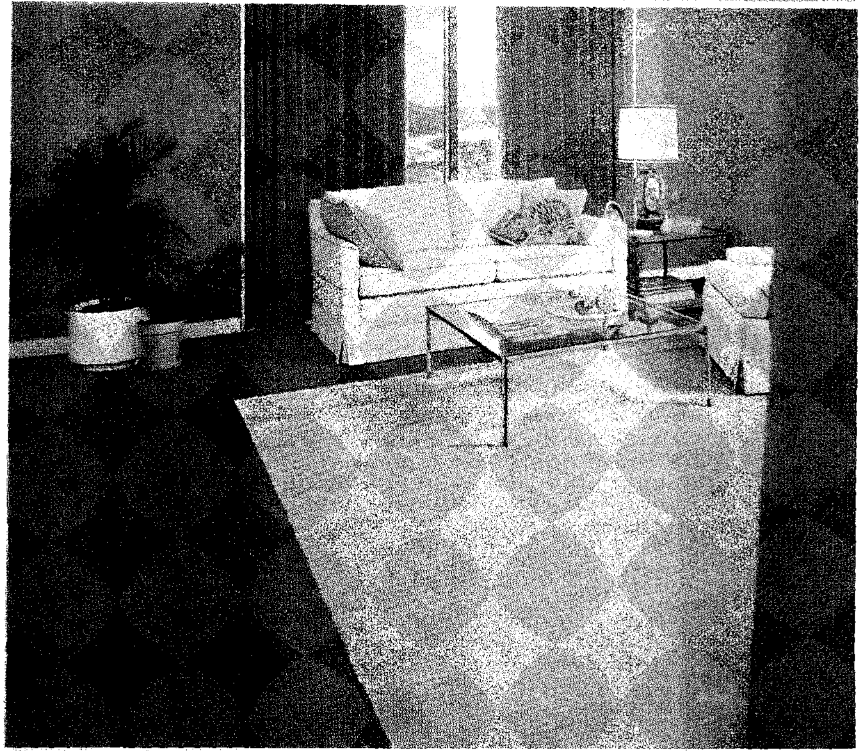
Chimney towers strike the sky outdoors. Within, a sweep of grand-scaled rooms. For this contemporary architectural statement Karastan has composed a dramatic change of time and space . . . with legendary Oriental design rugs and custom broadloom, all bearing the Woolmark, your assurance that you are buying the very best . . . pure wool pile. Each rug and carpet is crafted with quality wool yarns for natural resilience, sheer luxury and enduring beauty. Unexpected counterpoints of brilliant color and age-old design that are never out of fashion or out of place.

In the entrance gallery, Karastan's fabled Persian Hunting design rugs are used as focal points, as any form of art would be.



The subtle shades in a rug of an antique Agra design merge with the stark simplicity of the marbled dining hall.

The bedroom receives a special Karastan treatment . . . three shades of opulent "Domineau" wool broadloom designed in bold borders create a wall-to-wall rug effect.



PURE WOOL PILE®

Karastan®
AMERICA'S FINEST POWER-LOOMED RUG

nd 50¢ in check or money order for "Oriental Design Rug Handbook," Dept. NY.
arastan Rug Mills/A Fieldcrest Company/919 Third Ave./New York, N.Y. 10022

COME HOME WITH US.

In this island of love, our laughing children talk to you in French. They splash in warm lagoons. And invite you to swim with them in the clearest water in the world.

This is Tahiti, with French bread and wine, and a lei of shells when you leave.

It's the first stop in our South Pacific. We'll take you on to the wonders of New Zealand and to our big neighbour, Australia. To the seldom-seen Cook Islands. New Caledonia. Norfolk Island. Samoa. And to Fiji, where the world's day begins.

Every night, we fly out from Los Angeles, home to our South Pacific. In DC-10's that capture the feel of the Pacific.

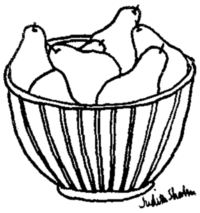
Come home with us.

air new zealand
It's our South Pacific.

Moorea, eleven miles from Tahiti, in the Society Island

Scottish military victories it could think of, drawing liberally from a belligerent past, when fighting the English meant steady employment.

I've known Scottish Nationalists like Hamish all my life, but they never had about them the burning single-mindedness of the Basques or the political zeal of the Catalans. I used to find them wistful rather than hardheaded: it was one thing for an emerging nation to claim its independence but quite another for an aged national culture to ask for the restoration of its nationhood when its whole social machinery, political, economic, and administrative, had been meshed with that of England for upward of two hundred and fifty years. Although the Scottish National Party (which was founded in 1934) would run candidates in general elections, occasionally winning a seat, mainly over a local issue, there was no sign that anything like a majority of the Nationalists' countrymen shared their priorities. Scotland's population allows it seventy-one elected Members of Parliament out of a total of six hundred and thirty-five, and most of those Members have strong political affiliations with the Labour, Conservative, or Liberal Parties. Besides, the Scottish National Party (or the S.N.P., as it refers to itself) has occasionally been represented by some extremely whimsical characters, and some of the gestures made in their name—like moving the signpost marking the Scottish border at Berwick-upon-Tweed a disputed distance to the south, and (as happened on Christmas morning, 1950) stealing the Coronation Stone, on which Scottish kings were formerly crowned, from its resting place in Westminster Abbey and bearing it north—confirmed the air of whimsey. The Stone and the signpost were eventually replaced, and the Nationalists, while they continued to toil, never looked like making serious headway.



I USED to feel that Scotland was the one part of the earth's crust which could be counted on not to change in any appreciable way. Its inhabitants seem not so much to age as to weather. When I would go back, they'd give me a nod and say, "You've been away." Where I had been they never inquired, for any comparisons with anywhere else might prove dangerously subversive. And when I would ask about things in Scotland, as often as not I'd get the reply "Oh, it's much the same." Although it seems improbable, nobody in Scotland would dream of making that remark today. What has so animated Scotland and sent it into a steady seethe of argument has been the mounting discovery, over the past four years, of vast oil fields in the waters off the northeast coast and in the vicinity of the Shetland Islands, Scotland's northernmost extension. The discovery of these fields has been neither sudden nor unexpected, since exploration has been under way for ten years now, but what has caught both the public and the British government on the hop has been the size and extent of the finds, which continue to outstrip both expectations and estimates. Furthermore, the oil under the North Sea—or at least the anticipation of it—has set in motion a whole political drama in the United Kingdom, the first act of which is now running week by week, happening by happening.

It was the late President Truman's proclamation, in 1945, of the sovereign right of the United States to exploit the resources of its continental shelf which led the United Nations eventually to convene a conference on the Law of the Sea in Geneva in 1958. This resulted in the signing of four conventions, the last of which granted any country bordering on a continental shelf the sovereign right to explore and exploit the natural resources of that shelf. Subsequently, the delimitation of national areas of the North Sea continental shelf was settled among the governments of Norway, Denmark, the United Kingdom, West Germany, and Holland, roughly on the principle of drawing median lines equidistant from the coastlines of the countries involved. In 1964, the British government ratified the Geneva Continental Shelf Convention and passed its own Continental Shelf Act, dividing the British North Sea area into grids for licensing purposes. Speculative interest had been considerably stimulated by the discovery, in 1960, of an enormous field of natural gas in the Dutch province of Groningen, and in late 1964 the British government allocated its first exploration licenses in the southern sector of the North Sea, since the business of finding oil was clearly beyond its own technological and financial capacities. Initially, large finds of natural gas were made off the English coast (gas that is now being piped ashore at four sites), but as exploration went on oil finds began to be made off Scotland. The first sizable find in that general

Meet our people. 23 days. $1931.

Will you like our spectacular scenery or our charming cities or our happy people most? You'll get them all in our Meet the People Tour.

For 10 days, you'll tour New Zealand on luxury coaches, with vacationing Australians and New Zealanders, who'll share their pride in their homeland. Take a launch through Milford Sound. Look in on the cultural world of the Maoris. Stay at the foot of Mt. Cook, by the edge of a lake, and by Auckland Harbour. Glide through Glow-worm Grottoes. Walk through cities carpeted with flowers.

Spend 5 days in big, brawny Australia. Enjoy the wildlife of the Outback, the nightlife of Sydney, the dignified memorials of Canberra, the arts and culture of Melbourne.

Unwind for 4 days in Tahiti. Shop and sun for 4 more in Fiji.

Includes round-trip DC-10 from Los Angeles, all ground transportation, first-class hotels, most meals. Escorted. Fare is based on each of 2 sharing twin bedroom. And GIT economy round-trip flight with a minimum of 10 people. Guaranteed departures.

air new zealand
NY-P10 Come home with us.
Box 4187, North Hollywood, Ca. 91607
Send me folders on Meet the People Tour.

Name____________________

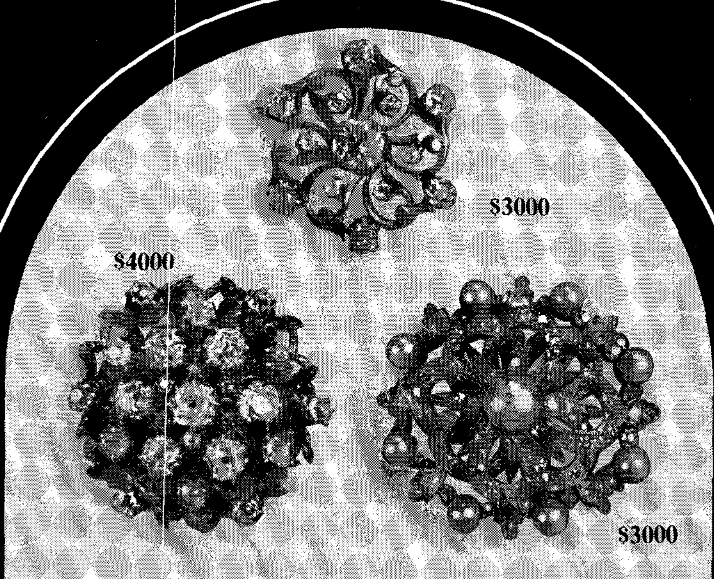
Address____________________

City____________________

State/Zip____________________

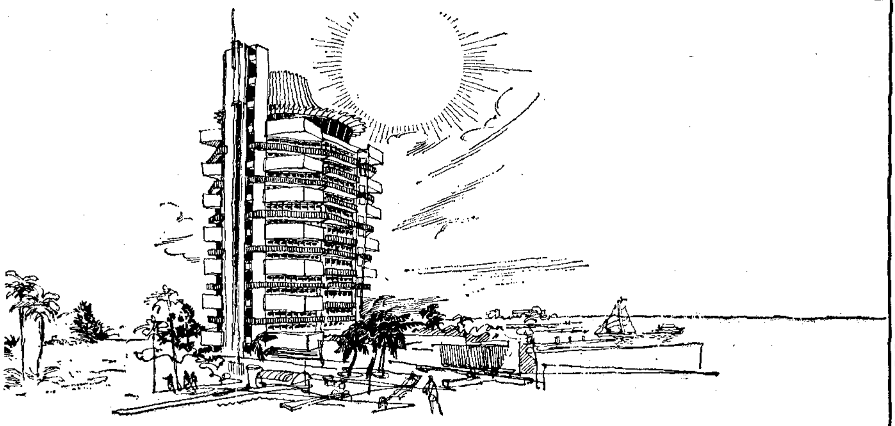
My travel agent____________________

From Waldhorn's rare collection of old world treasures



A small sample from our extensive collection of antique gold and diamond jewelry. Shown actual size.

WALDHORN COMPANY, INC.
Antique Jewelry, Furniture, Porcelain & Silverware
AT 343 ROYAL STREET SINCE 1881
NEW ORLEANS, LA. 70130, PHONE 504/581-6379



Let the fun shine in

At Fort Lauderdale's Pier 66, where else? Your own balconied room overlooking a tropical paradise. Two swimming pools, a par-3, 9-hole golf course, tennis courts, blue water lagoons and beautiful yacht-filled marina for boating and fishing. High above, the revolving Pier Top Lounge. Below, dining and dancing in the waterfront Panorama Room. Catch the fun and all the sun. Ask your travel agent or write us for more details.

PIER 66
17th Street Causeway
Dept. NY-1
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316

Summer rates through December 9

area—the Ekofisk field—lay in Norwegian waters, and then, in October, 1970, British Petroleum announced the discovery of the Forties field, of quite surprising size, lying a hundred-odd miles off Aberdeen. The discovery of other fields followed fast, and the oil companies began to realize that they were likely to be rooted in Scotland for some time. It was at this point that the prospect of oil began to catch the public's attention. One consortium—the Hamilton Brothers group—announced that it would be bringing the first tangible oil ashore by tanker later this fall, and this did much to convert skepticism to all-out enthusiasm. In Aberdeen, outside a gas station, I saw a sign that read "Get Your North Sea Oil Here." "He'll either be in trouble under the Trade Descriptions Act," said my companion, "or else he's been rowing out at night with a length of hose."

The Forties field alone promised a "maximum sustainable yield" of some twenty million tons of oil annually, and now, with seventeen fields dotting Scottish waters (one of them, the Ninian field, could be the biggest so far), estimates keep being revised upward. Mr. Eric Varley, the Labour Government's Secretary for Energy, announced last May that the North Sea fields will be producing between a hundred and a hundred and forty million tons of oil by 1980—enough to make the United Kingdom self-sufficient and perhaps to leave it a margin for export as well. The Scottish National Party, in turn, points out that such a level of production would keep an independent Scotland well oiled past the end of the century and would make it, in Calvinist terms, indecently rich. The S.N.P. has shown itself to be well informed and sensible on the whole subject of oil development, and has brought the matter squarely into the political arena. In the general election of February 28, 1974, the Nationalists captured twenty-two per cent of the Scottish vote and returned seven candidates to seats in Parliament, three of them from areas of Scotland directly affected by oil activity. What's more, the Nationalists established themselves as an emphatic minority party in a Labour Government that has been forced to take minority parties seriously, since it has not itself commanded a ruling majority. Oil, the S.N.P. pointed out, may very well be found, extracted, distributed, and sold by the British government with no more benefit to Scotland than would come from its standard proportional share of government revenues. Scotland's small population and new oil assets, according to the Nationalists, combine to put self-sufficiency within easy reach, even though Scotland is at present a depressed area, with chronic unemployment, a high incidence of poverty, and a standard of living considerably lower than that of England. Indeed, oil is already bringing job opportunities to the northeast, and with careful planning even the economic distress around Glasgow and the Clyde—where the population is at its thickest—might be relieved.

On my latest visit to Edinburgh, I made a date with Hamish to meet at the Café Royal for dinner. He would be spending the morning in Aberdeen, he said, but would be back in time, and, in fact, I bumped into him—red-bearded and beaming, a pile of papers under his arm—at the door of the restaurant. He looked as though he might explode. "I've been looking forward to seeing you," he said as we sat down. "You must be in a state of shock at what you see here. I certainly have been these last six months. I always thought it would take witchcraft or disaster to get Scotland moving, but I never would have guessed oil. I've just come from a meeting in Aberdeen about three proposed housing developments—in places as dead and depressed as graveyards. It's all happening so fast that we haven't time to stop and take a look."

At least there was something new to talk about, I remarked to Hamish.

"It's just as if Scotland had suddenly joined the world," he said. "For one thing, oil brings us all these complexities like pollution, environmental control, inflation, and growth rates—things we knew about before only by way of television documentaries—and we've got to think furiously about them. We've got to *decide* about them here and now. We're learning fast, but the decisions keep coming."

I told Hamish I had expected him by this time to be holding high office in the Scottish National Party, and he roared.

"Only in the sense of being an elder statesman, that's all," he said. "As you know, I can go on for hours about the doubtful legality of the Act of Union, and you can't fault me when it comes to constitutional argument. But I've discovered at Party meetings that these things no longer matter much. Instead, some young economist would be talking about carried-interest agreements and barrelage tax, and I've had to do my oil homework to keep up. There's a real generation chasm between the old-time Nationalists like

Multicolor brilliance in a chevron acrylic skirt. Sizes 6 thru 14. $48. Topping it, a long sleeved, ribbed turtleneck sweater — an Italian import. Hand washable and available in a staggering array of colors, including turquoise, shocking pink plus black, of course. Sizes: S-M-L. $20. Order from MF&S at East Hampton, N.Y. Please add $1.50 for handling.

MARK, FORE & STRIKE INC.

A world of beautiful resort fashions
for Ladies and Gentlemen.

PALM BEACH • DELRAY BEACH • NAPLES • SARASOTA • WINTER PARK
CHATHAM • OSTERVILLE • EAST HAMPTON • BAY HEAD • LOUISVILLE

(*Advertisement*)

executive health

the report that briefs you on what to watch

COPYRIGHT 1974 BY EXECUTIVE PUBLICATIONS

Vol. IX, Number 10 • P. O. Box 589 • (Area 714:756-2600) • Rancho Santa Fe, California 92067

ON FATIGUE . . . THE GREAT DECEIVER

Why most men never get their "second wind" in business

> *"Fate leads the willing, but drives the stubborn."*
> —*Dialogues* of Lucius Annaeus Seneca

Fatigue (feeling tired) is as old as man himself! Yet fatigue is poorly understood. It means that one has lost interest in either work or play. But this is an *emotional* thing. It must be disentangled from the expenditure of energy and recognized as something peculiar to one's own attitude toward the world he faces.

It's how it seems that counts

Fatigue levels are set by your mind. Most of us have far more strength and energy than we normally use or believe we have. The amount of energy we exert on any given activity is closely related to our own expectations. Studies at the University of Oklahoma by Dr. Stewart G. Wolf show that most people *"unconsciously and automatically limit exertional effort to somewhere in the neighborhood of 50 per cent of their capacity."* For example, subjects in one of his studies were asked to hold weights in their extended arms as long as they could. After a rest period, they were given placebo (dummy) pills which they thought contained a powerful anti-fatigue medication. The result? They nearly *doubled* their endurance.

E. W. Scripps, the famous founder of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, told his biographer:(1) "I suppose that rarely, if ever, under most urgent conditions, does any man put forth all his energies. I can well imagine that at the time I am speaking of, prior to the conference [on the fate of his first newspaper], John Sweeney and I were *not exerting ourselves to 50 per cent of our capacities.* We had only to steam up a little, think a little harder, work a little harder, and Poof! went all our difficulties and all of our fears."

On getting your "second wind"

William James, the great psychologist, in his famous Presidential Address to the American Philosophical

---

(1) *E. W. Scripps*, by Negley D. Cochran, Harcourt Brace & Co., New York, 1933, page 41.

EDITORIAL BOARD

RICHARD L. BOHANNON, M.D., F.A.C.P., *Lieutenant-General, United States Air Force (Ret.); Executive Director, The Institute for Aerobics Research, Dallas, Texas.*

GEORGE C. GRIFFITH, M.D., *Emeritus Professor of Medicine, University of Southern California. Past President, American College of Cardiology, Los Angeles, California.*

HARDIN B. JONES, Ph.D., *Professor of Medical Physics and Physiology, Assistant Director, Donner Laboratory of Medical Research, University of California, Berkeley.*

MARK D. ALTSCHULE, M.D., *Visiting Professor of Medicine, Harvard Medical School; Lecturer in Medicine, Yale University; Staff Consultant, Boston City Hospital; Attending Physician, Boston Veterans Administration Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts.*

ALBERT SZENT-GYORGYI, M.D., Ph.D., *Nobel Laureate for Physiology and Medicine, Laboratory of the Institute for Muscle Research, Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.*

KENNETH H. COOPER, M.D., M.P.H., *Director, the Cooper Clinic; President and Chairman of Board, The Institute for Aerobics Research, Dallas, Texas.*

JAMES F. TOOLE, M.D., F.A.C.P., *The Walter C. Teagle Professor of Neurology, Bowman Gray School of Medicine, Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.*

LEONARD HAYFLICK, Ph.D., *Professor of Medical Microbiology, Stanford University School of Medicine, Stanford, California.*

SOLON PALMER, Jr., M.D., *Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, La Jolla, California.*

ROGER J. WILLIAMS, Ph.D., D.Sc., *Professor of Chemistry, Co-founder and Consultant, Clayton Foundation Biochemical Institute, The University of Texas; Past President, The American Chemical Society, Austin, Texas.*

LINUS PAULING, Ph.D., *Nobel Laureate in Chemistry and in Peace; Professor of Chemistry, Stanford University, Stanford, California.*

HANS SELYE, C.C., M.D., Ph.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. (C), *Professor and Director of the Institute for Experimental Medicine and Surgery, University of Montreal, Canada.*

ALTON OCHSNER, M.D., *Senior Consultant in Surgery, Ochsner Clinic and Ochsner Foundation Hospital and Emeritus Professor of Surgery, Tulane University School of Medicine, New Orleans, LA.*

DEMETRIO SODI-PALLARES, M.D., *Professor of Medicine, Chief of the Department of Electro-Vectorcardiography, Institute Nacional de Cardiologia, Mexico, D.F.*

JOHN YUDKIN, M.D., B.Ch., Ph.D., B.Sc., M.R.C.P., F.R.I.C., *Professor of Nutrition and Dietetics, Sir John Atkins Laboratories, Queen Elizabeth College, University of London, London, England.*

(*Advertisement*)

ON YOU AND YOUR LIFE:

Why does one man, born the same day as another, grow old so much faster?

Because you are not going to get out of this world alive, doesn't it make sense to learn how to live in it as long as you can? Never forget: *"Men's lives are chains of chances"* and as Euripides saw clearly so long ago: *"Chance fights ever on the side of the prudent."*

Your only insurance against tomorrow is what you do today! To put it bluntly, the mistakes you make in your younger years are drafts upon your older years, *payable with interest*, some 30 years later. The so-called *"diseases of old age"* are essentially the diseases of 50 to 70; *"the dangerous years."* Medical research now indicates that men who survive these dangerous years *without acquiring a chronic disease* (such as heart trouble or cancer) are likely to live on another *healthy* quarter of a century.

What keeps well people well? Medical men have long concentrated upon sick people and how to get them well . . . not upon well people and how to keep them well. Now many top research scientists are concentrating their efforts on *preventive medicine . . . how to keep well people well.*

May we suggest that you get the benefits of this new research for yourself? Do as so many thousands of executives do. Subscribe to Executive Health Report. The members of our Editorial Board are among the world's most distinguished authorities on *preventive medicine.* Their wise advice can help you not only live longer but enjoy those extra years! Each month they brief you on some one specific subject to give you a broader understanding of how to keep healthy, year after wonderful year, long after other men (born the same day you were) are dead . . . or might as well be!

Send for sample copies of Executive Health Report. As you examine these reports, written in clear, non-technical language, we believe you will see why our reports are used by so many of America's great corporations (such as Westinghouse, Boeing and Sears) to brief their executives on how to take better care of their health, and so *stay young longer!*

Executive Health Report is not sold on newsstands but only by private subscription at $18.00 a year. To get your sample copies just circle your choice of any 3 of the reports listed below — and mail with a dollar to cover handling and mailing costs:

The Non-Dieting Diet. Walking is magic to keep (or win back) a strong, lean body (and that is only the beginning)!

120/80 or what? High blood pressure: the hidden hazard of your executive job.

The dangerous "Pattern A": What kind of man are you?

On the high-fiber diet . . . and why you may do well (very well) to add it!

The truth about the right diet and exercise to lose weight safely and stay slender for life.

On wine and your well-being: "Man's oldest medicine," used in moderation, contributes much more than pleasure to your life!

Dr. Alton Ochsner, "On the Role of Vitamins C and E in Medicine." A world-famous surgeon tells you how and why he uses these two essential vitamins.

On Your Aching Back. The disc myth—and why you can stop almost any backache by a simple, effective exercise program.

After 500 years . . . Luigi Cornaro's recipe for a long life remains by far the best we know!

The bitter truth of atherosclerosis . . . "The Silent Killer" (and how you can change your risk!)

On how to live 90 to 100 healthy years! (The syndrome of longevity . . . its 7 great "constants.")

Go easy gentlemen . . . Too much social drinking damages your liver (even though you may feel well, eat well, and never get tight!)

Never take a chance . . . Never ignore any sign of a TIA (Transient Ischemic Attack) such as a sudden temporary weakness of an arm or leg. Why?

The danger of unrecognized heart attacks in apparently healthy men (a heart specialist's report on 10 years of testing U.S. Air Force pilots).

On the nature of headache . . . "The most common medical complaint of civilized man" (and what you need to know about it to play safe).

Dr. Linus Pauling . . . On Vitamin C Against Disease. Why your health may be benefited in many ways by a proper intake of this essential vitamin.

On that eyesight of yours . . . Ignorance of the risks you run as you grow older can be dangerous, even lead to blindness!

On your risk of hearing loss . . . Year after year, after 40, your risk grows greater. Why is this and what can you do to minimize it?

Dr. Mark D. Altschule: "On the Much-Maligned Egg." Are we taking a lot of pleasure out of eating unnecessarily?

Dr. Linus Pauling: What about vitamin E? Eminent investigators now suspect it may be one of the key factors to help resist disease and slow the aging process.

On fatigue, the great deceiver. Why most men never get their "second wind" in business.

Travel risks travel agents don't talk about! Things you should know and do if you want to fly the world and come home healthy!

Dr. James Greenwood, Jr.: On Vitamin C in the prevention and treatment of back pain.

On Stress and The Executive. Dr. Hans Selye, world-famous endocrinologist, explains why hard work is the secret of living a long, satisfying and successful life.

How much do you know about reducing that isn't so? Dr. Jean Mayer, Professor of Nutrition at Harvard, from new research, may offer you some surprises!

Dr. Mark D. Altschule: What Causes Your Arteries to Harden . . . if cholesterol is not guilty?

The Anatomy of Courage. Some truths a man must learn to accept about life (and what he must do if he is to face up to them).

Please use the coupon below and be sure you have circled all 3 of the reports you wish.

***Executive Health Report,* P.O. Box 589, Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067**

Gentlemen: I enclose a dollar to pay handling and mailing costs for the three reports I have circled. Please send me a list of 65 of your other reports.

NAME (please print)________________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________________

STATE______________________ZIP______________NY-4

STEVENS CHAS. A. STEVENS, 25 N. STATE, CHICAGO

STEVENS KNOWS YOUR MOOD:

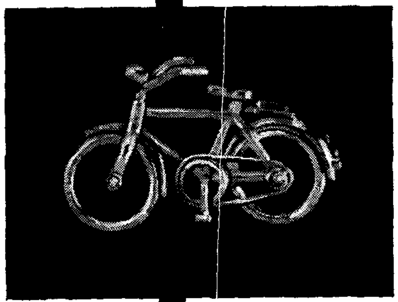
sensuously self-indulgent, in a blouse from Lady Manhattan . . . chosen for its luxury feel as well as its elegant good looks. White, copper, silver or green mist . . . catching the light, in Qiana® nylon, 8-16, 15.00. In The Farmington Shop, 3rd Floor.

Please add 1.25 for handling.

SBF pedals diamonds

Not one to spin our wheels, SBF greets the bike craze in sparkling fashion. Our 18k gold pins are a mere 1¼ inches long. Both bicycles have a tiny diamond in each wheel and a diamond for a headlight. Right. $195. Left, the deluxe model with fenders and a taillight that's just a glint of a ruby. $225. May we send you?

Add $1 shipping charge



Stix, Baer & Fuller
ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY

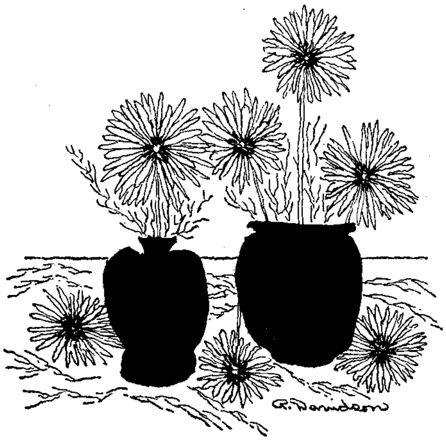
me—kilted, lyrical, and irrelevant—and those who are doing the talking now. They're very positive, very sure of their case, very well informed. There's no bagpipe music behind what they're saying—just hard fact. And, do you know, that's a relief. The grudge has gone—they don't have huge chips on their shoulder, they don't girn at being badly done by. In fact, there's a sentence in the new S.N.P. manifesto: 'The National Movement is a revolution of rising expectations rather than a mere protest against economic deprivation.' I thought that would appeal to you. But can you imagine anybody writing that way ten years ago?"

I was surprised, I told Hamish, that positive attitudes had prevailed, for I'd thought that the whole oil situation might have been borne as yet another injustice to Scotland.

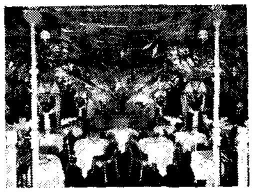
"It's to the credit of the S.N.P. that the possible meaning of oil to Scotland was spelled out," Hamish answered. "At first, there was a good deal of headshaking, although it was accepted as inevitable. I have a clerk in my chambers who says every night, 'See you tomorrow, if we're spared'—well, that same fatalism accepted oil. But inevitability doesn't mean you don't *do* anything. We've been trying to put it across that Scotland could have considerable control over the unwinding of that inevitability. The oil both liberates us from all that gloomy history of which I am so fond and gives us a power basis to beef up our arguments. I sometimes feel sorry that it took oil to bring it about, though. It's dirty stuff."

We talked our way through dinner, always coming back to oil—to the kind of animated speculation that I kept running into all over Scotland and that, for me, took some getting used to. I pressed Hamish about his own plans.

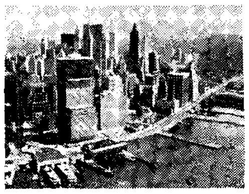
"At present, I'm watching oil happenings like a football fan," he said. "But

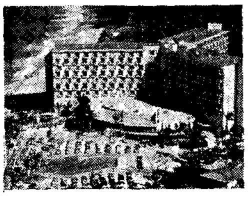


THE



RIGHT SPACES
IN THE





RIGHT PLACES.

LOEWS
HOTELS

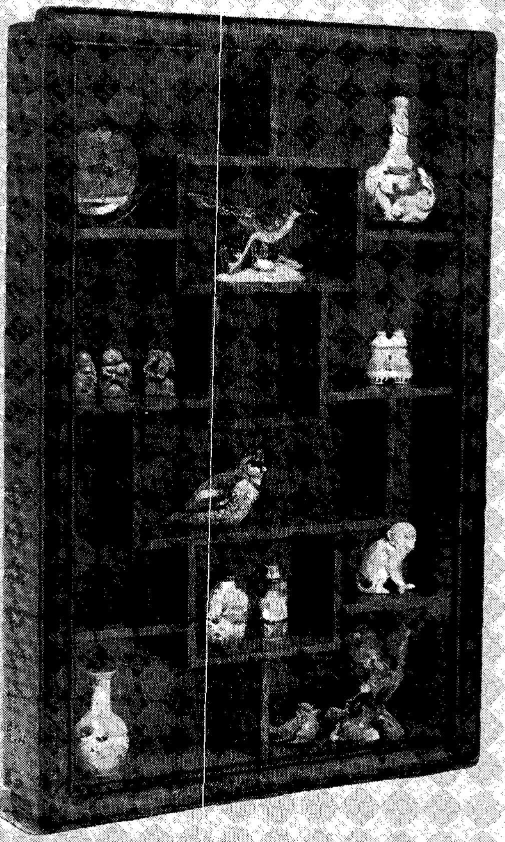
We don't put you out at the airport or on the edge of town. Our hotels are in the middle of the city or the center of a resort. Stay with us, wherever we are, and you get more out of your stay. Whether you come for business or sightseeing, shopping or entertainment. After all, what's inside a Loews hotel is just as good as what surrounds it.

See your travel agent or check the Yellow Pages and call LRI (Loews Reservations Inc.) in your area toll-free.

NEW YORK: THE REGENCY. LOEWS DRAKE. LOEWS WARWICK. LOEWS SUMMIT. RAMADA INN. HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE. **WASHINGTON, D.C.:** LOEWS L'ENFANT PLAZA. **QUEBEC, CANADA:** LOEWS LE CONCORDE. **NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS:** LOEWS PARADISE ISLAND HOTEL & VILLAS. **LONDON, ENGLAND:** LOEWS CHURCHILL. **HAMBURG, GERMANY:** LOEWS HAMBURG PLAZA. OPENING SPRING 1975. **MONTE-CARLO, MONACO:** LOEWS MONTE-CARLO. OPENING FALL 1975. **FRANKFURT, GERMANY:** LOEWS FRANKFURT. OPENING SPRING 1976. **MONTREAL, CANADA:** LOEWS LA CITE. **MARBELLA, SPAIN:** LOEWS MARBELLA BEACH. LOEWS MARBELLA GOLF OPENING FALL 1976. **ATHENS, GREECE:** LOEWS ATHENS.

oriental accent

bloomingdale's



Bloomingdale's, exclusive Curio Cabinet, designed and hand-crafted in the Orient of handsome teakwood. The glass door trimmed with a teakwood perimeter, can be locked: 20"Wx4"Dx29"H. By Hong Horizons. 365.00. Curios shown are but a sample of the vast collection in The Gift Shop, 6th Floor, New York and all stores. Mail and phone orders filled. We regret, no C.O.D.'s. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 355-5900. Open late Monday and Thursday.

At last, the world's most famous designers design clothes for your bed.

Cecil Beaton

Cecil Beaton with "Primulas" transforms your bedroom into an enchanting "My Fair Lady" garden. From our Designer Workshop. Sheets from $8. Coordinating bed clothes, too. Available at fine stores.

Bedclothes by Wamsutta®

Wamsutta Mills (A division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 111 W. 40 St., N.Y.C. 10018.

I'm really gathering my strength for the time when a Scottish Parliament comes into being. *That's* when I'll run for office. There's nothing I'm better at than arguing with my own countrymen about our own country. It's bound to be the most clamorous assembly in Christendom."

IT surprised me, as I moved about Scotland, to find how much not just the subject of oil but its vocabulary had permeated regular conversation. A driver who took me across Shetland talked about the prospect of "land-based oil-related industries" in a small village we were passing, as though he had been looking forward to such things all his island life, and my landlady in Aberdeen twice referred to the "infrastructure" of the city. She had been reading; she was certainly involved. "I keep thinking I ought to go and take a last look at a few places along the coast," she told me, "but, from what I hear, I'd be too late for some of them." She would indeed; they were being given an infrastructure. Oil-company language is conspicuously bland and neatly conclusive. Some of the proliferating documents make the oil operation so systematically clear that they read like the instructions for some giant building kit:

> In the case of the large Forties field, it is planned to pipe the oil ashore through a thirty-two-inch-diameter line with a two-and-one-half-inch reinforced concrete coating.... The laying of such a large diameter line in about four hundred feet of water has never before been attempted and is something of a record in itself. Pipe-laying in deeper waters will be even more difficult—so difficult that a new generation of dynamically positioned semi-submersible pipelaying barges is being designed for the purpose.

"You've got to watch that oil-company talk," remarked a friend of mine who is much concerned with conservation. "They'll talk about a safety zone when what they really mean is a danger zone, and when they mention wastage in the North Sea operation, listen closely, for as often as not they mean spillage—and offshore that's not just a word."

I could not believe, however, that the language of high planning had so brainwashed the local inhabitants that they accepted everything unquestioningly, and a sociologist at the University of Aberdeen reassured me on that score. "I don't think we have anything like the energetic single-mindedness of the oilmen," he said. "Initially, their dedication is impressive, and they produce impeccable reasoning about oil and

Gorham presents a beautiful variation on bird watching.

Gorham's Birds of America is a magnificent collection of hand-carved, hand-painted wooden birds that are so superbly realistic you'll become a bird watcher and look at them again and again.

This is truly a special collection. One that was inspired by the outstanding bird portraitures of the well-known wildlife artist, Tom Dolan. Mr. Dolan's precise and lifelike art has given Gorham's artisans a wealth of detail and definition from which to work. The outcome is truly exquisite. Gorham's master craftsmen have painstakingly recreated Mr. Dolan's style and technique to perfection and transformed it into twelve exciting three-dimensional sculptures.

Each is a masterpiece. Realistic yet delicate, with the birds majestically poised on gnarled branches set on a rare wax wood base.

Only the Gift World of Gorham could have created the Birds of America collection. Bird watching at fine gift stores and giftware departments.

GORHAM DIVISION OF textron

Birds of America shown above: Main illustration, Ruby Crowned Kinglets, 6¼" high, $125. Bottom row, left to right: Kentucky Warbler, 7⅛" high, $125. Magnolia Warblers, 8⅛" high, $125. Cardinal, 8½" high, $90. Mountain Bluebird, 7½" high, $90. Prices subject to change without notice. For the name of the nearest store displaying the Birds of America collection write to: The Gift World of Gorham, 333 Adelaide Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island 02907

1975 Pontiac Grand Am.

A case of unmistakable identity.

Say you're trying to set yourself up. Make sure you get spotted.

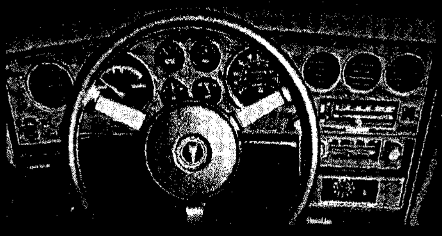
Grand Am should be your car. Pontiac's great American road car is about as conspicuous as they come.

With the soft nose that everybody knows. Followed by 2- or 4-door colonnade styling.

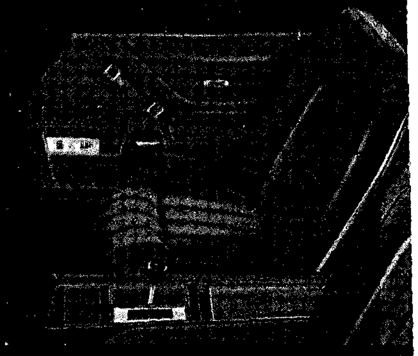
And stripes that shoot back from across the nose.

Face it, they'll spot you coming a mile away.

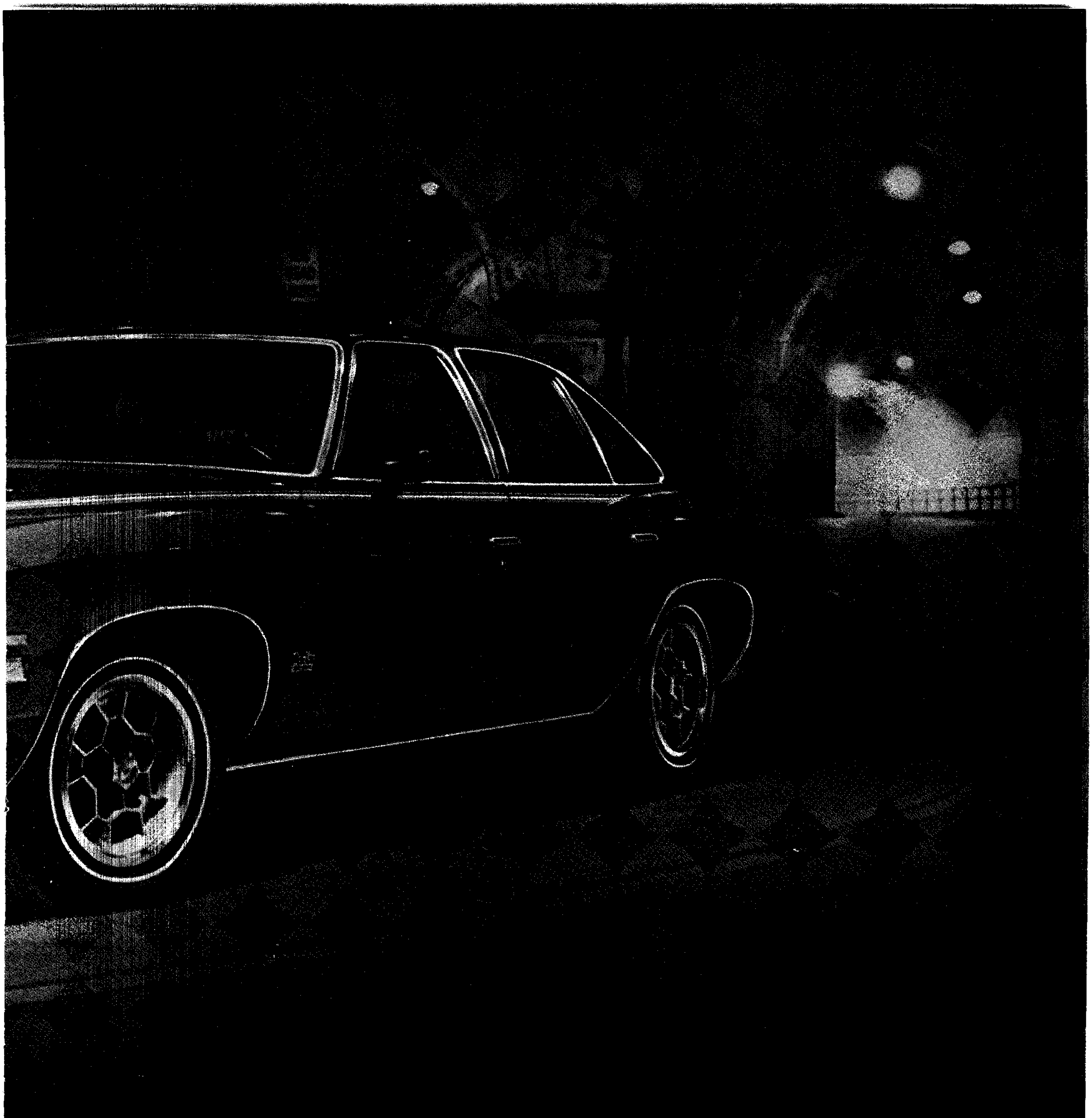
But that's what Grand Am's styling is all about.



It'll take a sly spy to tell the real crossfire mahogany from our simulation. Every gauge but our new fuel economy gauge is standard. And even that can be bought.



You get a positive I.D. inside, too. Fine cloth. Lateral suppor buckets with right recliner. Pul straps. Grand Am insignia.



RTS Radial Tuned Suspension

Ah-hah! Another telltale sign. RTS is Pontiac's countersign for Radial Tuned Suspension.

RTS tunes Grand Am's suspension to GM specification steel-belted radials.

It includes front and rear stabilizers, firm shocks and more.

RTS adds strength to Grand Am's credentials as a great American road car. From the Wide-Track people, of course.

Nobody's perfect...but we're trying. When you buy a car, you deserve a quality, dependable product. And a dealer that treats you fairly.

We're trying to see that you get what you deserve.

Our new Maximum Mileage System requires unleaded fuel and represents the most advanced engineering and technology we can offer on our '75 Pontiacs.

It helps you get up to 7,500 miles between oil changes...22,500 miles between spark plug changes. And it helps reduce overall operating costs.

Our assembly lines are constantly improved to help build better cars.

And we send a questionnaire to every new Pontiac owner. Because we value your opinion on where we need improvement.

Nobody builds perfect cars. But at Pontiac, we're sure trying.

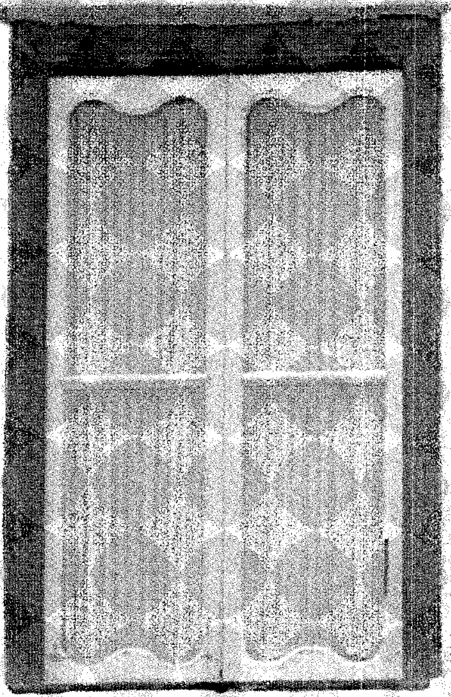
Pontiac Motor Division

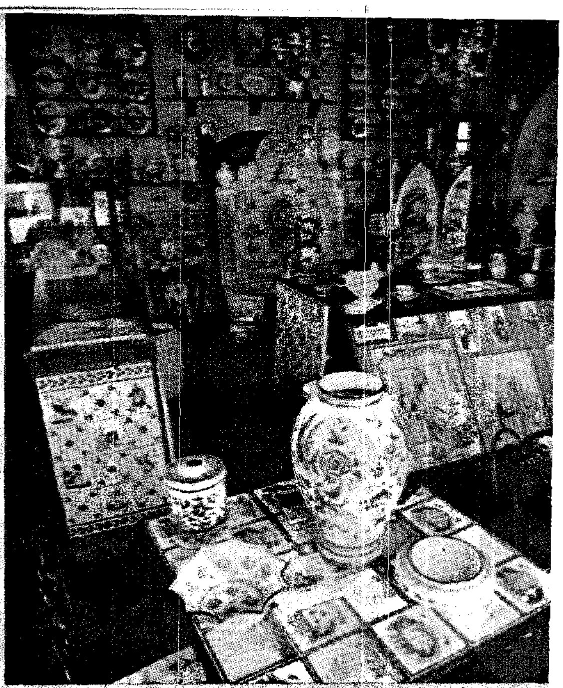
Pontiac strikes again.

PONTIAC

GM

The beaches in Portugal haven't been overrun by tourists. You can find on them what European beaches have long since run out of. Privacy.

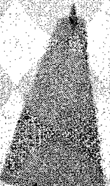




Portugal hasn't been plundered and pillaged by hordes of American treasure hunters. You can still find fine antiques, excellent silver, lovely crafts and shopkeepers who aren't lying in wait.

PORTUGAL
IT'S WHAT EUROPE USED TO BE AND WHAT EUROPE USED TO COST

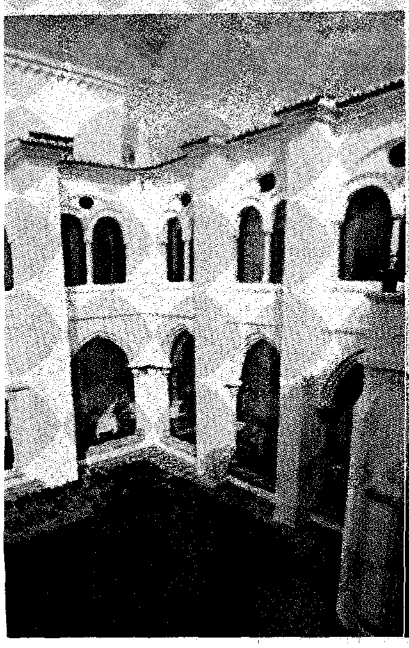
The people in Portugal remind you of the way Europeans used to act toward American tourists. They're openly friendly without any ulterior motive.

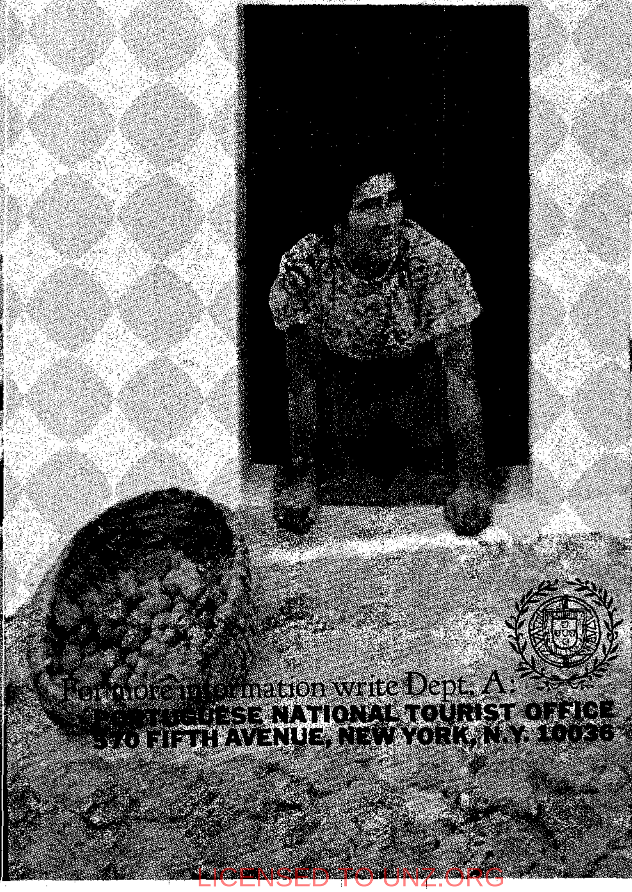


For $13, not one, but two of you can stay at an 18th Century villa, and sleep on hand-embroidered sheets. Breakfast included. For about $16 two can stay at a 15th Century convent overlooking Roman ruins. With three meals a day!

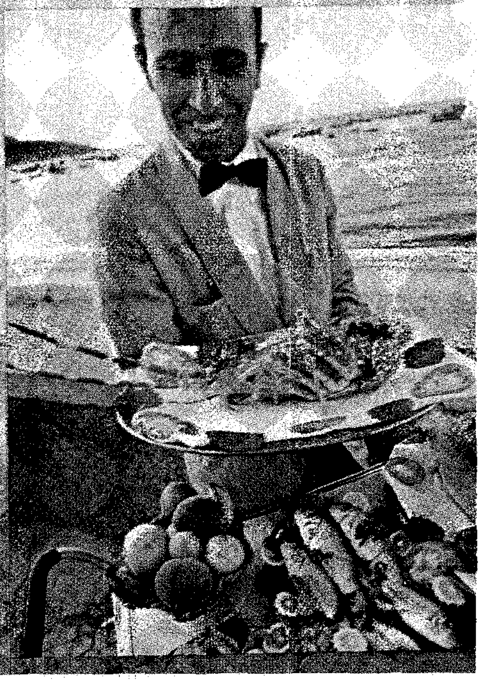
In Portugal, you can have a four-course dinner usually including the wine for $6. For another $2 you can have a lavish five-course dinner at what used to be a royal palace.

There's Never Been a Better Time To See Portugal.





For more information write Dept. A:
PORTUGUESE NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
570 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036



all its advantages. Questions? They're eager with answers. But I've watched people in Aberdeen since all this began, and although it's taken them a long time, they've arrived at their own questions—questions that don't have neat, oil-company answers to them and that are unanswerable, in fact, because oil hasn't happened yet, so to speak. I think they've learned now to distinguish between a plan and an actuality. And I think they've gone from being charmed to being alarmed."

In 1972, at an oil conference in Aviemore, Sir David Barran, then the chairman of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, unfortunately remarked, "The principal question concerning Scotland now is perhaps not so much 'What will the oil industry do for Scotland?' as 'What can Scotland offer the oil industry?' "—a remark that will stay fastened to him as firmly as a ball and chain, and one that confirmed a lot of Scottish anxieties. The translation of "land-based oil-related activities" into a reality is just beginning to show, and there are ample signs of the arrival of the itinerant multinational population that accompanies oil, though nothing like what the more lurid newspapers claim to be the "Texanization" of Scotland. Aberdeen, which I had always remembered as a soft and sleepy city, certainly has a new tingle to it, especially around its harbor district, where the ubiquitous service boats load up on their way out to the rigs, and where fresh paint and new signs show how many companies have taken root there. The staccato clatter of helicopters has become so common that people hardly look up, but the North Sea seemed to me as gray and imperturbable as always. It is Aberdeen's vantage point that has changed. Before, it was something of a northern outpost, the end of the line, and looked wistfully toward the south, whereas now, with business interests in the rest of the country looking north, it has begun to feel its own importance. The hunt for land and property in its vicinity has been frenetic, and prices have risen beyond London levels. To judge by the list of assorted companies and subsidiaries that have sprung up, Scottish financiers have certainly not been unaware of the pickings to be culled from the extensive requirements of oil on land. Although the need for haste makes it necessary to import oil machinery, such equipment, with time, could be built in Scotland, providing jobs on Clydeside, which has never recovered from the withering away of

CAN A BETTER CAMERA MAKE YOU A BETTER PHOTOGRAPHER?

No one can deny that a fine photograph begins in the mind and the eye of the photographer.

But if your camera can't keep up with your ideas, maybe you ought to be thinking about another camera.

Consider a Minolta XK: the camera that was designed to bring out the best in you. As the first and only 35mm reflex to combine the advantages of electronics and the versatility of a total system, it offers unprecedented creative freedom and handling ease for the involved photographer.

An electronically controlled titanium shutter is at the heart of the XK. Its range of speeds is wider than on any camera in the world: from 16 full seconds to 1/2000th second. And it is remarkably quiet, vibration-free and accurate.

The XK's shutter sets itself automatically for correct exposure, according to the lens opening you select. Light is measured automatically by a built-in metering system so unique it's patented.

You can also set the XK's shutter manually without losing creative mastery over every picture situation. Because the Auto-Electro viewfinder shows shutter speeds, aperture and a low-light warning signal, you need never look away from your subject as you focus and compose.

Since your camera needs will almost certainly change, the XK is designed to change with them. You may switch to any of four interchangeable viewfinders or nine focusing screens. A full system of interchangeable Rokkor-X lenses, ranging from fish-eye to super-telephoto, provides still more versatility.

Five years from now, all fine 35mm cameras will offer the innovations that have caused every major photographic magazine to acclaim the Minolta XK. If you're involved with photography, you'll find the Minolta XK is a camera worth examining personally. For the name of your nearest retailer and literature, write Minolta Corporation, Advanced Systems Division, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

minolta
XK
MC ROKKOR-X PG 1:1.2 f=58mm
2700101
MINOLTA
LENS MADE IN JAPAN

THE ELECTRONIC MINOLTA XK

You'll find built-in comfort matched by graceful styling in Henredon's Upholstered Furniture Collection. The classic love seat is just one example. To see illustrations of the entire collection—which includes many made-to-the-inch sofas—send $1.00 for brochure to Henredon, Dept. NY 10-774, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

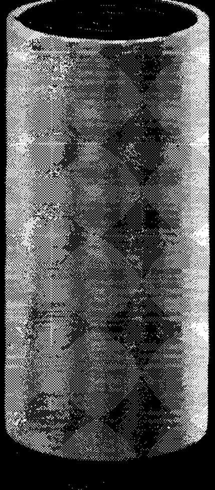
Henredon

FOR INFORMATION. CALL UN 1-8955. OR VISIT OUR STORE AT 831 MADISON AVE., 10 TO 6, MON-SAT.

GEORGE KOVACS

THE INVISIBLE LAMP WITH THE VISIBLE LIGHT.
$29.50

Only 12" tall. More than small, almost non-existent. Tuck it into the corner of a room and though the lamp will all but disappear, it won't be for lack of light. A 150 watt reflector flood-light! On mail orders add $2.50.



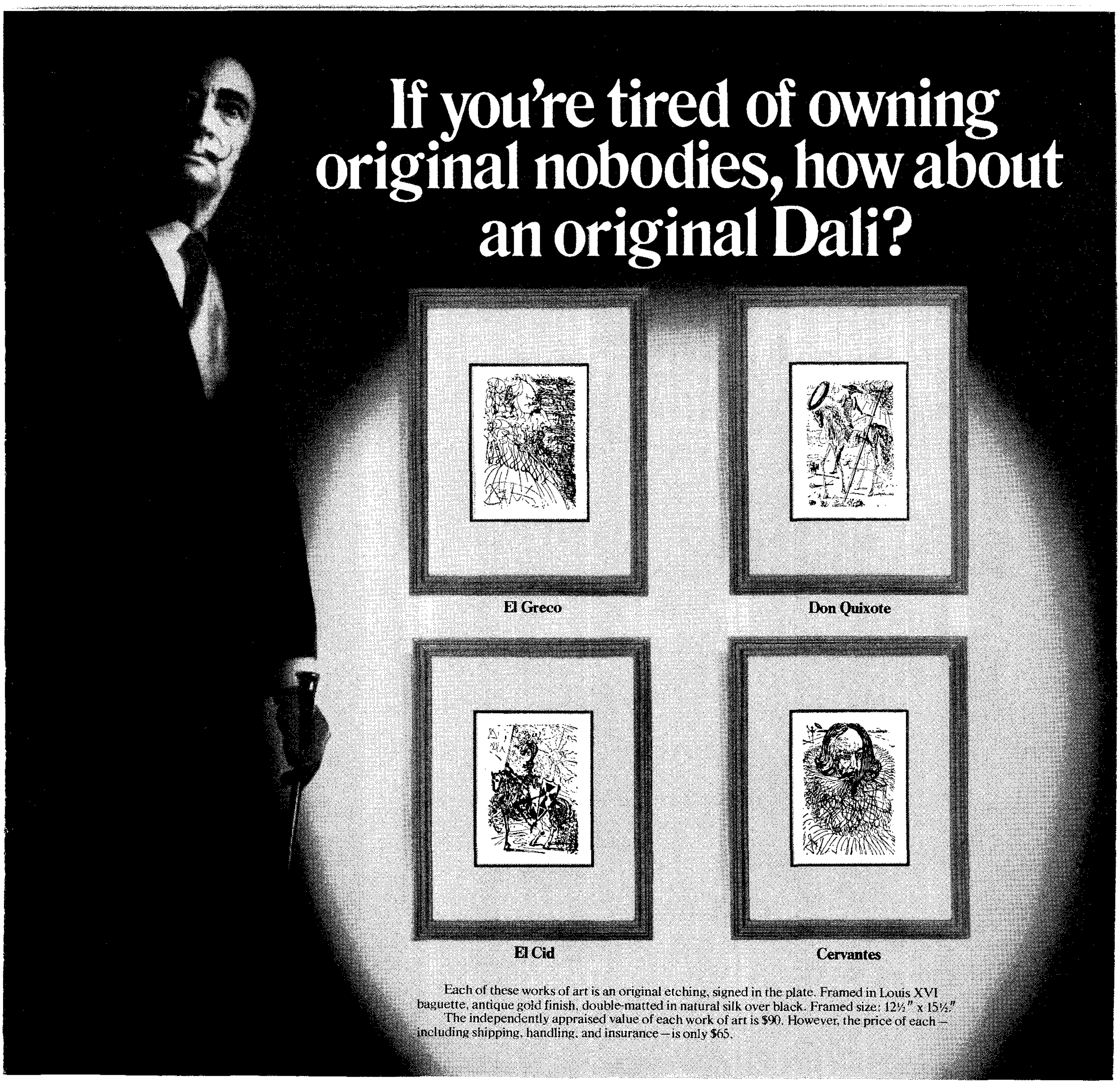
FOR OUR EXCITING CATALOG OF OVER 200 CONTEMPORARY LIGHTING DEVICES, SEND 50 CENTS TO: GEORGE KOVACS, DEPT. N-238, 831 MADISON AVENUE, (69TH ST.), NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021

its shipbuilding industry. Some of the financiers even envision Scotland's developing a petrochemical industry of its own, and going into the manufacture of oil equipment on a world scale—an enterprise that would last "long after the oil has dried up." To some, this is a sinister note to strike when the first oil has still to come ashore, but it is a reminder that the North Sea fields are not inexhaustible.

With planning in the air, everyone becomes a planner, and in Scotland so much time has passed with no more than a wizened stump of a future in view that sudden flights of economic euphoria are certainly understandable. Even so, I came across a characteristic Scottish two-mindedness over many of the oil goings on. Sometimes something close to naked greed revealed itself as the statistics rolled out, fat with zeros, while at other times considerable alarm was voiced at the inevitable results of some of the hastier planning decisions. Especially in the Highlands, what the planners call "local interest" looks askance at violent change, at anything that appears likely to upset the ancient equilibrium. (If I retain one thing from my Scottish childhood, it is a memory of countless old men shaking their heads and muttering "It's no' right!" or "It'll no' do!") Occasionally, confrontations take place that dramatize the complexities of the oil program, and the arguments remain in the air—as they have done over the vexed question of platform construction.

Once the exploration rigs have found and proved the existence of an oil field, a fixed production platform has to be set in place, its piles dug into the seabed. The process of extracting the oil is complicated enough on paper, and in the appalling conditions of the North Sea it stretches oil technology to its limit. (Major operations like laying a seabed pipeline or setting up a production platform must be mounted within the "weather-windows" of April and August, when the weather is less of a hazard.) At present, two types of oil platform are on order for the North Sea. One consists of a steel jacket, a long-legged tower with a working platform on top, weighing some twenty thousand tons, which stands on the seabed; the other is a gravity-based platform—a cluster of ballasted concrete cells, weighing some hundred and seventy-five thousand tons—that is settled on the seabed solidly, with the platform perched on top. (Six steel-jacket platforms are cur-

If you're tired of owning original nobodies, how about an original Dali?



Each of these works of art is an original etching, signed in the plate. Framed in Louis XVI baguette, antique gold finish, double-matted in natural silk over black. Framed size: 12½" x 15½."

The independently appraised value of each work of art is $90. However, the price of each—including shipping, handling, and insurance—is only $65.

Is this a trick of the fabled, fantastic ali imagination? A Daliesque joke?

Not at all.

The world's most significant living artist ctually etched these inspired tributes to he Spanish Immortals on copper plates—sing the medium that has attracted so any of the world's greatest artists: embrandt and Daumier and Goya.

Eloquently, Dali translated his inner ision into a reality that no other modern aster can match.

Then he signed it. So:

And it has been our extreme good ortune to have secured the copper plates he master worked on—each etching pulled rom these plates an authentic original, *ot a reproduction.*

We offer them now, elegantly framed nd matted. Ready for hanging. A rare pportunity for the discriminating person o own, in a group or singly, art of the ighest quality.

Equally important, we offer these masterpieces at a price that any serious art lover can afford—a price significantly less than their independently appraised value!

There are no catches to this. No hidden charges: the price includes handling, delivery, and insurance. And no chance that you will be less than fully satisfied with your acquisition.

If, after living with your art work for a full month, you do not agree that your selection represents a proud possession—you have absolute and unquestioned return privileges. We will refund the purchase price. In full.

For seasoned collectors, this is an event of unquestioned importance.

And for people who have longed for their own collection—but assumed it was beyond their reach—this offers an exciting chance to begin with the original work of an enduring genius.

At a most unexpected price.

THE Collector's Guild LTD.
9404B
185 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

I have selected the authenticated original etching(s) by Salvador Dali checked below, for which I make full payment of $65. each (includes shipping, handling, and insurance charges) in the manner indicated. I understand that I may enjoy the work(s) in my home for one full month with this guarantee: If not satisfied at that time, I may return the work(s) undamaged, via insured parcel post, for a prompt and full refund.

☐ El Cid ☐ Cervantes ☐ El Greco ☐ Don Quixote

☐ Check or money order for $______ enclosed (N.Y. residents, please add applicable sales tax).

Please bill my account number:
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard® ☐ Master Charge

Account # (all digits)
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiration Date________ Inter Bank Number ☐☐☐☐ Master Charge only

____
Signature (required for credit card users)

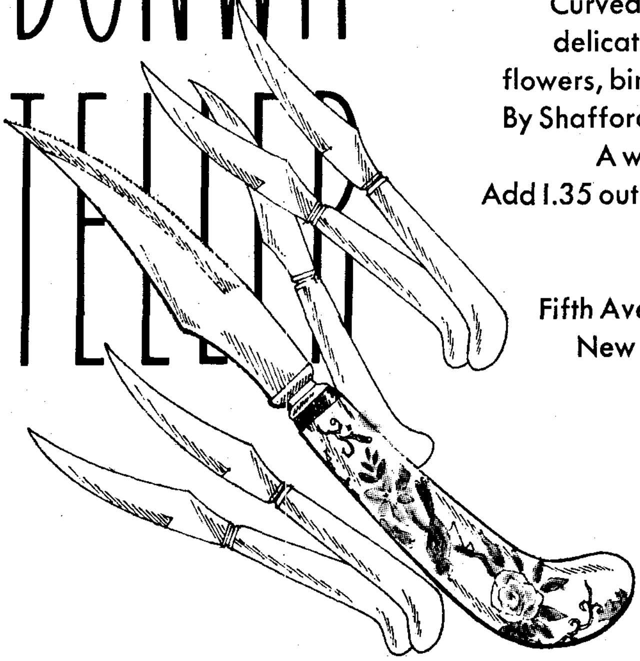
Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip__________

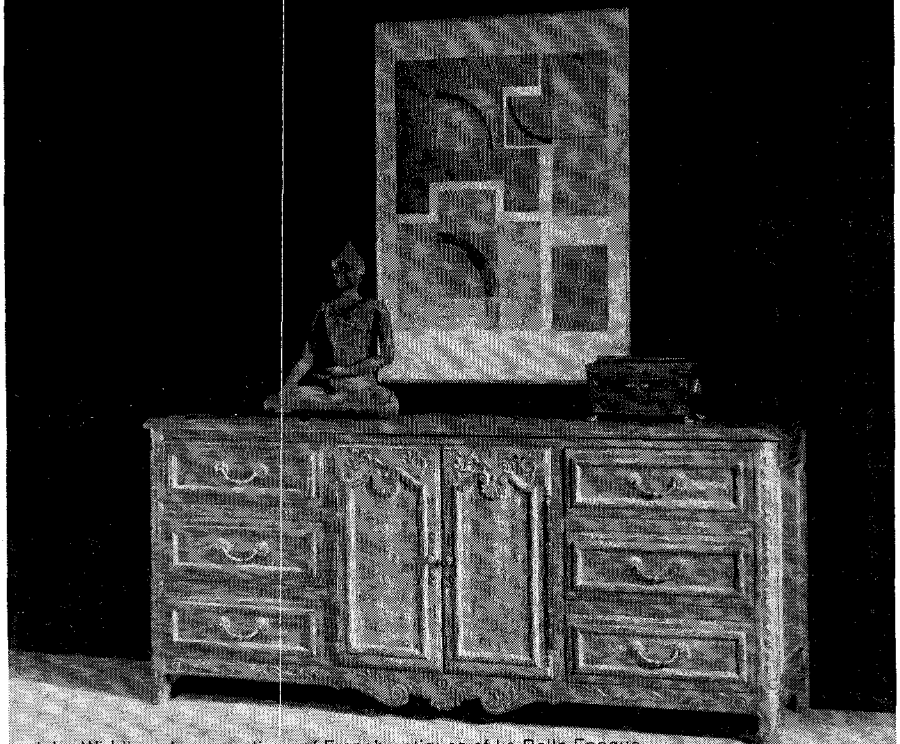
Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

dditional art specifications about the masterworks illustrated on this page: Each was pulled by the master craftsman, Emiliano Sorini, at his studio, in non-limited editions in 1974 from plates not cancelled. hese are *first state* original prints whose prior edition was limited to 125 signed, plus 10 artist's proofs. None of these plates has been reworked; all remain as they were intended by the Master who created them.



BONWIT TELLER

First at Bonwit's...
the edge on elegant dining
Our beautifully decorated
cream porcelain steak knives
with fine English steel blades
are a must at your next dinner.
Curved porcelain handles
delicately decorated with
flowers, birds and butterflies.
By Shafford. Set of six, 30.00
A wonderful gift idea!
Add 1.35 outside delivery area.
Gifts
Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street
New York and all stores



john widdicomb
makers of fine furniture for more than a century

John Widdicomb re-creations of French antiques of La Belle Epoque
Drawers, shelving and proportions re-cast for modern use.
Thru your Interior Designer, Architect or Dealer. At the John Widdicomb furniture galleries
NEW YORK, 205 E. 58TH ST. • BOSTON, 90 BERKELEY ST. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST. • GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BUILDING
Atlanta • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Indianapolis • Miami • Minneapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

rently being built in Scottish yards, while eight of the concrete platforms have been ordered, five of them from abroad.) To construct an oil platform takes from eighteen months to two years, so if the oil is to reach its maximum flow, platform construction must be set in motion well ahead, particularly with the seasonal limitations of the North Sea. To build a concrete platform requires a deep-water construction site (the completed platform is then towed by tugs to its working position), and what became one of the most pointed dramas in oil theatre to date was set in motion in April, 1973, when two construction companies—Taylor Woodrow and John Mowlem, Ltd.—applied to the Ross and Cromarty County Council for the right to develop two deep-water sites for the construction of concrete platforms at Drumbuie, on the shores of Loch Carron, a deep inlet on the west coast of Scotland. What added to the drama was the fact that the Drumbuie site, because of its spectacular setting, had been bequeathed in 1946 to the National Trust for Scotland, "to be held inalienably for the national benefit"—a bequest so clear in its terms that it could be altered only by Parliamentary legislation. Ominously, before objectors had properly begun to be heard, the Conservative Government proposed a Land Acquisitions Bill—apparently with Drumbuie in mind—that would give it power to acquire sites urgently needed in the national economic interest. The general election of February, 1974, interceded before the bill had even been drawn up, but discussion continued under the Labour Government until, in late August of this year, the Secretary of State for Scotland invoked his statutory powers to refuse permission for development, putting an end to the public argument but leaving the controversy to go festering on in private. More than once, the government showed obvious impatience at the cumbersome machinery of public inquiry. And what rattled the local inhabitants most was the discovery that the government in London seemed so ruthlessly committed to instant oil that it was prepared to consider constitutional steps for brushing aside objections, so that they themselves would have no power of decision over the fate of their own land.

If the government decides to rush ahead with platform building, it must inevitably open new construction sites. With less haste, however, existing yards could continue to turn out both steel and concrete platforms and would

"HERMAN AND ERNEST WENTE, YOU STAY UP ON THOSE BARRELS"

Back in 1894, it took determination to take a family portrait. Like this one, taken at the then 50 acre vineyard of Carl H. Wente in California's Livermore Valley. Also obviously caught by the camera, they were a typical family of the times: hard-working, self-reliant, proud of what they accomplished. Through four generations of Wentes, these qualities still exist. It tells in what they still do. Make wine. The now renowned Wente Bros. table wines.

Photos don't lie: Herman (on the right) and Ernest (on the left) must have hated their big bow ties and having to sit still for the more than a couple of minutes on barrels just for what they thought was some silly photograph. But, they were learning more than obedience and patience. They were learning that their dad was proud of his family and his product, and he wanted this family pictured as part of their achievements. After all, they all pitched in. Families did that then. So, he put the family name on their wine. Which meant you make it the very best you know how. And, Carl H. Wente knew how.

The Wente family is still proud of their name on every bottle of their wines. And, by the way, very proud of Carl H. Wente's family portrait, too!

WENTE BROS
WENTE BROS
WENTE BROS
WENTE BROS
WENTE BROS
WENTE BROS
WENTE BROS

DISTRIBUTED BY PARROTT & CO. SAN FRANCISCO *(we've known about quality for 119 years)*

Remarkable lamb's wool classic

Pure lamb's wool in a fine, flat knit gives this shirt the lightweight warmth you favor for fall-into-winter. Medium blue, natural tan, maize, hunter green or rust. S-M-L-XL. $22.50.

PLEASE ADD $1.00 FOR MAIL ORDERS OPEN A TRIPLER CHARGE OR USE THE AMERICAN EXPRESS MONEY CARD.

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET, NEW YORK 10017 • (212) MU 2-1760

have a longer working life. The depth of the water in the North Sea requires monstrous platforms, standing over six hundred feet high—in scale, they are always shown relative to the London Post Office Tower (in English newspapers) or to the Scott Monument in Edinburgh (in Scottish newspapers). Many feel that conditions in the North Sea require a new technology—indeed, new platform designs have turned up, one for a buoyant concrete platform anchored to the seabed and another, of French origin, which can be assembled at sea—but time is clearly needed for testing and experiment, and the forward momentum is just as clearly not going to slow down. To many Scots, haste seems more hazardous all the time, particularly as it becomes apparent that drilling in the tumultuous weather of the North Sea is as much a new experience for the oil companies as it is for everyone else.

While the oil companies allow that the North Sea represents a frontier, they appear to regard that frontier as something to be taken in stride. Conditions are formidable—wave heights of fifty feet, wind speeds of ninety miles an hour, a water depth of between four hundred and fifty and six hundred feet, and long distances from land. In the report of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, presented in 1971, I found one chilling paragraph:

> In recent years the resources of the seabeds have been increasingly open to exploitation. In some cases, for example, from oil fields in shallow waters, severe accidental pollution has already occurred, from which there may be irreversible effects. Little is known of the possible effects of dredging or drilling of the deep sea floor, which technology is making increasingly accessible.

Oil spills have not happened in the North Sea so far, because the oil has not yet begun to flow. And while the oil companies are taking calculated risks, the hazards remain incalculable. The thought of large tankers loading from platforms in North Sea weather dismays not only environmentalists. Two great ghosts hover at the edge of everyone's anxiety—the wreck of the tanker Torrey Canyon in the English Channel in 1967, which spilled some ninety thousand tons of crude oil on beaches along the south coast of England, and the blowout on a drilling platform in the Santa Barbara Channel, in the Pacific, in January, 1969, which is still seeping oil. Both are classic cautionary tales, and both are quite often invoked in North Sea conversation. The North Sea has not been immune to accident—four oil rigs have already

MONEY CLIP

BY Cini

14KT. GOLD MONEY CLIP
WITH $20. GOLD PIECE
$900.00

GUGLIELMO CINI, INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HIGHWAY
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651
PHONE (714) 494-1440

YOUR FIRST TASTE OF THE ORIENT IS FREE.

Cathay Pacific Airways Discovery Tours of the Orient

But very valuable. Cathay Pacific's free tour book gives you a look at the most colorful people and places in the Far East. All kinds of tours, from the airline of the Orient for 27 years. All kinds of experiences you could miss without this book.

Yes, give me a free taste of the Orient.
Name________
Address________
City________State________Zip________
My travel agent is________

Cathay Pacific Airways – Dept. NY107
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

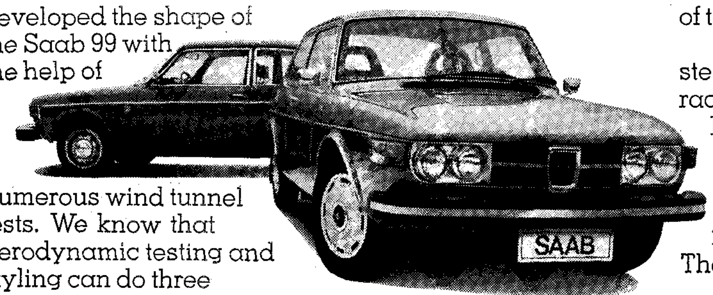
Why you should consider a Saab if you're looking at a Volvo.

There are only two cars built in Sweden. Saab and Volvo. Both were initially designed and engineered to satisfy the particularly difficult driving conditions found in Scandinavia. And both have a reputation for being strong, durable and safe automobiles.

But there are a number of differences between the two which we feel makes the Saab a more sensible purchase decision.

1. Our shape.

At Saab, we've always felt that form should follow function. So we developed the shape of the Saab 99 with the help of numerous wind tunnel tests. We know that aerodynamic testing and styling can do three important things for a car:



a. Improve gas mileage, since the engine doesn't have to work as hard.
b. Lower wind noise.
c. Give excellent stability in crosswinds.

Now styling is a very subjective judgment, but we feel that the way our car looks, helps the way it works. And that in itself is very beautiful, indeed.

2. Smaller outside. More room inside.

The table below compares the general dimensions of the Saab 99 and Volvo 142. As you can see, Saab is considerably smaller on the outside than the Volvo. But on the inside, there are some surprises.

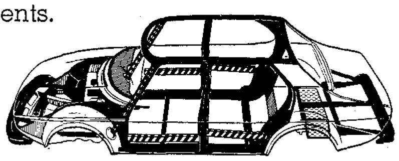
SAAB 99		**VOLVO 142**	
Overall length	174.0"	Overall length	188.0"
Wheelbase	97.4"	Wheelbase	103.0"
Headroom, front	39.5"	Headroom, front	39.0"
Headroom, rear	38.5"	Headroom, rear	35.5"
Trunkspace (by volume)	23.3 cu. ft.	Trunkspace (by volume)	23.2 cu. ft.

a. The Saab has more headroom front and rear than the Volvo.
b. The Saab has a little more trunk space than the Volvo. (And that's even before you fold down the rear seat on Saab and find a little station wagon in back. A feature that Volvo doesn't have.)

We think that once you sit in both a Saab and a Volvo you'll note that in the other critical measurements Saab is about the same as Volvo.

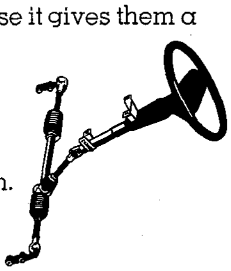
3. Front-wheel drive.

A lot of people may not care whether it's the front wheels or the rear wheels of their car that move them. But we at Saab believe there is a very big difference. That's one reason that every car we've built has had front-wheel drive. Besides the fact that front-wheel drive is predicted to be on all cars in the future, we adhere to the front-wheel drive principle because we feel it's a safer system for the average driver because you're less apt to skid and it gives you better directional stability. We also think that it gives you a sports-car feel of the road. And that the increased traction you get by putting the engine weight over the drive wheels is a big advantage on wet and slippery pavements.



4. Rack and pinion steering, overhead cam, etc.

In engineering the Saab, we have used a number of techniques that you won't find in Volvo.



Like our rack and pinion steering. Rack and pinion steering is the type of steering found on most famous race cars. Drivers prefer it because it gives them a better feel of the road and a more direct response.

Saab also has an overhead camshaft on its 2 liter fuel-injected engine. The reason? More efficient design.

Saab has a number of other features too, as does Volvo. Both have 4 wheel disc brakes, 4-speed manual transmissions (3-speed automatic optional), 15 inch wheels and radial tires standard.

Both even have electrically heated driver seats. (But we had it two years before Volvo.)

5. As many dealers as Volvo.

There's no question about who has sold more cars in the U.S. up until now. Volvo is ahead. And that tends to make a lot of people think that Saab just didn't have the sales and service facilities necessary to handle a large volume of cars.

But Saab has more than 450 dealers nationwide. As many as Volvo. More than Audi. And more than any other car in our class.

To find the dealer nearest you, check the yellow pages.

6. Price.

Often the first—and final—decision on a new car is based on price. Saab and Volvo are competitively priced. The P.O.E. price of the Saab 99LE two door with manual transmission, radial ply tires, and all other standard equipment is $4698. The comparable model for Volvo is the 142 at $4760.

7. The test drive is the test.

The real difference between two cars cannot be adequately judged until you have driven both cars. That's why we think everyone looking at a Volvo is not being fair to themselves until they also test drive a Saab.

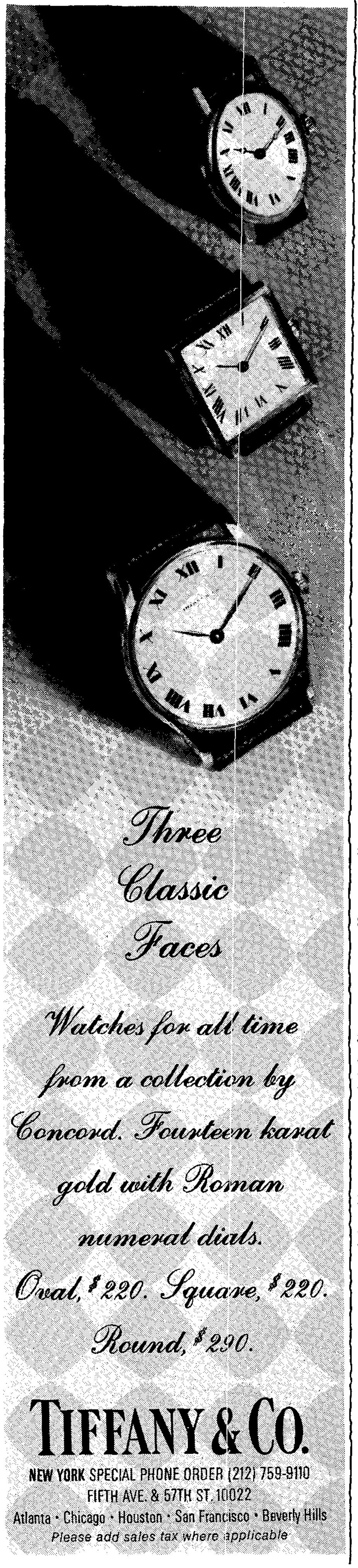
We think the fun of driving that you experience in a Saab will convince you that comfortable, safe, dependable, practical, economical transportation doesn't have to be dull.

No matter what other car you may be considering, we think once you test drive a Saab you'll be convinced to buy one.

SAAB

It's what a car should be.

Price does not include dealer prep., taxes and optional equipment, if any.



Three Classic Faces

Watches for all time from a collection by Concord. Fourteen karat gold with Roman numeral dials.

Oval, $220. Square, $220. Round, $290.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK SPECIAL PHONE ORDER (212) 759-9110
FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. 10022
Atlanta • Chicago • Houston • San Francisco • Beverly Hills
Please add sales tax where applicable

been lost. (One rig, the Seagem, collapsed and sank in a storm in 1965, with the loss of thirteen men.) Deaths and accidents on the rigs are reported in the press, but somehow only vaguely. Everything that happens on the rigs seems to be happening on small, mysterious national satellites, out of range of land thinking. But the rigs may not be able to maintain their offshore isolation for much longer. Rumblings have been coming from British trade unions about conditions on the rigs, and even though the oil companies claim that drilling activity is not compatible with tight union organization, they may be running headlong into the kind of labor difficulty that has been plaguing British industry of late. Such a confrontation might easily play havoc with the cramped timetable laid down for oil, and might even lead some of the oil consortia to reconsider their commitment to the North Sea. Yet, as one man on leave from the rigs put it, "They can clear out, but they can't take the oil with them. They act like fairy godmothers, but you've got to remember all the time that we've got what they want. It's been made too easy for them so far."

The initial awe over North Sea oil has given way to wariness. A single sentence from a 1969 report by the Panel on Oil Spills set up by President Nixon reverberates in the air: "If offshore development continues to expand at the present rate and the frequency of accidents remains the same, three thousand to five thousand wells will be drilled annually by 1980, and we can expect to have a major pollution incident somewhere every year." Scotland, obviously, has moved into the front line, and while some people look on these odds as acceptable—a form of technological Russian roulette—others begin to be frightened, not only by the great risk but by the apparent sloughing off of responsibility by the oil companies and the government. The Nationalists, in their February election manifesto, proposed that an indemnity fund be set up to cover accidents and environmental damage, requiring the oil companies to bear financial responsibility for oil hazards. Although the government laid down safety and welfare regulations in an act passed in 1971, it has been slow to insist. The Department of Energy has, however, appointed a Petroleum Inspectorate, and it is producing a safety charter, which the oil companies will have to accept, however reluctantly. An oilman in Aberdeen looked sour at the prospect. "It's bad enough having these weather-

How can you tell the world's finest?

"The Ringway"
About $85.

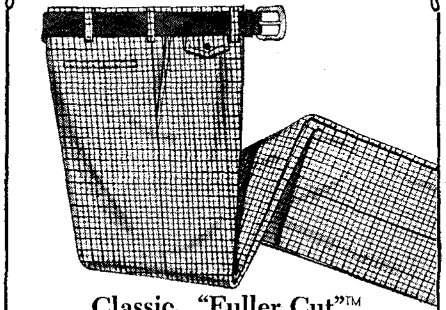
by wearing them!

Church's, 428 Madison Ave., N.Y.
London Shops, Beverly Hills
Lowenson's, Portland
Tearney's, San Francisco
Marshall Field, Chicago
Bloomingdale's, New York
And Other Fine Stores

NORTHAMPTON
ENGLAND
Church's
famous English shoes

For Free Catalogue Write
Church's British Shoes
428 Madison Ave., N. Y., N.Y. 10017

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Classic "Fuller Cut"™
Neat Check Travel Slacks $19

Our strikingly handsome, neat houndstooth check slacks of an easy-care, no-iron blend of Dacron and Avril. A classic for travel and leisure. "Fuller Cut"™ with extra room at knee, thigh and seat for a more comfortable, better fitting slack. Conventional, pre-cuffed straight legs. Unusual, authentic watch pocket with blazers and sportcoats. Brown and White or Blue and White.

Handsome 1½" **Reversible Black-to-Brown** soft cowhide leather belt. 30-42, $8.50; *sizes, 44-48, $10.

Waist	Inseam Length
30-31	28-29-30-31
32-33-34-36	28-29-30-31-32-33
38-40	28-29-30-31-32

Satisfaction guaranteed

Mail Orders To: Neat Check Slks., Belts
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

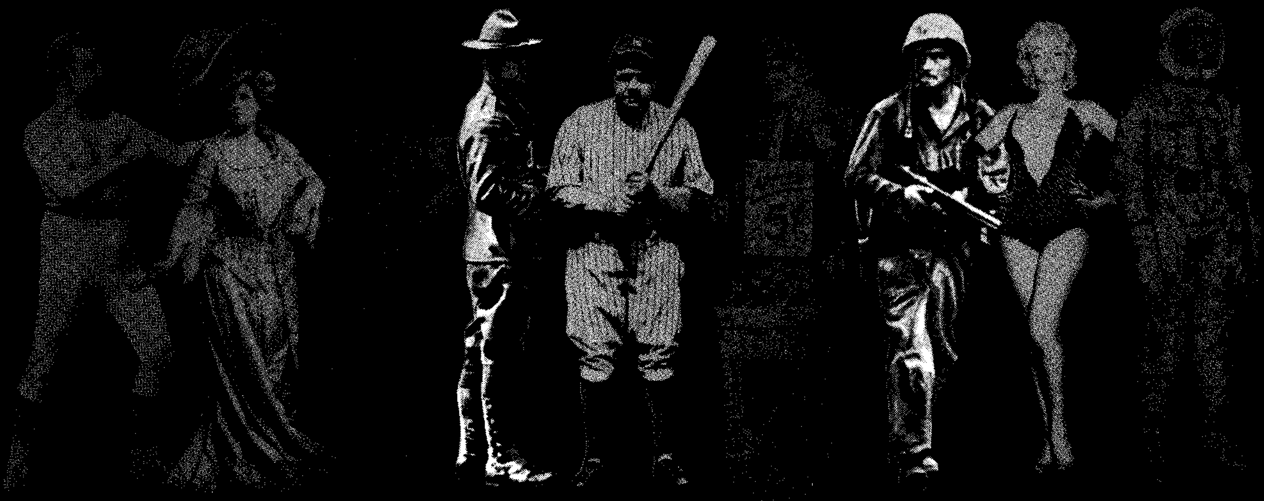
Item	Qty.	Colour	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Slack				Cable Charge ☐
Reversi				Sorry, no COD's

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740

Name..........
Address..........
..........Zip..........

Add 1.85 Ship & Hdlg. • 6½% Sales Tax in Ca. 011007

Diamond International has paid dividends every year of every decade since 1881, the 1890's, the 1900's, the 1910's, the 1920's, the 1930's, the 1940's, the 1950's, the 1960's, and in 1970, 1971, 1972 and 1973.



That's history making.

Anyone can have a good year.

But how many companies have come through consistently? Paid dividends for 93 years in a row? Watched sales and earnings double in the last ten?

Maybe it's our competitive streak. Our management team. (We have one of the youngest in the industry). Our diversification program. Our ability to find marketing solutions — or make them.

Anyway, it's been paying off. And the seventies have just begun.

Diamond International Corporation • 733 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Forest Products • Packaging & Printing • Consumer Products • Building Materials and Home Supplies • Machinery Systems

1975 CAPRICE CLASSIC.

IT RUNS LEANER. IT RUNS CLEANER. IT SAVES YOU MONEY EVERY MILE.

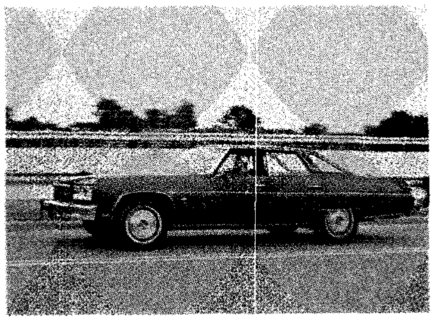
The sensibleness of our uppermost Chevrolet.

Maybe your personal taste and individual preference for elegance have always led you to admire our uppermost Chevrolet. But maybe you've also had a feeling lately that such a car is somewhat out of step with the economic realities of the times.

We couldn't expect you to change your standards. So we've changed Caprice. Caprice Classic for 1975 still provides you with the elegance and style your taste demands. Plus Chevrolet's new Efficiency System with some very important engineering improvements designed to work together to clean the air and save you money.

Run leaner? Run cleaner? What's that mean?

We're saying Caprice Classic for '75 runs leaner because it's designed to run more economically. By run cleaner, we mean the 1975 Caprice Classics are designed to meet the stiffer new Federal emission standards, with engines that stay cleaner internally because of no-lead fuel.



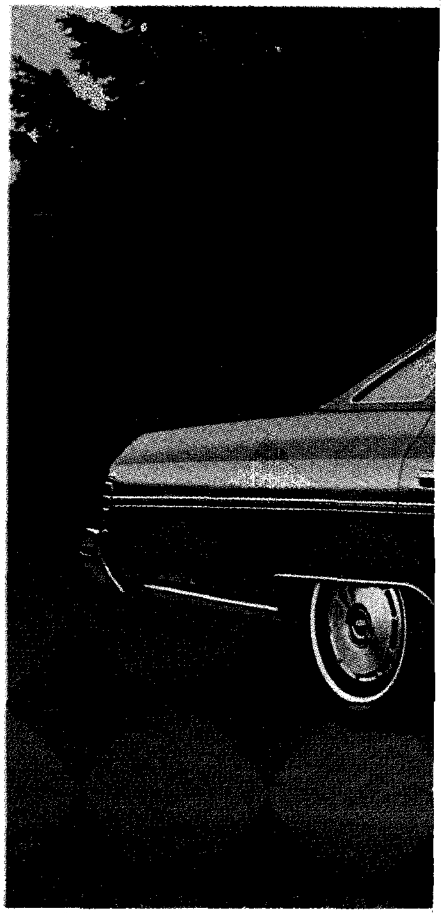
Improved fuel economy.

For 1975, Caprice's standard V8 engine is designed for better fuel economy, thanks to the new Efficiency System, new engine tuning and easy-rolling GM-Specification steel-belted radial ply tires.

Models with other available V8s are also designed for improved fuel economy, but because of its high-performance capability, our 454-cubic-inch V8 will show limited improvement.

Surer starting.

High Energy Ignition, standard on all 1975 Caprice Classics, delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than conventional ignition systems deliver. We wanted to make it easy for you to approach your Caprice with greater confidence on cold, wet or humid mornings.



1975 Caprice Classic Sport Sedan.

Faster warm-ups.

Caprice for '75 features Early Fuel Evaporation as part of the new Efficiency System. EFE efficiently uses exhaust gases to give you a smoother, shorter warm-up period.

Better performance.

The features we've listed so far, combined with Chevrolet's new catalytic converter, are designed to make the '75 Chevrolets better performers than the cars of the last few years. Our new catalytic converter allows Chevrolet engines to go back to doing what you've always expected them to do: Perform smoothly, responsively, efficiently.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

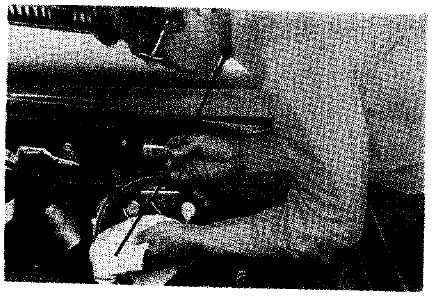
With High Energy Ignition, there are no points to replace, and there's no ignition condenser to replace. Spark plugs, instead of lasting 6,000 miles, should now last up to 22,500 miles.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Tune-ups, as we've known them, will be simpler and further apart, due to less frequent adjustment of timing and replacement of plugs.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.

We've extended our recommended maintenance as follows: *Oil change and chassis lube*—every six months or 7,500 miles (an increase of two months or 1,500 miles). *Oil filter change*—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 miles (an increase of 1,500 miles for the first change, 3,000 miles for each later one). *Automatic transmission fluid change*—every 30,000 miles (an increase of 6,000 miles).



All that and cleaner air.

We've met the new Federal emission reductions: Exhaust hydrocarbons down 50% from 1974, carbon monoxide reduced 46% from 1974.

We'll keep adding to your knowledge.

As you've seen, this is a serious ad, written to be as helpful as we can make it at announcement time. But it's far from the last word you'll hear from us about the new Chevrolet Efficiency System.

We think you'll agree it's important for you to learn about the System. But it's also important to remember this: The engineering facts and figures we have support what we're telling you at the time of this writing. However, as we get deeper into the model year, we'll be able to report more specific information than we can now. So as we expand our knowledge, we'll be able to expand yours. With that understanding, you can see that today is no more than step No. 1 in introducing the System to you.

Things that make Caprice Classic, classic.

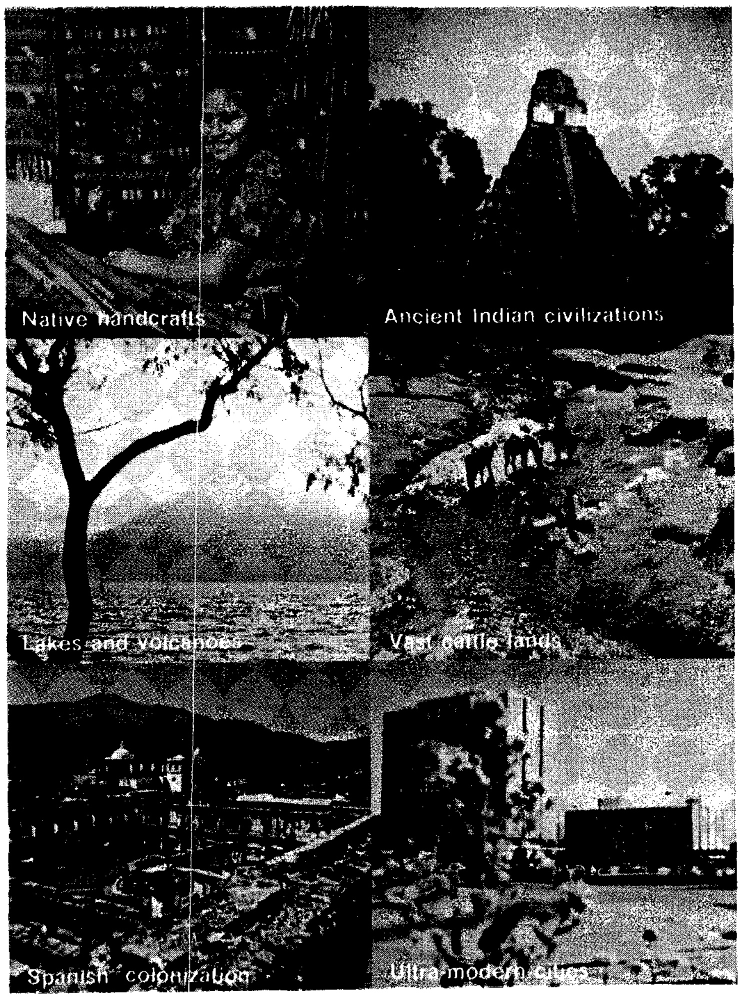
We don't want you to think for a minute that we've forgotten the things that have made Caprice our uppermost Chevrolet. We haven't. In fact, we've added to Caprice Classic's traditional elegance with a new front grille, new taillight arrangement and new rear quarter window design. Plus special sound insulation designed to make Caprice quiet and comfortable on the road. See your Chevrolet dealer soon. See just how sensible our uppermost Chevrolet is for 1975.

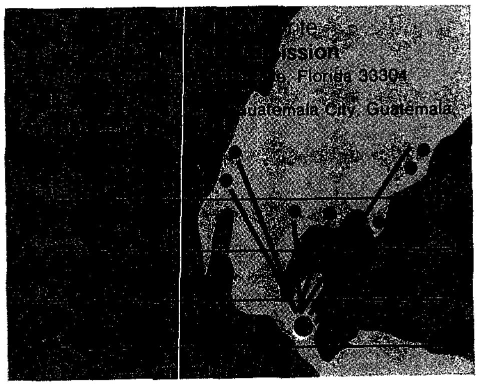
CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

There are 21 different countries in Latin America, but in one country you can see what most of them are famous for.

Guatemala





If you're thinking about going to see some part of Latin America, come to Guatemala and see it all.

GIT tours for 4 days and 3 nights start at $196.00 from Miami and New Orleans. From Los Angeles $321.00. From Houston $253.00.

windows to work inside—and they're not so reliable, believe me—but this country is regulation-happy. Article So-and-So, sign here—that sort of thing. We're just not used to all that paper." Well, I said to him in my head, we're just not used to all that oil.

I SPENT some days in the Shetland Islands, which, since oil has been found all round them, quite involuntarily occupy the center of the oil stage. (It was only on the boat to Shetland that I first caught sight of a rig, like a great tarantula on the water.) The islands wear their sudden prominence uncomfortably, but they serve in many ways as a microcosmic example of the effects of oil. Before the Shetlanders' eyes, their present rural equilibrium is becoming the past. I spent one cheerful evening in Lerwick, the county town, with a group of local fishermen, who at present enjoy good fortune from the prices their catch fetches in the city markets, and who are fairly fatalistic about oil. "It turns up in our nets all the time," one of them said. "We call this the Black Sea—with all the dumping that goes on, it just gets dirtier. They keep saying that there's no great danger, but I can tell you for sure that it doesn't do the fish any good. Fishing, they tell us, is a renewable resource, but it's only renewable if there are any fish left. These seas are bad enough without the rigs and the tankers and the service boats. Yet they manage to make us feel that *we're* a nuisance to *them.* We go to a lot of meetings about oil and what's going to happen, but we mostly come away with the feeling that it's all been decided already. We would like to be able to believe all the plans, and to feel that somebody was in charge of the whole business, but it seems to be running away on its own. The truth of it is that nobody knows *what's* going to happen—neither the oil companies nor the government nor ourselves. Just that it's going to happen."

In Shetland, they sometimes speak of oil as though it were a visitation, a presence; they will say "He's gone to the oil" as they say "He's trying the fishing" or "He's on the drink." Latter-day Scottish history is already being divided into Before Oil and After Oil. Before Oil, Scotland stagnated; After Oil, it has been shocked into existence. The threat to the environment of unbridled After Oil activity has made environmentalists out of a lot of people, though they are less alarmed by the possible offshore hazards—which, after all, are still to come—than by the

10 ways to give your small business a fighting chance against inflation and other perils.

You want your business to be profitable, and so do we. To help, we've made a list of 10 essential things every small business owner needs to know about in these complicated times. Our thinking's free of charge, because we believe that helping you protect your financial future means better business for us both. Simply check the ones you'd like to hear more about and send this page, along with your name and address, to Phoenix Mutual, One American Row, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

1. Business valuation: If you haven't taken steps to establish a value for your business, there will come a time when the Internal Revenue Service will do it for you.

2. Accumulated earnings tax: This specialized 27.5% tax can really hurt a small business. If you don't know what it is or when it applies, you should.

3. Stock attribution rules: If you're in business with relatives, stock transactions can be complicated. A wrong move can destroy your plans.

4. Incorporation: It's surprising how many businesses that should be incorporated aren't. Incorporation could save you a lot of money.

5. Employee benefit and incentive plans: In today's marketplace, you have to compete with other companies. For employees. Without good benefit and incentive plans like pensions and profit sharing, you're not really competitive.

6. Tax shelters for you and key employees: Everyone talks about oil depletions and cattle ranches, but the more practical tax shelters are a lot closer to home.

7. Salary/wage continuation: In unsettled economic times, deferring compensation can provide current tax savings as well as protection against inflation.

8. Disability protection, including overhead expenses: If you're suddenly disabled, certain business expenses will have to continue. You need protection.

9. Stock redemption plans: At least one personal tax bill can be picked up by your business. It's worth looking into.

10. Your personal estate conservation: Sometimes you can be so busy making your small business a success, you don't have the time or the energy to do the same with your personal financial planning.

PHOENIX MUTUAL **PICK OUR BRAINS**

NOW
Sea Island
MORE THAN
EVER

Amtrak, jets, interstates come right to Sea Island's special world. We're surprisingly close — lengthen your stay! Enjoy 36 holes of superb golf, 14 Teniko tennis courts, enchanting dining and beauty. Roam unspoiled beaches under Georgia's warm sun. Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Ga. 31561 (912-638-3611). Out-state call free 800-841-3223.

danger of huge development projects landing on and obliterating small, startled Highland communities. Drumbuie, for example, a crofting community with a sparse and spread-out population, would have been irrevocably altered, and not just physically, by an incoming work force of six hundred men. At Nigg, on the Cromarty Firth—a part of northeast Scotland I remember trudging across with scarcely a house in sight—a construction company called Highlands Fabricators (two-thirds of which is the Texas engineering firm of Brown & Root) has been at work since January, 1972, building an enormous steel-jacket platform for the Forties oil field, employing more than thirty-three hundred men. The press makes Nigg sound like the Old West or the Klondike, but actually it is only the inevitably messy result of hurry and inadequate planning. Highland landscapes have always seemed to me the most immemorial, the most extra-human, the most intimidating. They show the crust of the planet. They have a look of age that makes it easy to imagine them existing before their sparse inhabitants, and going on existing after them. Tourism has hardly marked them—against that background, a trailer or a camper appears laughably temporary. But now that they are threatened with helter-skelter development they have become to Highlanders almost a sacred cause.

Environmentalists though they may have accidentally become, the Scots have also been watching the money. It may be all very well for the Nationalists to dangle figures in front of them and, by translating barrels and tons into currency, prove that Scotland could be richer than Kuwait, but where is the money going at the moment? They may well ask. In the first place, the cost of finding and extracting the oil from the North Sea is huge; according to a speech by Dr. J. Birks, the Technical Director of British Petroleum:

> If the impetus is maintained by a reasonable discovery rate in the next six years, a grand total of the order of £15,000 million to £17,000 million will have been needed to finance the exploration and development of the North Sea by 1982.

But when the profits begin to come in, how much will go to the British government? Here arguments run hot. The first discretionary licenses, allocated by the government in 1964, granted drilling rights in each block, of about one hundred square miles, in the North Sea grid for a period of six years at a cost of £6,250, plus a twelve-and-

Q: A:
The Answer Books....
from Sakowitz!
Start with our 1974 Christmas Catalogue for answers on what's exciting for discriminating shoppers and gift-givers. Send 1.00 (it will be credited on your first order). Season by season showcases of the finest in women's, men's and children's apparel, gifts, decorative objects and linens will follow. Please include name, address, zip to:
Sakowitz
P. O. Box 1387NY
Houston, Texas 77001

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Classic Pure Cotton Lisle
Turtleneck Shirts $18.50

There is nothing to beat the feel, comfort and lasting quality of these handsome pure, all cotton lisle turtleneck shirts in long sleeves. Because of their natural fibre content, they permit porosity and breathability and can be worn comfortably *next to the body, through the* most humid weather. Full cut. Ideal for travel, sports, leisure. Coordinates well with slacks, sweaters and sportcoats. Color: Wine, navy, white, brown, soft yellow, soft blue. S (14-14½), M (15-15½), L (16-16½), XL (17-17½.). **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

MAIL ORDERS TO: Cotton Lisle Turtleneck Shirts
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Color	Qty	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Wine, Navy, White			Cable Car Charge ☐
Brown, Yellow, Blue			Sorry, No COD's

☐ **Please send Catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name ....
Address ....
.... Zip ....
Add 1.85 Ship & Hdlg. • 6½% Sales Tax in Cal. 011007

It takes a cool head and a warm heart to be a Delta professional.

You don't pilot a Delta Air Lines jet unless you're disciplined, unflappable, in total control. But you have to be something more than chauffeur for an $18 million piece of sophisticated machinery.

Your job is taking a kid to visit his grandma. Moving a family to a new home in a strange city. Getting a businessman to his important appointment.

A lot of people depend on you. And when it comes to people, a Delta professional couldn't care more. DELTA The airline run by professionals.

Captain Harold C. Slone. A 28-year Delta professional.

Delta is ready when you are.®

MONTALdo's

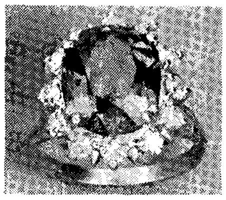
Playing checkers. Line up three fantastic pieces: jacket, pull-on pants, cling-y turtleneck and fling a matching fringe of a scarf over all. You pick the color: red/white or navy/white. By Oak Hall in you-can't-lose polyester knit. 8 to 16 sizes. $66.

Charlotte Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Richmond, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs, Columbus.

a-half-per-cent royalty, with an option to renew, at increasing costs, for up to another forty years. Hindsight is often cruel, but the terms now seem like gifts, and the government's attitude was clearly calculated to encourage the oil companies, which must have heavily underlined the technological hazards they would have to face in the North Sea. In 1972, to test the interest of the oil companies, the government auctioned off fifteen North Sea blocks, which brought in thirty-seven million pounds, yet it went on to allocate two hundred and seventy-one more blocks under the old licensing terms, presumably to make sure that the companies' interest would not waver. Moreover, it classified large areas of Scotland as special-development areas, and granted generous tax concessions to companies engaged in oil extraction. Now it appears that the government overdid its incentives. As I look over the record of the last Conservative Government's dealings with the oil companies, it seems to me that a huge game of bluff was entered into by both sides—a game that the Conservatives lost decisively. The prospect of being more than self-sufficient in oil by 1980—as the new estimates claim to be easily possible—obviously drove government departments into a frenzy of stimulation concessions (oil language again), but it would have taken a soothsayer to give the right advice at that moment in history. Initially, the value of North Sea oil was calculated when oil stood at three dollars a barrel. Now, with the price at ten dollars a barrel, the original estimates are bound to appear ludicrous. Inevitably, before the next set of blocks in the North Sea is allocated a substantial renegotiation of terms with the oil companies will have to take place—the oil companies themselves expect it. Dealing with oil companies is not simple, as the last Conservative Government amply demonstrated, but to kowtow to the companies for fear they may pack up their rigs and move to fresh oil fields now looks foolish. The Labour Government, in its turn, has played with various alternatives—from nationalization to a barrelage tax on oil landed from the North Sea. But what has been lacking all along is a central authority to lay down a coherent long-term oil policy. Planning has been dispersed among separate offices and departments, whereas a central oil council might have been able to keep a sharp eye on everything to do with oil.

It strikes me as supremely ironic that this sudden interest in oil should follow so close on the heels of the

Gilson Created Emeralds



are breathtakingly beautiful, vying in appearance with the finest of natural emeralds. In fact the optical, physical and chemical properties are so similar that special tests are required to distinguish one from the other.
Gilson Created Emeralds are sold at fine jewelry stores across the country at prices that are but a fraction of the cost of natural emeralds of comparable quality.

Wholesale Distributor:
H. R. Benedict & Sons, Inc.
62 W. 47th Street, N.Y. 10036
Worldwide Distributor:
Gilem S.A., 42, ch. des Coudriers,
Geneva, Switzerland

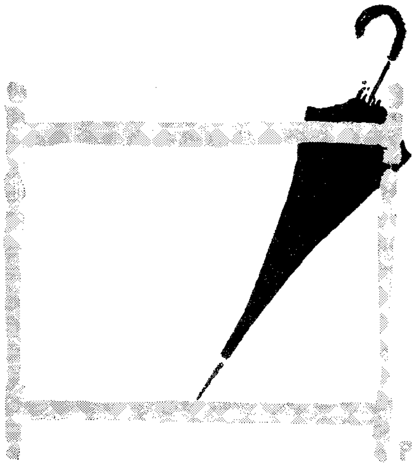
A fetching thing, our clever little roll with the shoulder strap that's so popular today. Shag leather with simulated snake grained trim. Dark brown with brown, tan with brown, brick with brown and green with green, $27. Handbag Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

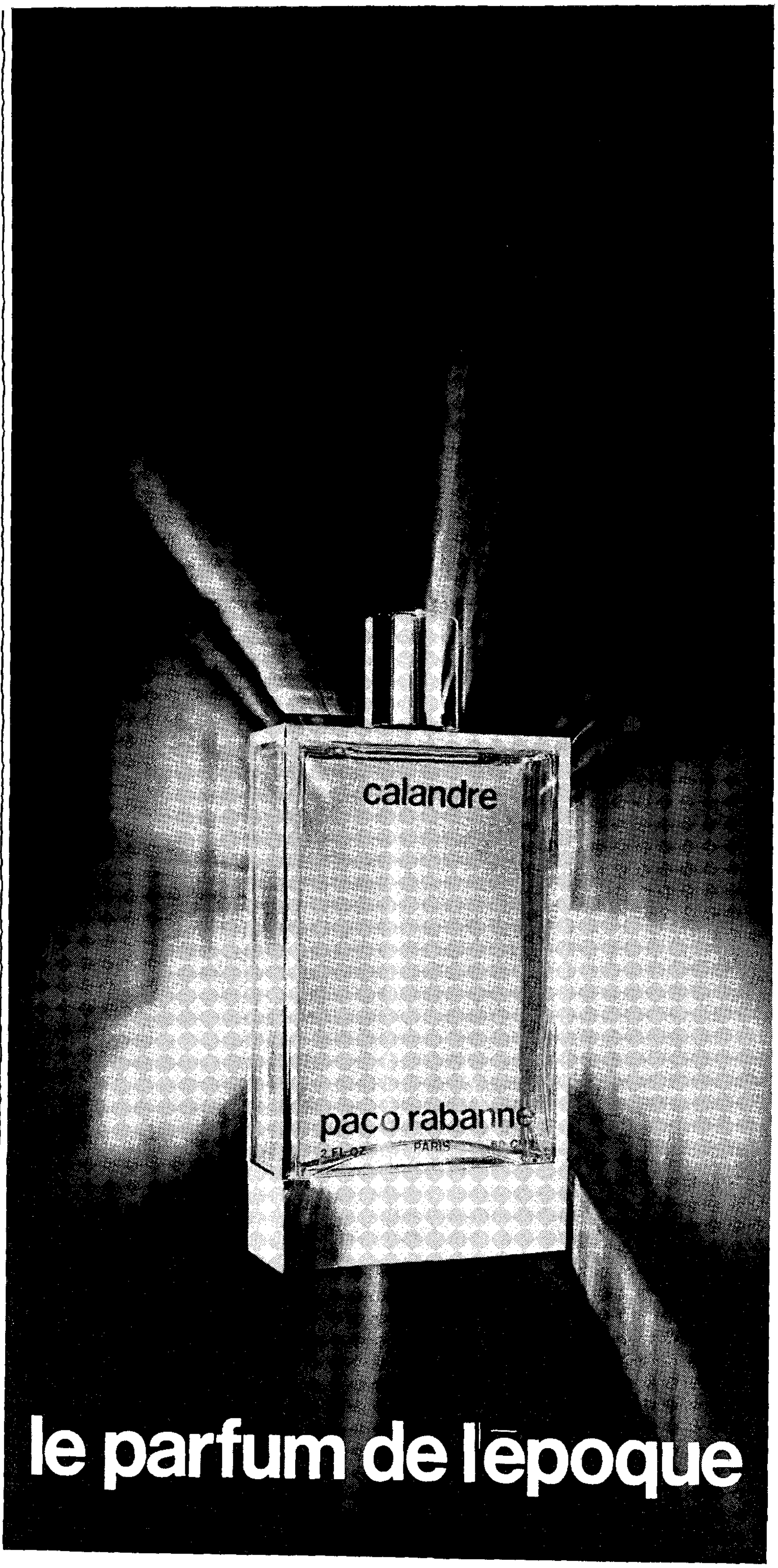
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF FASHION

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

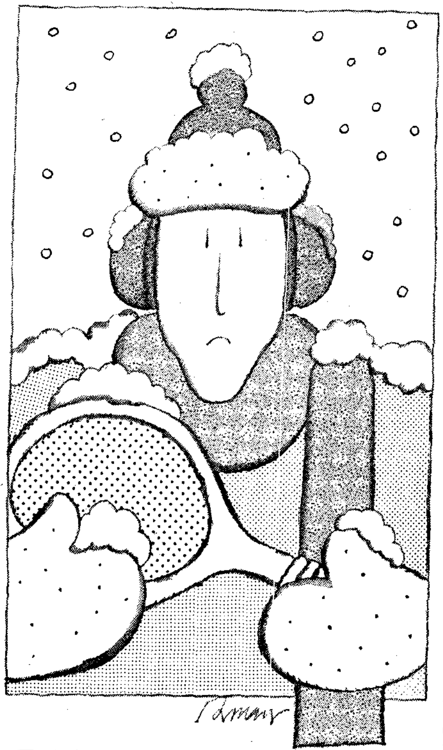
energy crisis of last January and February, when a shortage of coal drove the Conservative Government to institute a three-day workweek, threaten gasoline rationing, and admonish us, by way of radio and television, to "switch off something now." That crisis produced a number of apocalyptic articles in the Sunday newspapers on the folly of an oil-based technology, and produced the kind of ecological speculation that restores faith in the innate sense of the human race. Yet now the speed limits are back where they were, the thirsty quest for North Sea oil presses, and the folly of basing one's technology on oil is forgotten. North Sea oil has been grasped at as an answer when it should properly have remained a question.

For those people who, like the Nationalists, are doing any coherent, long-range thinking about oil, the touchstone has been Norway. From the beginning, the Norwegians have shown themselves to be nobody's fools where oil is concerned, and have imposed such intelligent controls on their North Sea fields that they may well become the most prosperous country in Europe when their oil starts to flow. The state controls the rate of extraction and applies a sliding royalty rate to the oil extracted which gives the Norwegian government some sixty per cent of any oil profits. The Norwegians also formed a state petroleum company, Statoil, which looks after government interests in all aspects of the oil industry, and which will eventually become a considerable international oil company on its own. The Norwegians have imposed conditions and levies on the oil companies which make those of the United Kingdom appear sheer bounty, yet the oil companies still consider Norwegian oil worth their attention. None of this has been lost on the S.N.P., which has modelled its oil policy along Norwegian lines, with





Garfinckel's



When the laykold ices over in New Canaan, it'll still be about 72° at the Hilton Head Racquet Club.

The Hilton Head Racquet Club's Winter Tennis Package is $29 per day,* per person, based on four adults in a two bedroom villa at Shipyard Plantation. Included are virtually all the tennis you can play on the Racquet Club's 20 courts, daily tennis clinic, a can of balls daily and tournament entry fee. For reservations and/or further information, please write The Hilton Head Company, P.O. Box 1304, D, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.

Name ______________

Address ______________

City ______________

State ______________ Zip ______

Dates of Vacation ______________

Number in Party ______________

Shipyard Plantation

*EXPIRES FEBRUARY 15, 1975

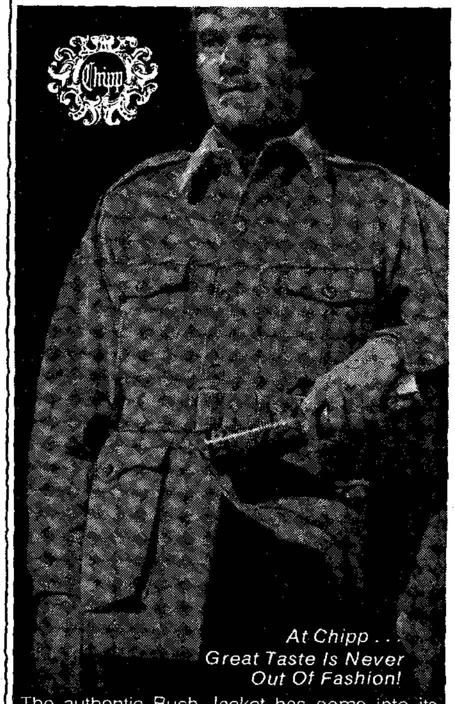
participation as a central principle, supported by strict controls over the extraction rate, environmental-protection measures, and revenues. It has outlined a program for developing a native oil technology, and has proposed a Ministry for Oil Development, situated in Aberdeen. Norway, with a population of four million, consumes eight and a half million tons of oil a year and will be producing three times that very soon. In a national referendum, Norway chose not to join the European Economic Community, so that its oil will set it up in an almost ideal economic situation. The analogy is not lost on the Scots. On paper, it would be perfectly possible for them to become another Norway. Only one thing is lacking—legally, constitutionally, Scotland is not a country. Or, as the Nationalists would have it, not *yet* a country.

Lately, on walls and billboards in Scottish towns, on fences in the Highlands, a Scottish National Party sticker has been turning up bearing the slogan "It's Scotland's Oil," and, as slogans go, it has been fairly successful. But how can it be Scotland's oil if there is no such entity as Scotland? It can be Scotland's oil only if there is a Scotland. It cannot be Scotland's oil without self-government. It is merely a matter of time, the Nationalists claim, before those Scots who feel uneasy over oil will vote with them. The possibility of Scotland's being granted some degree of regional autonomy has been in the air at Westminster for as long as I remember, but it has been shelved and bypassed and delayed, since it had no urgency. In recent years, however, disaffection with the remoteness of central-government control has been growing. In 1969, the Labour Government set up a Royal Commission on the Constitution to consider the case for devolving authority to the regions. The Commission, headed by Lord Kilbrandon, submitted its report to the Conservative Government of Mr. Edward Heath in October, 1973, but no immediate recommendations followed from it. The Kilbrandon Report, although just a year old, gives some idea of how sudden and widespread has been the Scottish awakening, for it touches on oil only vaguely and dubiously, as though oil were an unreliable Celtic fantasy. Now it reads like a historical document from Before Oil. It grants that there is regional dissatisfaction over the central government's apparent insensitivity to the problems of the regions, but considers the disaffection, although perhaps inevitable, not

In Washington you'll find visitors who share your passion for excellence. They stay at the Carlton.

For reservations call toll free
800-325-3535.

The Sheraton-Carlton
16TH & K STS., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20006
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



At Chipp . . .
Great Taste Is Never
Out Of Fashion!

The authentic Bush Jacket has come into its own. Designed for Safari use, it has been dimensionally trimmed to meet the style awareness of recent years and has become a smart, fashionable part of a man's leisure wardrobe. Cotton corduroy in deerskin tan. $57.00. Also in Field Cloth of sueded Dacron®/cotton poplin. Khaki tan. Water repellent, washable. $52.00. (Please specify suit size when ordering. We will determine proper size to ship). Write for our colorful free brochure of clothing/furnishings for the "natural shoulder man"

CHIPP
14 EAST 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
Add $1.50 postage. American Express welcome.

particularly grave. It comes up with a variety of devolutionary solutions, including one whereby Scotland and Wales would have elected legislative assemblies to administer their own local affairs; control of the economy would, however, stay firmly in the hands of the central government. On separatism the report was emphatic:

> For separation to succeed it must command the general support of the people concerned. If it is not widely supported it is a complete non-starter; if it has that support then even the most serious economic obstacles will not be allowed to stand in its way. In our judgment the necessary political will for separation does not exist. The vast majority of people simply do not want it to happen. We believe that the national aspirations of the Scottish and Welsh peoples and their desire for better government are more likely to be satisfied within the United Kingdom than outside it.

The Kilbrandon Report reads now pretty much like a prime example of the governmental blandness that it noted as being particularly irritating to the regions.

It is probably inconceivable at the moment to either the Labour or the Conservative Party that it should ever be brought to a pass where it would be obliged to hand over control of the oil taps (which both parties see as their salvation) to a rampant and independent Scotland. Yet the February election showed both parties how seriously they had misread Scottish feelings on oil and on devolution, and the onus is heavily on them to clarify their oil thinking and come up with a plan to grant enough authority to the Scots to quell the rumblings from the north. It will not be easy.

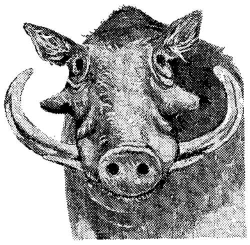
SOME kind of clarification is, however, at hand. Since the last election, the Labour Government has clung uncomfortably to office, obviously hampered by the lack of a clear majority; and with the country in economic straits serious enough to require drastic and decisive action, an early election was fairly inevitable, and will in fact come about on October 10th. For the two major parties, votes have never been so crucial, and the rising appeal of the S.N.P. has become enough of a threat for them to produce a number of hasty Scottish promises. The Conservatives propose a Scottish development fund financed from oil revenues, and the transfer of the oil divisions of the Department of Energy from London to Aberdeen, while the Labour Party promises a Scottish development agency, a British Na-

The most comfortable shoes you've ever worn or your money back!*

Norm Thompson's Sko-Slip... genuine boarhide in a classic, moccasin style slip-on.

We honestly believe this well-designed loafer is the most comfortable, long-lasting shoe of its kind. It'll fit snugly, stay in shape, and hug your heels while it delivers the basic good taste that's made it one of our most popular styles.

Boarhide . . . a tough guy tamed!



Natural boarhide . . . soft and amazingly durable.

The small scars you'll notice on your Sko-Slips were not put there by the factory workers. The wild boar did it himself during the course of a rough-housing career in some mighty rugged country. We like to call natural boarhide "the Jekyll & Hyde of shoe leathers." One part of its split personality is soft and supple . . . the other is tough and rugged. We're not quite sure how boarhide gets this way, but it's one heckuva combination to beat for comfort and long wear.

A natural, breathing leather that's virtually waterproof.

Boarhide has a tendency to "breathe" due to a unique tanning process that removes the stiff bristles leaving a porus surface. Your feet stay cool, dry, and just plain comfortable. What's more, boarhide resists moisture and sheds soil better than any other natural leather we've seen or tested. It's almost immune to scuffing and an occasional treatment with saddle soap will keep the handsome pebble finish looking neat and new.

Fully lined with glove-soft leather.

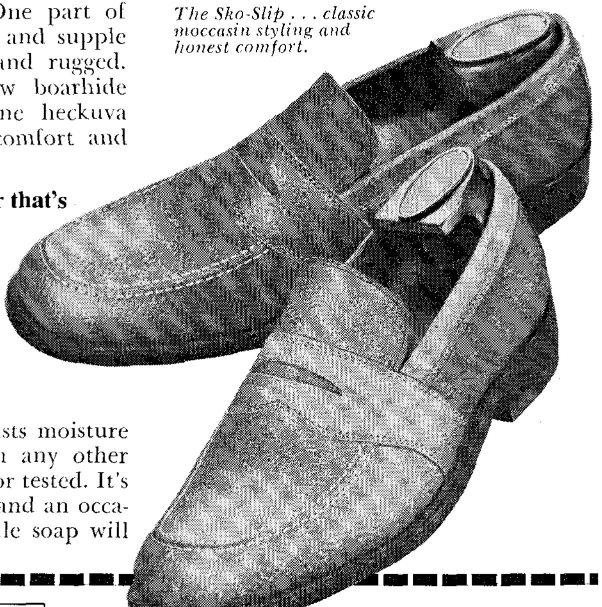
Inside your Sko-Slip you'll experience the luxurious comfort of supple calfskin plus a special, non-curl leather insole. A custom rubber heel and an all-leather sole are bonded to the Sko-Slip using the famous Goodyear welt and Allen Edmonds single-stitch, no-nails construction. It's all combined in a lightweight shoe that flexes with every step you take.

***The most comfortable shoes you've ever worn or your money back!**

As with all Allen Edmonds shoes the emphasis is on comfort — so much emphasis that we make this amazing guarantee: Wear your new boarhide Sko-Slips for two weeks. If, for any reason, they aren't the most comfortable shoes you've ever worn . . . simply return them to us, postage prepaid, and we'll refund your money in full.

Color: Briar tan. **Price: $39.00 ppd.**

The Sko-Slip . . . classic moccasin styling and honest comfort.



Norm Thompson Dept. 0-7 1805 N.W. Thurman • Portland, OR. 97209

Order TOLL FREE anytime 800-547-6712
(excluding Oregon, Hawaii and Alaska)

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________ Zip__________

☐ Check enclosed ☐ BankAmericard

☐ Master Charge

(Please include all raised letters and numbers.)

Card #__________

Signature X__________

	Size	Width
Sko-Slip		

	7	½	8	½	9	½	10	½	11	½	12	½	13	14
AAA					x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
AA					x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
A			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
B		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
D	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
E	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	

☐ Send FREE 80 page Fall & Winter 1974 color catalog. Save up to ⅓ on imported sports clothes and equipment.

The Gordon Approach...

WOVEN IN THE BRITISH ISLES CERTIFICATION TRADE MARK

Distinctively unusual, yet casually understated . . . our versatile jacket in winter white pure wool tweed, woven in the British Isles. About $115. The Gordon Approach in odd jackets, trousers and suits . . . at Lord & Taylor, Carroll Reed and other fine specialty stores; or write Gordon of Philadelphia, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York 10019.

GORDON® OF PHILADELPHIA

tional Oil Corporation, the nationalization of platform sites, and the transfer of the oil-supplies office from London to Glasgow. Both parties have also decreed that a Scottish Assembly should come into being, though still remaining hazy about how and why. Both sets of proposals are clearly designed to mollify the disgruntled Scots by showering them with good intentions. It may work, but the Scots are nothing if not suspicious. Many people I talked with in Scotland still feel strongly about governmental indifference toward Scotland, and about the mismanagement of oil, even though they may not wholly want separation. At the last election, a substantial number of them dropped old loyalties to vote for the Nationalists, "just this once, to give the government a fright." That they did, but it remains to be seen, and quite soon, whether they will do so again. Considering the election manifestos of the other parties, it could be said that the S.N.P. has done its work already, and that Scotland's complaints about oil are unlikely to go ignored in the future.

The Nationalists have no intention of resting where they are. In London, I went to talk with Gordon Wilson, one of the Scottish National Party M.P.s, elected from Dundee East, a constituency with considerable oil activity. He met me at the House of Commons, and we sat on the terrace overlooking the Thames, which appeared a bit oily to me. After we had been talking oil for some time, my ears did a kind of double take, for here he was talking about Scottish economic development and Scotland's future without any trace of the ancient indignation I associated with old-style Nationalists, but crisply, knowledgeably, and confidently.

How did he see the immediate future, I asked him.

"Well, obviously the other parties had to come up with recommendations for some form of Scottish Assembly, either elected or appointed. We'll accept that as a start, but we'll continue to work for complete autonomy. The next Government may even offer Scotland a larger percentage share of oil revenues, though that would annoy some of the other regions. It's hard for London to learn to take Scottish Nationalism seriously, and it's stumbling about a bit. It's quite gratifying to see all the fuss we've caused so far. There wasn't nearly enough public discussion about oil in the first place. It was just wished on us. But I think we've done a lot to remedy that. Haste

Tikal

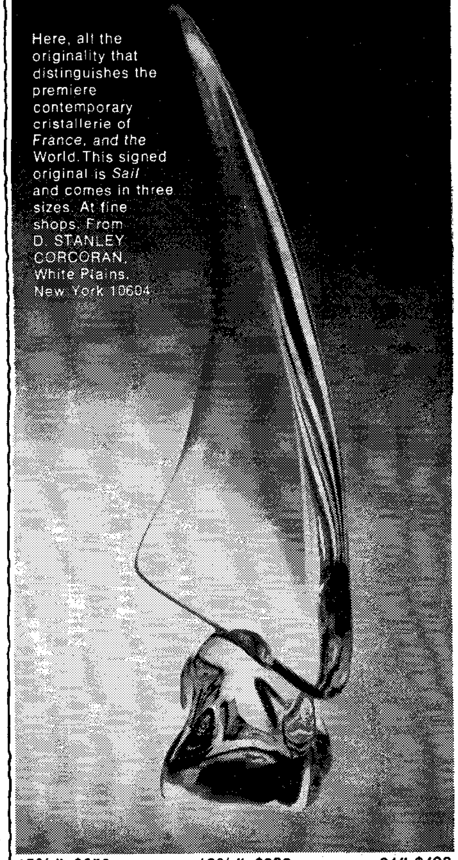
Voyage to Mayaluum

January 25 to February 8
February 8 to February 22

Fly to Jamaica, join fewer than 150 passengers aboard a vessel built as the world's largest private yacht. Sail an exclusive course to Grand Cayman, Cozumel, Yucatan, then inside Central America's great barrier reef to Belize, Guatemala, Honduras and The Bay Islands. Visit magnificent and remote Mayan sites, unsurpassed in the Americas, and enjoy untracked beaches and islands still unknown to tourism. New York rates are from $1050 to $1475 per person, double.

R&W Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017—(212) Plaza 9-3960
"First in Travel Since 1879"

DAUM
CRISTALLERIE DE NANCY — FRANCE



Here, all the originality that distinguishes the premiere contemporary cristallerie of France, and the World. This signed original is *Sail* and comes in three sizes. At fine shops. From D. STANLEY CORCORAN, White Plains, New York 10604

15¾" $250 19¾" $390 24" $490

MARTELL
COGNAC
MARTELL
V.S.O.P.
V.S.O.P.
MEDAILLON
LIQUEUR BRANDY
COGNAC
80 PROOF
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
THE JOS. GARNEAU C°
NEW YORK, N.Y.

©1974, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General. In turn, the young Frenchman may have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For since 1715, men of distinction have known that making fine cognac, to the Martell family, was more an art than a business. It still is.

Martell. Taste history.

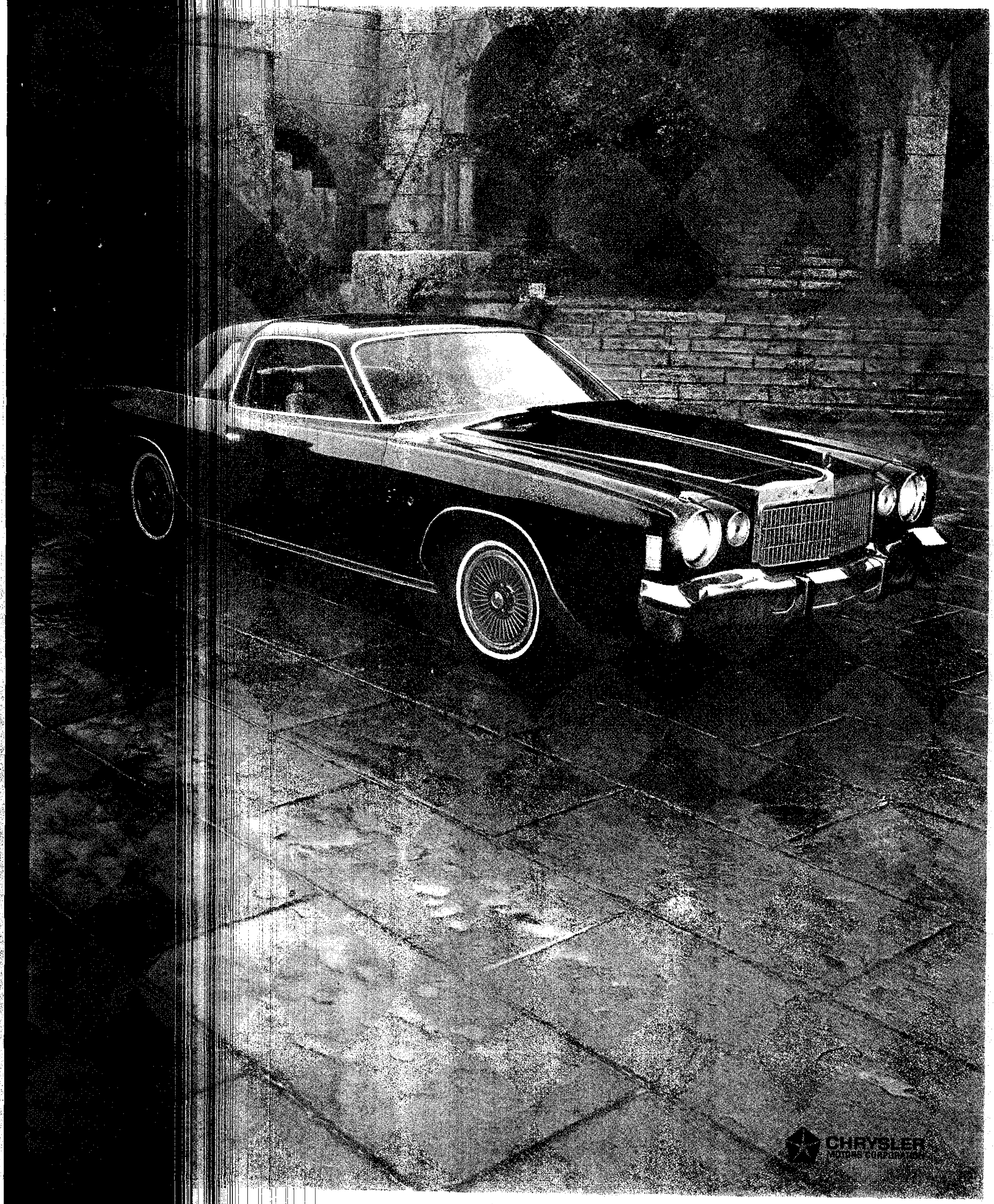
V.S.P. – V.S.O.P. – CORDON BLEU.
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING COGNACS.

You are cordially invited to a personal showing of a totally new car.

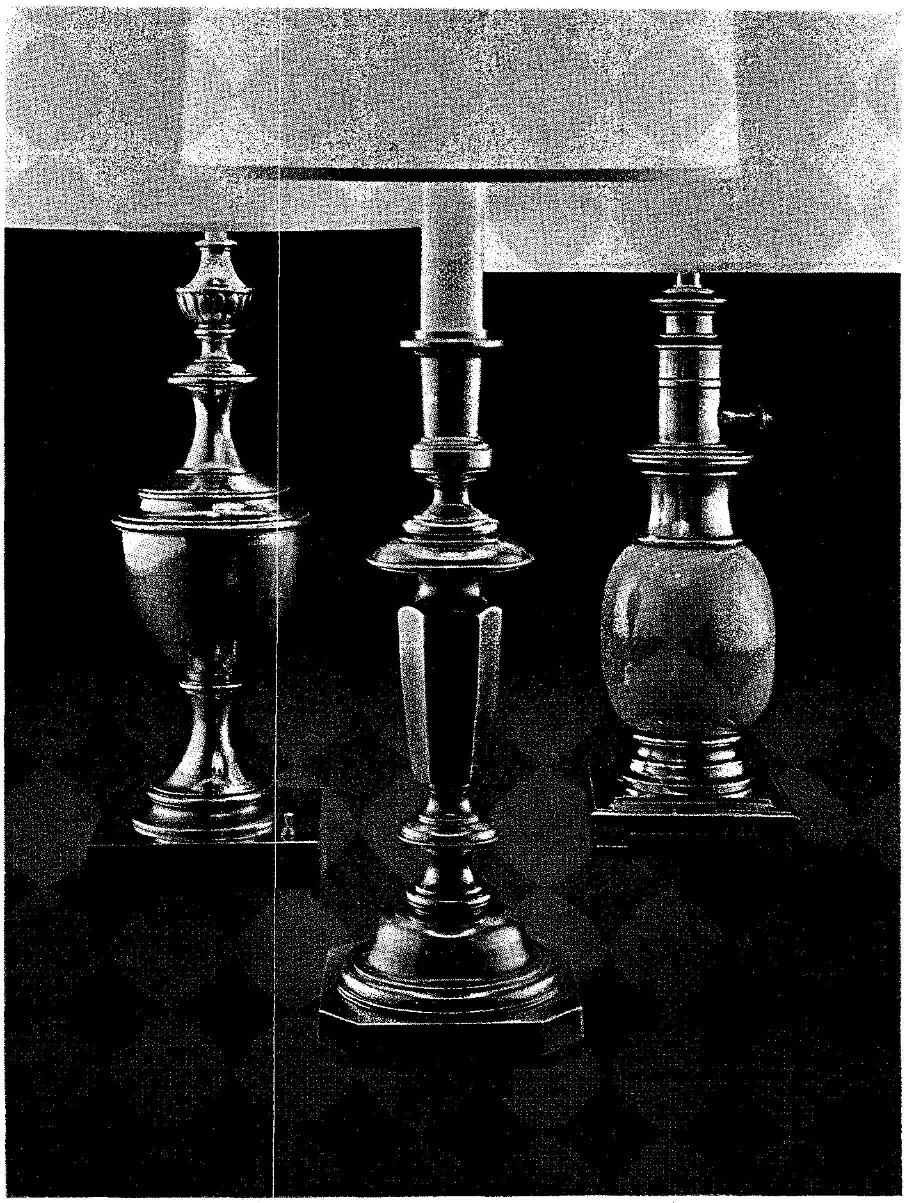
Cordoba

The New Small Chrysler

Pride and integrity.
Touchstones to quality in any automobile.
The very cornerstones of a new automobile.
Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler.
Proudly designed in the Chrysler tradition of engineering [illegible]
Cordoba is an automobile of remarkable beauty, and [illegible]
an automobile of exceptional comfort and [illegible]
Look inside. Direct your eyes to the warm wood [illegible]
of a finely detailed instrument panel . . . to the rich earth [illegible]
. . . to the soft warmth of glowing lamps in five separate [illegible]
Now touch. Bury your hands in thickly-cushioned, [illegible]
available in rare hues of crushed velour, or fine Corinthian [illegible]
We cordially invite you to experience Cordoba at your Chrysler-[illegible]
So very luxurious, yet affordable. Cordoba is proudly a Chrysler.
Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler.


CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

Aged to perfection.



For brochure send 50¢ to The Stiffel Company, Dept. N, 700 N. Kingsbury, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

Traditional design is timeless.

The longer you live with it, the older it doesn't get. Here are three enduring examples from The Stiffel Collection.

At left: The form and spirit of the Georgian period prevail in this 18th Century American Colonial table lamp with an antique golden brass finish. 38½" high. About $119.

Center: Again, the theme is American Colonial in this "great candlestick" of cast metal in an old brass finish with the look of a well-rubbed antique. 37½" high. About $99.50.

At right: Stiffel's variation on an ancient Oriental theme. A blend of lustrous celadon china and cast metal parts which glow with an old brass finish. 37½" high. About $135.

Prices may be slightly higher in the South and West.

Stiffel

over oil could have fatal consequences for Scotland, and there are so many good reasons for slowing it down. Time is what we need, what Scotland needs. But I feel that we've brought a lot of life back to Scotland. We've certainly handed it plenty to talk about."

I asked him how the S.N.P. would proceed if it happened to command more support. (Asking for your independence back, it occurred to me, is not something you do very often.)

"If we had a majority of the Scottish seats, we'd claim the right to self-determination under the United Nations Charter, and then we'd ask the British government to grant us self-government. If it refused, that would inevitably increase our vote, to a point where they would have to yield."

If that were to happen, would the National Party then dissolve itself?

"Not necessarily. I won't say we haven't given any thought to that future, but for the moment we're concentrating wholly on the business of getting control of the oil, with the necessary constitutional status to exercise that control—namely, our own government." He smiled suddenly. "After all, that's enough to be going on with, isn't it?" —ALASTAIR REID

•

BECOMING YOU

I see you
a girl standing
by the window. Behind
you the house is asleep.
It is late in the year,
your twelfth, the second
of that war, and snow
fills the blackening streets
of Baltimore. You speak,
and something like light
starts behind the houses.
For you the new day
begins like no other, for
the rest the same old sigh
of weariness rises
like prayer.
Below you,
on the hill you
dragged up that day
from school, a bus stalls
and the three passengers
waken suddenly in light
and one after the other,
silent, step down
into the clouds
of their own breath
and stand amazed, alive
at last in the perfect
snow, never before
touched by anyone.
—PHILIP LEVINE

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

WONDERFUL WAY OF DRESSING NONCHALANTLY, ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD. **BLEYLE'S** CLASSICALLY PERFECT PLAID DOUBLEKNIT JACKET AND PANTS WITH **SAX** HELANCA® NYLON TURTLE. **SMEDLEY'S** TWIN WOOLS: V-NECK CARDIGAN AND MOCK TURTLE-SHELL, **BLEYLE'S** DOUBLE KNIT PLAID FRONT-PLEATED SKIRT. ALL IMPORTED FROM EUROPE BY HOOPER ASSOCIATES. AT THE BEST STORES. FOR NEAREST, WRITE: 1451 B'WAY, N.Y., 10036. IN CANADA: 1470 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL 110, QUEBEC.

THE SPORTING SCENE

GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1974

THERE have been few years when as many weird, unprecedented, and plain unreasonable events have taken place in sports as have occurred in 1974. The fact that the great winter game of ice hockey did not reach its culmination until May 19th, when the Philadelphia Flyers won the final Stanley Cup playoff series, is not exactly what I have in mind—we have all become accustomed, in this era of expanded leagues and extended schedules, to sports overrunning their traditional seasons by months. No, what I am referring to are occurrences like these:

ITEM: Gordie Howe, the highest scorer in the history of the National Hockey League, having chafed over his inactivity for two years since his retirement in 1971, decided at the age of forty-five to join the Houston Aeros, of the new World Hockey Association. He played on the same forward line for the Aeros as his son Mark (another son, Marty, played defense), and not only survived the long season but was voted the league's Most Valuable Player.

ITEM: Wilt Chamberlain, who had shifted his allegiance from the Los Angeles Lakers, of the National Basketball Association, to the San Diego Conquistadors, of the American Basketball Association, received a reported six hundred thousand dollars (and possibly more) for coaching the team and sitting on the bench after the courts decided that he couldn't play for anybody except the Lakers until the end of the 1973-74 season, when the "option year" of his contract with the Lakers ran out. (Conquistadors and Aeros, by the way, are rather straight names compared to some of those adopted by the new expansion teams, like the New Orleans Jazz, of the N.B.A., and the Chicago Fire, of the new World Football League.)

ITEM: The National Football League Players' Association, after conducting a stubborn and bitter strike against the N.F.L. from the first of July into mid-August, listing sixty-three demands, many of which were "freedom issues," accepted, incomprehensibly, the strange recommendation by the chief federal mediator of a two-week "cooling-off period," during which the players rejoined their teams and started practicing and playing as if everything had been ironed out.

"Of course, I never knew if I was going to go to Heaven or to Hell, or what, but I never dreamed I would wind up in Limbo.*"*

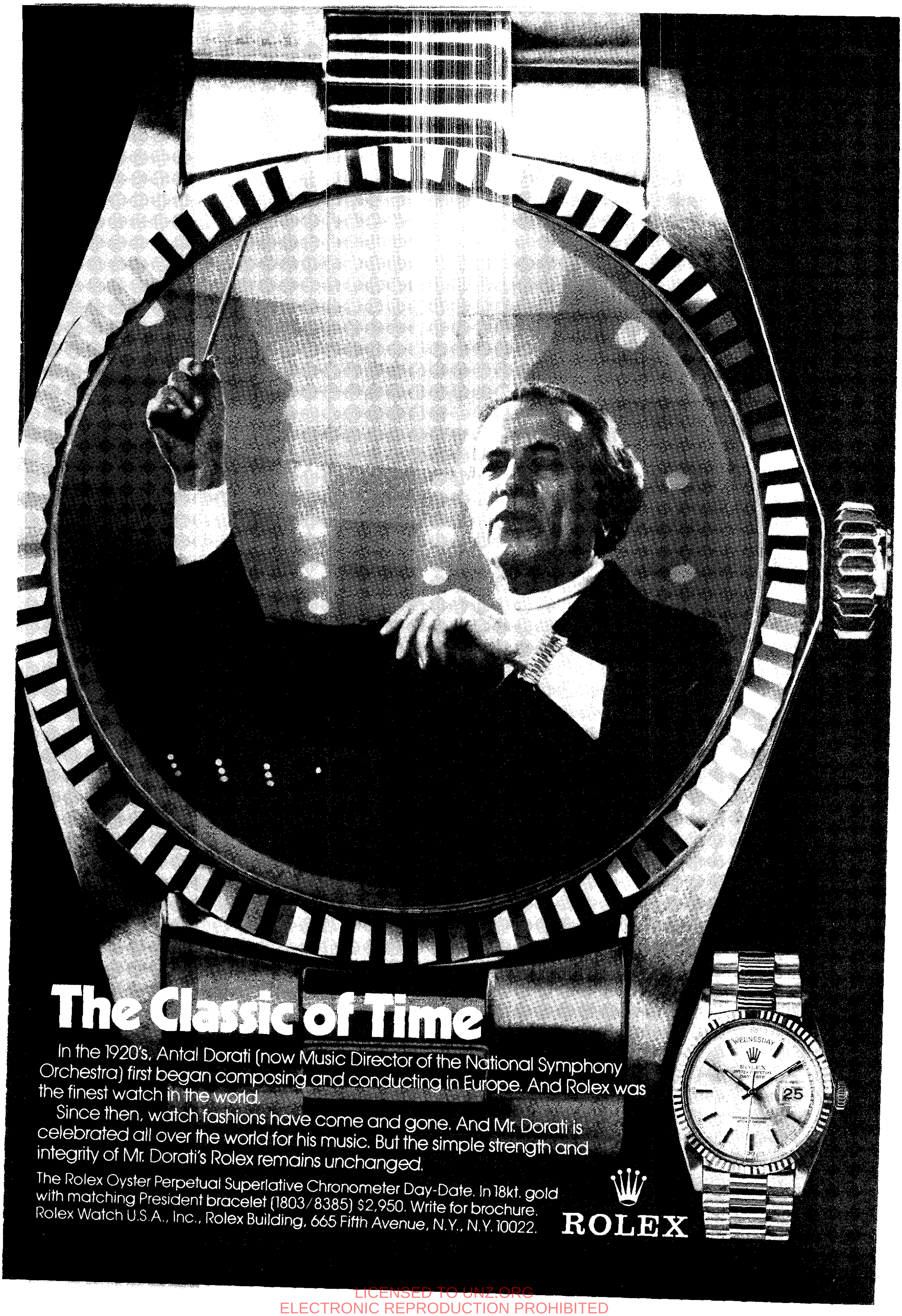
ITEM: One of the four players tied for third in the P.G.A. (Professional Golfers' Association) Championship was Sam Snead, who turned sixty-two in May.

ITEM: Gaylord Perry, of the Cleveland Indians, who has been accused for years of throwing spitballs, balls daubed with unguents, and other outlawed pitches, announced early this year that he would be going straight, and did. Many baseball experts forecast that, deprived of his "foreign substances," Perry would get battered. He lost his first game and then won fifteen in a row.

ITEM: George Foreman, who won the world heavyweight championship in Jamaica in January, 1973, has chosen to defend it against Muhammad Ali this autumn in Kinshasa, the capital city of Zaïre, formerly the Belgian Congo. The government of Zaïre has put up twelve million dollars to stage the fight, not including the purse. In order to facilitate the most profitable television and theatre-television hookups in the United States and other affluent nations, the fight has been scheduled to start at two or three in the morning, Zaïre time.

Impressive stuff indeed, these oddities, and yet, if one is objective about it, I think one must conclude that tennis, historically the most volcanic and unpredictable of all sports, successfully defended its crown for bizarre behavior this year. Here is just a sampling of the incidents that enlivened the tennis scene in 1974:

ITEM: In January (over the weekend of the Super Bowl), the United States was eliminated, 4–1, from Davis Cup play by Colombia, in a match played in Bogotá. Since 1961, we have been beaten in Davis Cup competition by Mexico, Brazil, Italy, Spain, and even Ecuador, mainly because the United States Lawn Tennis Association underrated the opposition and did not go about preparing the American team for the matches with the necessary seriousness. It happened again this year. Not one of our five top-ranked players—Stan Smith, Jimmy Connors, Arthur Ashe, Tom Gorman, and Cliff Richey—was on hand at Bogotá. Smith and Ashe had previous commitments for that week, and the captain of the American team, Dennis Ralston, decided that it wasn't necessary to put pressure on them to break these commitments, since he felt we could win the match with a team composed of



The Classic of Time

In the 1920's, Antal Dorati (now Music Director of the National Symphony Orchestra) first began composing and conducting in Europe. And Rolex was the finest watch in the world.

Since then, watch fashions have come and gone. And Mr. Dorati is celebrated all over the world for his music. But the simple strength and integrity of Mr. Dorati's Rolex remains unchanged.

The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Superlative Chronometer Day-Date. In 18kt. gold with matching President bracelet (1803/8385) $2,950. Write for brochure.
Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

ROLEX

Haymaker

"'GATOR MATES"

A trio for teeing-up in the southern sun. An Orlon® acrylic ribbed sweater, $18, teams with a short sleeve shirt $15, Dacron® knit. Both, white, navy and grotto blue. The culotte, $26, paneled, white with navy or grotto doubleknit of Dacron® polyester.

Burdine's, Florida
Neiman Marcus, Texas
J. W. Robinson, California

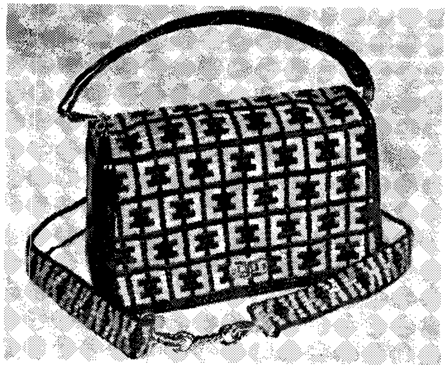
Haymaker Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 10018

Connors, Gorman, Erik van Dillen, *and Harold Solomon. He did not in*vite Richey to join the team, because he felt the team didn't need him. Unfortunately, Gorman injured his back and was unavailable, and Connors, though expressing the wish to play Davis Cup tennis, said he did not want to play in the team's first Cup match, which this was. (Connors' stand was an evasion of sorts. Because of personal reasons, he will probably choose not to play on the Davis Cup team as long as Ralston remains captain.) Even after these developments had put a different face on things, no concerted effort was made to get any of our other star players to Bogotá, and, as a result, the American team that was defeated by Colombia (which had the aid of an altitude of 8,563 feet and an excellent player in Ivan Molina) consisted of van Dillen, Solomon, Charlie Pasarell, Roscoe Tanner, and Eddie Dibbs, who are currently ranked eighth, fifteenth, sixth, eleventh, and fourteenth, respectively, by the U.S.L.T.A. At least we were not alone in our muddle-headedness. Australia, the world's other great tennis power, was defeated in Calcutta in May by India, 3–2, in the final of the Eastern Zone. The Amritraj brothers, Vijay and Anand, the backbone of the Indian team, are capable players, but they faced, with the exception of John Alexander, only third-line Australian players, such as Colin Dibley and Bob Giltinan. Newcombe, Laver, Rosewall, Roche, Emerson, et al., had previous commitments. (By the way, in the Davis Cup Italy now faces South Africa in one semifinal, and India has just ousted Russia in the other. The consummate irony if Italy should lose in the semis *would be that the* Cup might go to South Africa by default, for both India *and Russia declared before their match* that they would not play in South Africa—*where the final would be held*—because of their objection to that country's apartheid policy.)

ITEM: The winners of the men's singles and ladies' singles at Wimbledon this year were Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert, who were engaged last December. This is the first time since the ladies were invited to compete at Wimbledon, in 1884, that fiancé and fiancée have simultaneously carried off the championships.

ITEM: On August 13th, the Hawaii Leis, of World Team Tennis, were scheduled to play the Houston EZ Riders in a high-school gym on the island of Kauai, but the gym turned out to be too small for ten-

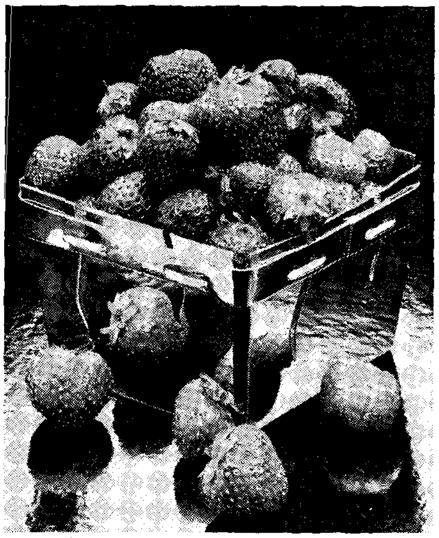
INITIAL RESPONSE



Erica's needlepoint design makes *this belt and handbag uniquely* yours. Just needlepoint the flap with her new quick stitch and wear it. Jacmore bag, 10½ x 6½ x 4, comes in leather tones of black, navy or saddle, with co-ordinating persian yarn: Blk/Brn Nvy/Red, Saddle/Blue, $44ppd. Matching belt with gold buckle: (1¼"wide,up to 40" long) $12ppd.

SEND $1.00 FOR OUR CATALOGUE
NY,Conn.& Mass. residents add sales tax.

erica WILSON'S
CREATIVE NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY
717 MADISON AVE. NY 10
BET.63rd & 64th sts. 2nd. FL.
N.Y. 10021 (212) 832 7290
new york · nantucket · southampton



A tisket, a tasket, a little silver basket...4½ square by 2¾ high, to be exact. Fill in with berries, bonbons, or blossoms (removable plastic liner included). Put it in an obvious place. It'll shine. 17.50. Guest and Gift *Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue,* New York, and all stores.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF FASHION

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

nis, and the Leis were forced to forfeit the match.

ITEM: Clark Graebner, player-coach of the Cleveland Nets, of W.T.T., who had recently been separated from his wife, Carole, who was a member of the Nets, traded her to the Pittsburgh Triangles.

ITEM: The late-August tournament at the Orange (New Jersey) Lawn Tennis Club, which for most of its forty-eight years was known, sonorously, as the Eastern Lawn Tennis Championships, became in 1974 the Medi-Quik Tennis Open. (Medi-Quik is a first-aid spray.)

ITEM: Jan Kodes, the high-strung Czech who won Wimbledon in 1973, had a particularly rough season this year. In his second-round match in the Italian Championships, against Antonio Zugarelli, in Rome, he was down 6–7, 6–3, 4–5, and when the following game went to deuce he stood only two points from defeat. On the next point, he hit a drive that was apparently in, but one of the linesmen—according to Kodes, the service-line judge, who should not have called it—called it out. The umpire awarded the point to Zugarelli. In the ensuing hubbub, Michele Brunetti, the tournament referee, who had not seen the point played, came out onto the court, unsummoned by either the umpire or the players, and upheld the awarding of the vital point to Zugarelli. As the argument flared higher, Kodes, on being ordered by Brunetti to get on with the match (this is Kodes's version), pushed him away, whereupon Brunetti instantly disqualified him. In the next big championship, the French, there were more troubles for Kodes. In the fourth round, played at night under lights, he was beaten, 7–6, 7–5, 7–5, by the current top-ranked French player, François Jauffret. Immediately after the match, Kodes requested that Jauffret undergo a dope test, asserting that Jauffret, who had been handicapped throughout the tournament by an injured leg muscle, could never have played as well as he did without having taken some kind of drug. The tournament officials were flabbergasted by this demand, but the following morning, twelve hours after the match, Jauffret submitted (as did Kodes) to a dope test, which proved to be negative. Jauffret won his next match but was stopped in the semifinals by Manuel Orantes, the fine Spanish player.

OF all the major developments in tennis this past season, undoubtedly the most interesting and con-

We'd like to raise his allowance... to 75¢ worth of food a day.

What's happening to this boy—and thousands like him in the rural South today—is hard to believe. As a white Southern doctor reported to a U.S. Senate committee: "*Malnutrition* isn't quite what we found. The boys and girls were hungry, weak, in pain, sick—suffering from hunger and disease and, directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what *starvation* means."

Doesn't the government take care of that? Not quite. There's the hot lunch program in the schools . . . but in Alabama some kids only *get* to school on days when it rains too hard to work the fields. And there's the Food Stamp Program . . . but a lot of people living on fatback, field peas and biscuits never heard of it, and some that *have* just can't squeeze the cash to buy stamps out of a Mississippi welfare check that gives a widow $60 a *month* to house, clothe *and* feed four hungry children.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund was started. Through it, $10 in hard cash can be converted into as much as $170 worth of Food Stamps by a volunteer NAACP worker who goes down the back roads and dirt tracks of the 'secret South' to find and feed the starving kids that America never sees.

But they can only do the job if *you* supply the cash. Whatever you choose to give is tax-deductible. And whatever you *can* give is desperately needed. Not just by skinny kids and hungry kids. By *starving* kids.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. N10,
Box 121, Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

DON'T EXPECT EVERY RAINCOAT TO PERFORM LIKE A LONDON FOG®
WEAR DATED
with fibers by Monsanto

You get classic styling plus all-weather protection at no additional cost with this Maincoat® by London Fog. Outside it's a wash 'n wear blend of polyester and cotton. Inside, there's a zip-out lining of Acrilan® acrylic pile. And best of all, it's Wear-Dated® so it's guaranteed for one full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto. Shown: Andes in navy or British tan. Sizes 36-46 regular, 36-42 short, 38-46 long. $65.00.

MACY'S
MEN'S STORE

Raincoats, Second Floor, Herald Square and the Macy's near you. To order: write or phone LA 4-6000, or your nearest Macy number.

LONDONTOWN CORPORATION
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21211.

troversial has been the arrival of World Team Tennis, a league of sixteen teams extending from the rockbound coast of the Boston Lobsters to the green-blue waters of the Hawaii Leis. (I imagine that when Cincinnati named its baseball team the Redlegs and New York named its team the Highlanders—they were the precursors of the Yankees—those designations seemed almost as bad as these new ones. And we all remember the general letdown when it was announced that the new New York baseball team would be called, of all things, the Mets.) World Team Tennis is a perfect child of the times. In the last dozen years, this sports-happy nation has shown itself ready to support, along with the wild expansion of the existing leagues, second leagues of professional football, basketball, and hockey teams. It takes a while to get these new organizations going to the point where they start making money, or, at least, are able to stay afloat, but many well-heeled men, attracted by the glamour and excitement of the scene, apparently want nothing in life quite so much as to own a sports team. If they cannot acquire one of the expansion franchises handed out by an established league, they are willing, either individually or as part of a syndicate, to lose as much as half a million dollars a year over several years for the privilege of owning a new club in a new league. That figure is the one set by the former Davis Cup player Eugene Scott, who, as a lawyer-businessman and the head of Sports Investors, Inc., has been in on the tennis explosion from the beginning. Scott noted not long ago in an article in *World Tennis*, "The usual logic supporting the purchase of a sports franchise goes something like this: if a man is in an eighty per cent tax bracket (seventy per cent federal and ten per cent state) and has enough income to carry a half-million dollar loss each year for five years, he is only out of pocket a half-million dollars (not two and a half million dollars) on a cash-flow basis. If the franchise breaks even after five years, the team is worth two million dollars minimum, resulting in a capital gain of a million and a half dollars." To back up this thesis, Scott pointed out that whereas it cost only fifty thousand last year to buy one of the original franchises in W.T.T., new franchises for the 1975 season will be going for three hundred and fifty thousand—this despite the fact that few, if any, of the original sixteen teams made money this past season and some took such a bath that there have al-

WASHINGTON, D.C.

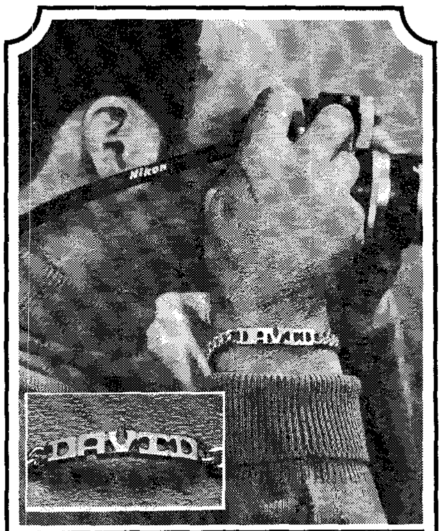
A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

Member, Leading Hotels of Europe.

THE MADISON

Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or HRI 212-838-3110 (Call Collect)
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor



NAME 'N CHAIN
Sterling Identification Bracelet

The fashion of the fifties returns as the fashion of today. Our Sterling Silver heavy link chain combined with your name creates an ID bracelet easy to identify with the past or present. Classic in design. A piece of Jewelry for our time.

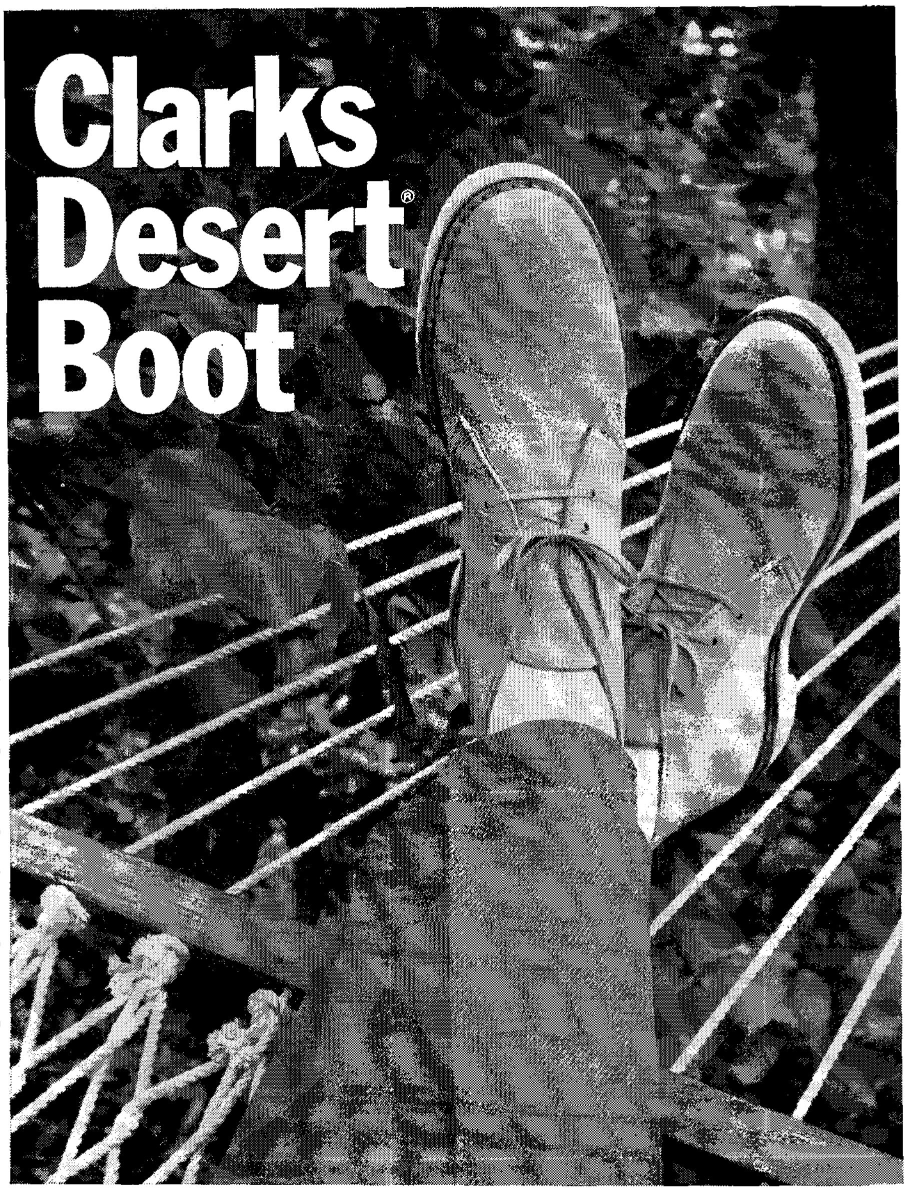
$45.00 His
$25.00 Hers

Allow three weeks for delivery
Mail orders add $.95—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright ©1974 E. H. Stern, Inc.

ready been several changes of ownership or location. There may even be a couple of straight dropouts. The key to a successful franchise, of course, is pulling in enough paying customers. I talked with three W.T.T. entrepreneurs this summer, and each of them estimated that his team had drawn an average of just under three thousand fans to its home games this year and that it must draw about five thousand to break even. All three expect their teams to do this in 1975, and to start making money in 1976. To be sure, these projections are oversimplifications of the situation. On the one hand, W.T.T. may make it quicker and bigger if it is lucky enough to interest a national television network in its product (it was a five-year contract with NBC that saved the American Football League in its shaky early years, remember?), and, on the other hand, there is no real assurance at this date that W.T.T. will make it at all.

The two men most responsible for the genesis of W.T.T. are Fred Barman, a Beverly Hills management executive (he represents David Janssen, Peter Graves, and other television and motion-picture stars), and Dennis Murphy, a southern California public-relations and marketing specialist, who had earlier helped create the second pro-basketball league and the second pro-hockey league—the American Basketball Association and the World Hockey Association. Murphy later became the president of Los Angeles's W.H.A. team, the Sharks. Near the end of 1972, Barman—who, as the agent for Mike Byers, the Sharks' star center, had had dealings with Murphy—asked him if he felt that there was room in professional tennis for something a little different in structure and flavor from the existing tournament circuits. Murphy was definitely interested. So were two other men, who became affiliated with them—Larry King, who is the husband of Billie Jean King and is a lawyer with a finger in many commercial pies (such as TennisAmerica camps and *womenSports* magazine), and Jordon Kaiser, the head of a Chicago construction company, who is one of the owners of the Chicago entry in the W.H.A. It was Murphy who hit on the idea of team tennis. The three other men agreed that there was a market in this country, and possibly throughout the world, for that new concept, in which each team would represent a city. At about the same time, unknown to the Murphy group, Charles (Chuck) Reichblum, a Pittsburgh businessman, and two other



The original. First worn by the British Army in North Africa.

Monty's men needed a rugged, lightweight boot that could breathe in the blazing heat of the desert. It also had to be so comfortable that it could be worn on long marches without tiring the feet.

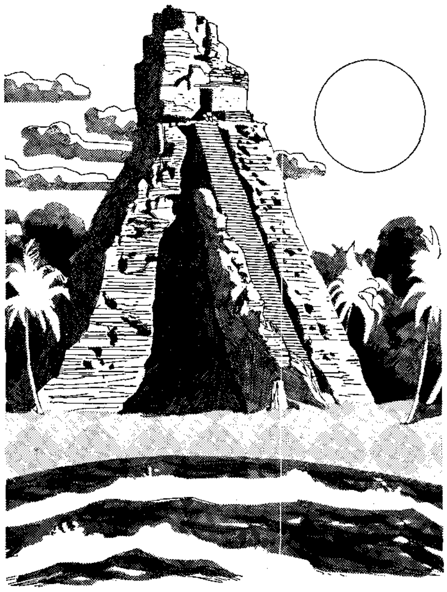
So we built the Desert Boot. The original. Made of supple sand suede with plantation crepe soles. No hard edges anywhere to dig into your ankles or put pressure on your toes. A sole so cushioning, your foot feels like it's riding on air.

Today, it's the ultimate in casual comfort.

The Desert Boot. Made only by Clarks of England.

Clarks®
OF ENGLAND
Made by skilled hands the world over.

Available for men in soft sand suede. About $25.00. For the store nearest you write to Clarks, Box 161, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Dept. DB-1



Cruise the Caribbean to Mayan lands for 14 days aboard a bit of France. The m/s Mermoz.

Paquet's m/s Mermoz, leaving every second Saturday from Port Everglades, is the best way to combine a luxurious vacation with the adventure of discovery in seldom-visited areas of the Caribbean, Central America and Yucatan.

Aboard, you'll enjoy the French way of life. Ashore, you'll be delighted with the ever-magnificent Mayan sites. And, you'll also find beautiful beaches where you can swim and sunbathe.

The Mermoz is registered in France. She is charming, and she is the most civilized way to find the lost Mayan civilization.

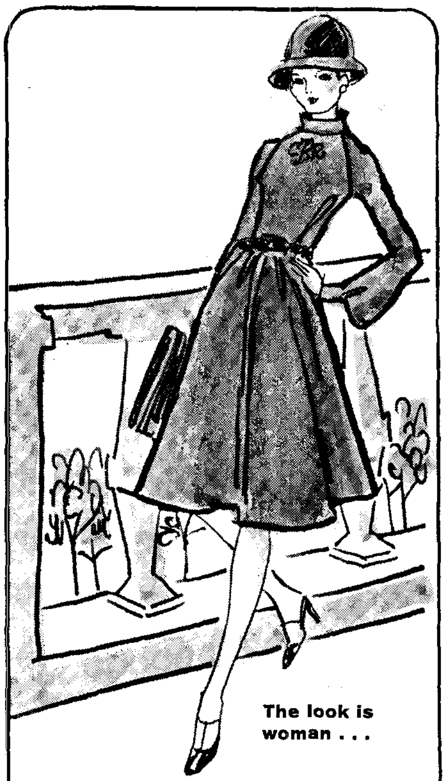
Departures from Port Everglades, Florida, December 7, 21, 1974; January 4, 18; February 1, 15; March 1, 15, 1975, calling at Port-au-Prince, Cartagena, San Blas, Cristobal, San Andres, Santo Tomas de Castilla, Puerto Cortes, Cozumel, Playa del Carmen.

PAQUET CRUISES

For information and reservations consult your travel agent or write:
Paquet Cruises, Inc.
1370 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019
(212) 757-9050

men from that city, William Sutton, a lawyer, and the late John Hillman III, an industrialist, had also come up with the idea of team tennis. They had got as far as announcing the formation of the National Tennis League and were starting to call on the owners of existing professional hockey and basketball teams, checking out their interest, when they learned, in Atlanta, in March, 1973, that the Murphy group was trying to push a similar project. The two groups met twice and decided to merge. Since the Murphy group had already lined up eight or ten potential franchise purchasers, the Pittsburgh group sold out to them, taking in payment the Pittsburgh franchise and a sum of cash. Late that May, W.T.T. was officially launched with the announcement that franchises had been awarded to sixteen cities for fifty thousand dollars each, and that George MacCall, a former non-playing Davis Cup captain who in the late nineteen-sixties had headed up an aggregation of touring pros, had been named commissioner. Murphy, W.T.T.'s first president, resigned in November, 1973, to become the president of the W.H.A. He remains, however, a part owner of the Hawaii Leis. Murphy was succeeded as president by Kaiser, who, with his brother Walter, owns W.T.T.'s Chicago Aces. Barman is a part owner of the Los Angeles W.T.T. team, the Strings, and King is a part owner of a W.T.T. team that calls itself simply the Golden Gaters.

If the birth of W.T.T. caused little cheering in the world of tennis, it also caused no consternation. Few people thought that the new league had a chance. At the time of the championships at Forest Hills last year, only two top players, Billie Jean King and John Newcombe, had indicated that they would cast their lot with W.T.T. Each had excellent personal reasons. Newcombe, who would be playing for the Houston EZ Riders, is one of the owners of a tennis camp in New Braunfels, near San Antonio, where he makes his home part of the year, and he is involved, along with his partner, Clarence Mabry, in the profitable sideline of setting up other tennis facilities in Texas. (By the way, the reason the Houston team is called the EZ Riders is that its principal owner is E. Z. Jones, a big real-estate man.) As for Billie Jean, even apart from her husband's activities as one of W.T.T.'s prime movers, she was all for the league from the start, because, as she has frequently stated, what tennis needs in order to become really popu-



The look is woman . . .

soft, simple and smart. The fabric is Dacron® and wool. This contemporary monogrammed dress available in green or navy. Please specify initials and color you desire.
6 to 16 sizes, 54.00*
Without monogram 50.00

Richard Thomas at the plaza

Mail orders to RICHARD THOMAS
P.O. Box 4061 Hamden, Connecticut 06514
Please add 1.00 for handling.
*Allow two weeks for delivery.

Authentic Handcrafted Indian Jewelry By craftsmen of Southwest Tribes.

Genuine Turquoise, Coral and Semi-Precious Gems crafted in Sterling Silver by Tribal Artificers from the Hopi, Navajo and Zuni. Necklaces — Navajo Squash Blossom, Zuni Needlepoint, Petit Point and Multi-colored — matched sets. Rings, Earrings, Bracelets, Pins, Pendants, Bola Ties, Cuff Links, Conchos, Belt Buckles, etc. Details & Photos write:

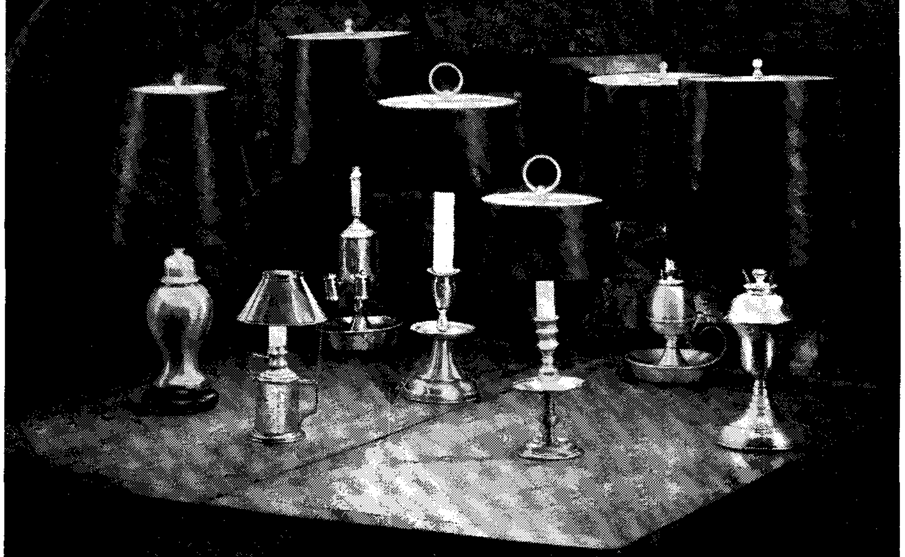
TRIBAL CRAFTSMEN LTD.
MAILING ADDRESS P. O. BOX 903
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85001
DISPLAY ROOMS 377 N. 3rd AVENUE

lar is to shed its anachronistic country-club mannerisms and move toward the spontaneity and democratic flavor associated with team sports. (In her new book, "Billie Jean," published by Harper & Row, there are several passages in which she elaborates on this tenet. Describing the Virginia Slims tournament last winter in San Francisco, she writes, "A packed house for the semifinals; a nice, noisy crowd that really seemed to be having a good time. None of this quiet, demure stuff you find at most tennis tournaments. Let 'em scream and shout is the way I feel about it. They didn't pay their money to come and whisper to themselves all night.") Like Newcombe's contract with the EZ Riders, Billie Jean's with the Philadelphia Freedoms reportedly called for her to receive more than a hundred thousand dollars a season. And, like Newcombe, she was permitted by the league to select the team she wanted to play for. Minnesota tried to get her by offering to call its team the Kings, in her honor, but she chose Philadelphia, because of her friendship with Dick Butera, the principal owner of its team. (For some time, Billie Jean had had a tie-in with the tennis club on Hilton Head Island, off South Carolina, and there was a period recently when Butera, a real-estate developer, was president of the Hilton Head Company, which ran the club. Billie Jean now owns a small piece of the Freedoms.) However, after the representatives of the sixteen teams had solemnly gone through the motions of a league draft in August of 1973, no other "name players" expressed an interest in signing with W.T.T. That was the big thing. The general feeling was that it was an artificial idea and wouldn't last as long as the Roanoke Colony.

The more the game's traditionalists heard about the budding plans of W.T.T. the more they disliked it. For example, its Players and Rules Committee, under the chairmanship of Larry King, announced that in league competition the first player to score four points in a game would win it. There would be no deuce, no ad. There would also be no love; that scoring term had an antique and effeminate connotation all wrong for a sport about to be Americanized by a league that would encourage its patrons to be as vocal as they wanted. For that matter, there would be no fifteen, thirty, or forty. Instead, the points would be scored one, two, three, and four. This wasn't particularly new or revolutionary, but some of the other

schmid design folio™

Schmid introduces Pewter Lamps

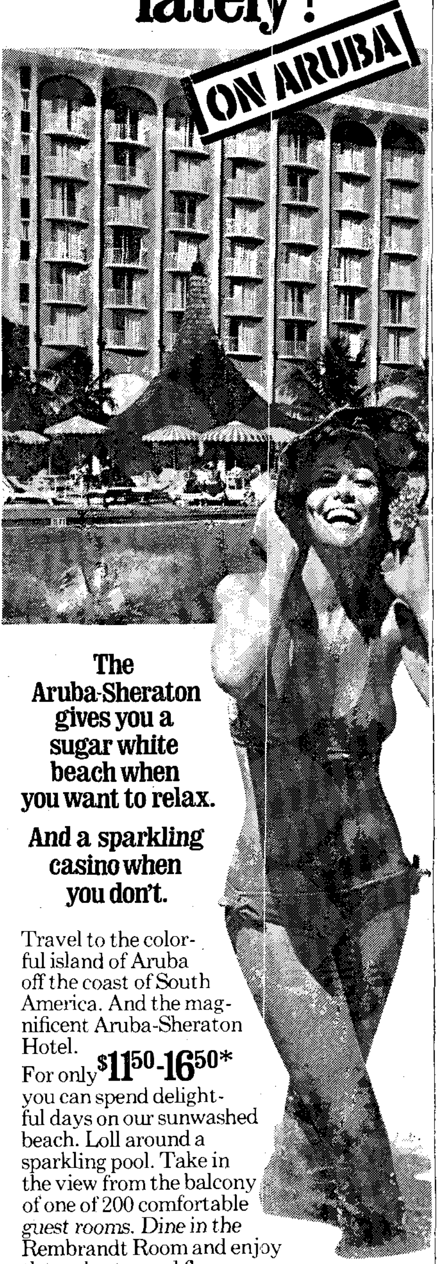


Authentic Look of Yesteryear in Handcrafted Solid Pewter

Pewter. So interestingly old, so excitingly young! Now in a brand new collection of handsome lamps, authentic reproductions of early-day American and European antiques recreated by master pewtersmiths in Connecticut. The pewter's satiny gleam is effectively accented by black shades, the smartest touch to either a traditional or contemporary room. From a petite 9" high to a stately 24" they are realistically priced from $50. to $90. at fine stores everywhere. Or write for the one nearest you. Schmid Brothers, Inc., 55 Pacella Park Drive, Randolph, Mass. 02368.

©Schmid Bros., Inc. 1974

Photographed in historic Parson Capen House, Topsfield, Massachusetts.



What has Sheraton done for you lately?

The Aruba-Sheraton gives you a sugar white beach when you want to relax.

And a sparkling casino when you don't.

Travel to the colorful island of Aruba off the coast of South America. And the magnificent Aruba-Sheraton Hotel. For only 11^{50}-16^{50}* you can spend delightful days on our sunwashed beach. Loll around a sparkling pool. Take in the view from the balcony of one of 200 comfortable guest rooms. Dine in the Rembrandt Room and enjoy the orchestra and floor show. Join the excitement of the casino. Or dance to Latin American rhythms in the Club Diablo.

For reservations call
800-325-3535.
Or have your travel agent call.

Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino

SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
PALM BEACH, ORANJESTAD, ARUBA, N.A. TELEPHONE 3900

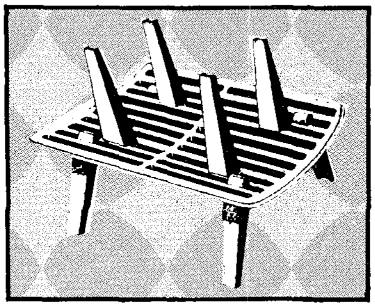
*Per person, per day, double occupancy, E.P. plus taxes and 10% service charge. April 22 thru Dec. 15, 1974.

regulations were. For example, nearly all team sports allow substitutions, and so would W.T.T.; if a coach thought that one of his players wasn't performing up to par, he could send in another player from the bench at any time as a replacement. Women would have an equal part in the picture. In fact, the first format decided on provided for six matches: a set of women's singles, a set of men's singles, a set of mixed doubles, and then, after an intermission, another set of women's singles, another of men's singles, and another of mixed doubles. A team's score would be the sum of the games its players won. For illustration, let us say that in a match between Houston and Philadelphia the sets went, in terms of Houston, 3–6, 6–3, 7–6, 1–6, 7–5, and 4–6. Adding up the games would give you a Philadelphia victory by 32–28.

All things considered, my own feelings and those of most of my friends were definitely anti-W.T.T. We minded the new league's statements about bringing tennis to the people, when this had already been accomplished by the tennis "explosion." (To cite only two examples, a hundred thousand adult Americans now spend at least one week a year at a tennis camp, and where in the past there was hardly ever any tennis on television, on one Sunday in late August of this year six different tennis tournaments, one live and five taped, were available on New York television channels.) Far from pioneering, the new league was hoping to climb on a bandwagon that was rolling along at a terrific clip. My friends and I also resented the new league for designating May, June, July, and August—with the exception of the Wimbledon fortnight and the week preceding it—as its season. (No one dares trifle with Wimbledon, which, as a rule, takes place the last week in June and the first in July.) We felt that if W.T.T. was successful in wedging itself into the schedule opposite the traditional European spring fixtures, the chief effect would be to make tennis close to an American monopoly. After all, World Championship Tennis, which operated three twenty-eight-player groups in 1974, runs from January into early May, and in late July most of the world-class players begin trooping back here to tune up for our national championships, which get under way at Forest Hills in late August. Tennis has long been an international game and should remain so, we felt. Admittedly, the Italian Championships, which begin in late May or early June, are not all that

This NEW KIND of FIREPLACE GRATE

Improves fireplace performance 10 Different Ways. . . .



U.S. Patent #3,505,986

- cures most smoking problems
- makes fire starting and tending much easier
- cuts way down on firewood costs — pays for itself over and over again
- sharply cuts air pollution, because better draft causes more complete combustion, greatly reduces smoldering and smoking
- makes any fireplace much safer
- permits easier ash removal
- protects andirons from harm
- creates beautiful flame patterns
- lets you have hot or "cool" fires
- adds a handsome touch to any fireplace

If you have a fireplace of any kind, please let us send you complete details about how this wonderful new kind of fireplace grate works, including prices. Not available anywhere else. Ask for FIREPLACE GRATE STORY. Write now to Garden Way Research, Dept. 40500, Charlotte, Vermont 05445.

Colonial Night Table Kit
$34.95
Add $2.00 for postage and handling.
Mass. residents add 3% sales tax.

Original in Pierce, Hitchborn House, Boston

An authentic copy you will be proud to own. This functional end table is easy to assemble. All parts accurately crafted and sanded ready to finish; stain, glue, brass knob and screws included. Top is pine, 18½" sq., with maple legs and drawer front, ht. is 28½". Send check or money order. **Send 50¢ for color catalog. Over 50 kits illustrated. Plus exciting ideas on decorating and refinishing.**

Cohasset Colonials BY HAGERTY
674 Ship St., Cohasset, Mass. 02025

wonderful (although the Foro Italico is a majestic stadium, and the galleries are keenly appreciative of good tennis), but it seemed wrong for W.T.T. to set up in direct conflict with Rome. As an established tournament, Rome deserved a shot at the best field possible. So did the French Championships, now held in the first part of June. The players may find life at Roland Garros difficult, because the scheduling of the matches is so disordered, and also because swirling winds often flaw the pleasure of appearing on the center court, but the French is still the world's No. 1 clay-court championship and has been since 1925, when, after thirty-five years as an event open only to French players, it started accepting entrants from all countries. A half century of championship tennis should count for something.

In the last three months of 1973, things changed. W.T.T., more or less an abstract threat up to then, suddenly had to be taken seriously, for its various teams were doing much better than had been anticipated in lining up players of stature. John Alexander had signed with Los Angeles, Kerry Melville with Boston, Jimmy Connors with Baltimore, Rosie Casals with Detroit, Owen Davidson with Minnesota, Evonne Goolagong and Ken Rosewall with Pittsburgh, Roy Emerson with the Golden Gaters, and so on. Along with this, Commissioner MacCall and President Kaiser had arrived at certain understandings with the inhabitants of tennis's alphabet kingdom which no one had ever thought they would be able to pull off. In January, they reached an agreement with the greatly respected Lamar Hunt, of W.C.T. (World Championship Tennis), to help finance a joint multimillion-dollar pension and insurance plan for their players; W.T.T.'s contribution would come to two hundred thousand dollars a year over five years. Close upon this, the A.T.P. (Association of Tennis Professionals), which had threatened to expel anybody who signed with the interlopers, altered its bylaws so that its members were free to join W.T.T. if they wished. Then—wonder of wonders—MacCall and Kaiser were able to persuade the I.L.T.F. (International Lawn Tennis Federation), the corporate watchdog of establishment tennis, to grant them a sanction, for which W.T.T. would pay forty-eight thousand dollars. (The key to this coup was obviously W.T.T.'s declaration that it would suspend operations during Wimbledon, for after suffering through two straight years in

GORDON®
OF PHILADELPHIA

GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

The blazer-with-a-difference, 100% cotton velveteen, crisply tailored; about $68.

Beneath—a rich tartan plaid long skirt. 70% wool, 30% nylon; about $44.

Both in sizes 6-18.

Activair® makes the 100% acrylic ribknit turtleneck that completes the look.

Sizes S-M-L; about $20.

At B. ALTMAN & CO., all stores; THE TALBOTS, all stores;
JOHN DOUGLAS, all stores; A SHORT STORY, at the Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs;
THE SURREY SHOP, Menlo Park, California; ANTHONY'S, Asheville, N. C.;
or for the store nearest you, write
Gordon Sales Associates, 1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

For people who are still individuals...

the Irish country hat

Each Irish country hat is handcrafted with pride by skilled artisans on the wild, western coast of Ireland. These hats are created by individuals, not production lines, and are designed to become an extension of your own personality.

Shape your Irish hat to suit yourself

The style of your hat can say a lot. That's why the Irish hat leaves the final shape up to you.

The hand-woven tweed is extra thick, and fully lined in the crown. It sheds rain, protects from the wind, and can give you a comfortable shade from the sun.

Irish country hats are made exclusively for Norm Thompson, and come in distinctive gray or brown tweed mixes. Sizes 6½ to 7⅝ Each **$15.00.** Two for **$29.00.**

You have full return privileges.

Benedicte Boullet,
Paris, France

Peter Christian,
London, England

Norm Thompson Dept. O-7
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Ore. 97209

Order toll free any time: (800) 547-6712
(Excluding Oregon, Hawaii & Alaska)

Irish Hat(s)	Qty.	Size	Brown	Gray
Men's: 6½-7⅝				
Women's: 20¼-25				

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Charge to my BankAmericard. ☐ Master Charge. (Include all raised letters and numbers on card.)

Card No.

Signature X

☐ Send free 80 page color catalog, *"Escape from the ordinary"*

Name

Address

City

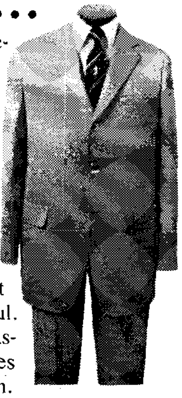
State Zip

which altercations with W.C.T. and the A.T.P. had resulted in the absence of most of the best men players, Wimbledon was anxious to avoid any bannings in 1974. This left the Italian and French Championships in vulnerable positions, but the I.L.T.F., historically English-dominated, apparently wasn't much bothered by that. In the end, W.T.T. didn't pay the sanction money to the I.L.T.F., because the Italian and French Championships would not accept W.T.T. players.) And, last, W.T.T. worked out a sanctions deal with the United States Lawn Tennis Association, the payment coming to ninety-eight thousand dollars. While all this was going on, more players of international reputation signed with the new league, among them Cliff Drysdale, Fred Stolle, Nancy Gunter, Nikki Pilic, Françoise Durr, Tony Roche, and Tom Okker. As happens so often in sports, the name of the game had turned out to be money. (Okker, the grapevine had it, had signed with Toronto-Buffalo for a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars.) In a word, the players who went with W.T.T. had decided in favor of a good-sized lump of "up-front money," as opposed to taking their chances of winning large slices of the purses in tournament play. As the old saying goes, a four-in-hand is worth two barouches.

On the night of May 6th, the curtain went up on W.T.T. Two of its best and most star-studded teams, the Philadelphia Freedoms and the Pittsburgh Triangles, met in the Spectrum in Philadelphia before a crowd estimated, somewhat generously, at nearly eleven thousand. Philadelphia won, 31–25. The tennis, which was of only fair quality, was almost submerged in a sea of gimmickry. The Freedoms wore red-white-and-dark-blue uniforms designed by Teddy Tinling, the English couturier, which were supposed to incorporate the team's Liberty Bell logo, but the design was so avant-garde that it looked more like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle which didn't fit together. The Triangles' uniforms were green and yellow, and less adventurous. Draped around the Spectrum were banners proclaiming "Our Queen Is a King," "Be Gone, Evonne" (directed at the opposing star), and "Fiery Fred" (for calm, pleasant Fred Stolle, of the home team); they seemed much less the concoctions of bona-fide fans than the work of the Freedoms' P.R. staff. The first match was late in starting, and during the wait Iggy Geneva and his Mummers' String Band played "Happy Days Are Here Again." When

If you, *as a man,* care about clothes...

The appearance of success can best be served with quality tailored men's clothes from Langrock in Princeton. Here alone you will find conservative tailoring of fine fabrics in natural shoulder and soft construction which speaks out that you are successful. From student to Ambassador, Langrock clothes mark the important man.



Take this gabardine suit, for instance. For the first time in years Langrock has been successful in having all wool Gabardine specially woven for Langrock in a suiting material that measures up to Langrock standards of durability and appearance and that lends itself to the superb type of tailoring that fine Gabardine requires and people expect.

Sizes: Regular, 38 to 48; Short, 38 to 44; Long, 39 to 48; Extra Long, 42 to 48.

Available in British Tan, in stock at $275.

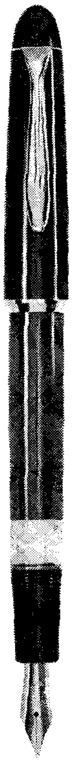
Colour catalogue of Fall and Winter offerings now available. Please write.

There's only one

Langrock

42 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540
Telephone 609-924-2424

© 1974 LA



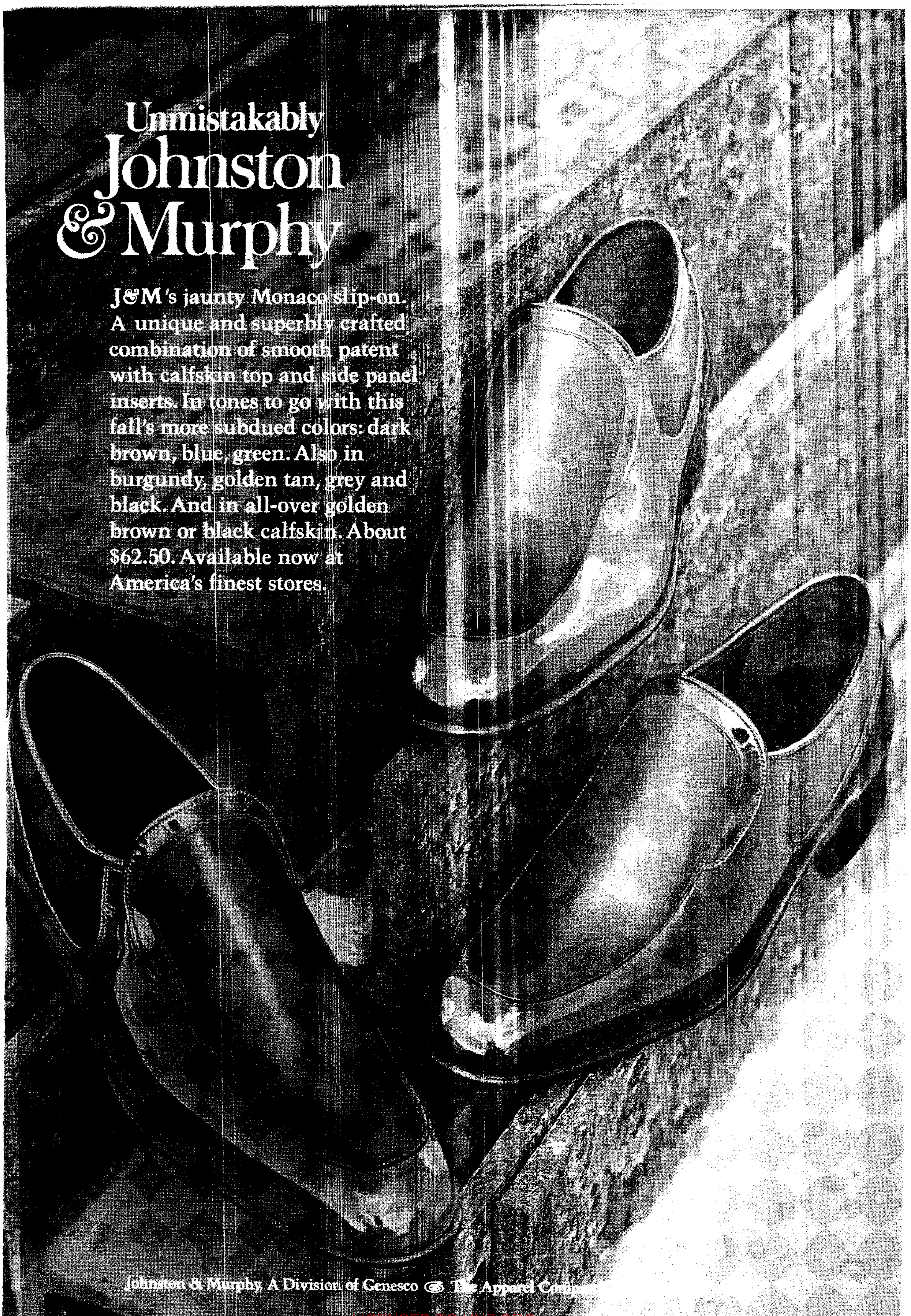
The fountain pen that never went out of style

Classics never go out of style. The Pelikan 120 is the great classic fountain pen from Germany, long a favorite of European pen purists. (Now available in America.)

Large visible ink chamber. Convenient screw-plunger filling mechanism. Controlled ink flow. In elegant all-black or two-tone black and green. Choice of ultra-smooth extra fine, fine or medium standard nibs. Also fine, medium and medium oblique italic nibs.

Only $9.00 at artist material and pen shops as well as college book stores. Or send your check to Pentalic Corporation, 132 West 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011. State color and nib preference. Add 50¢ for handling.

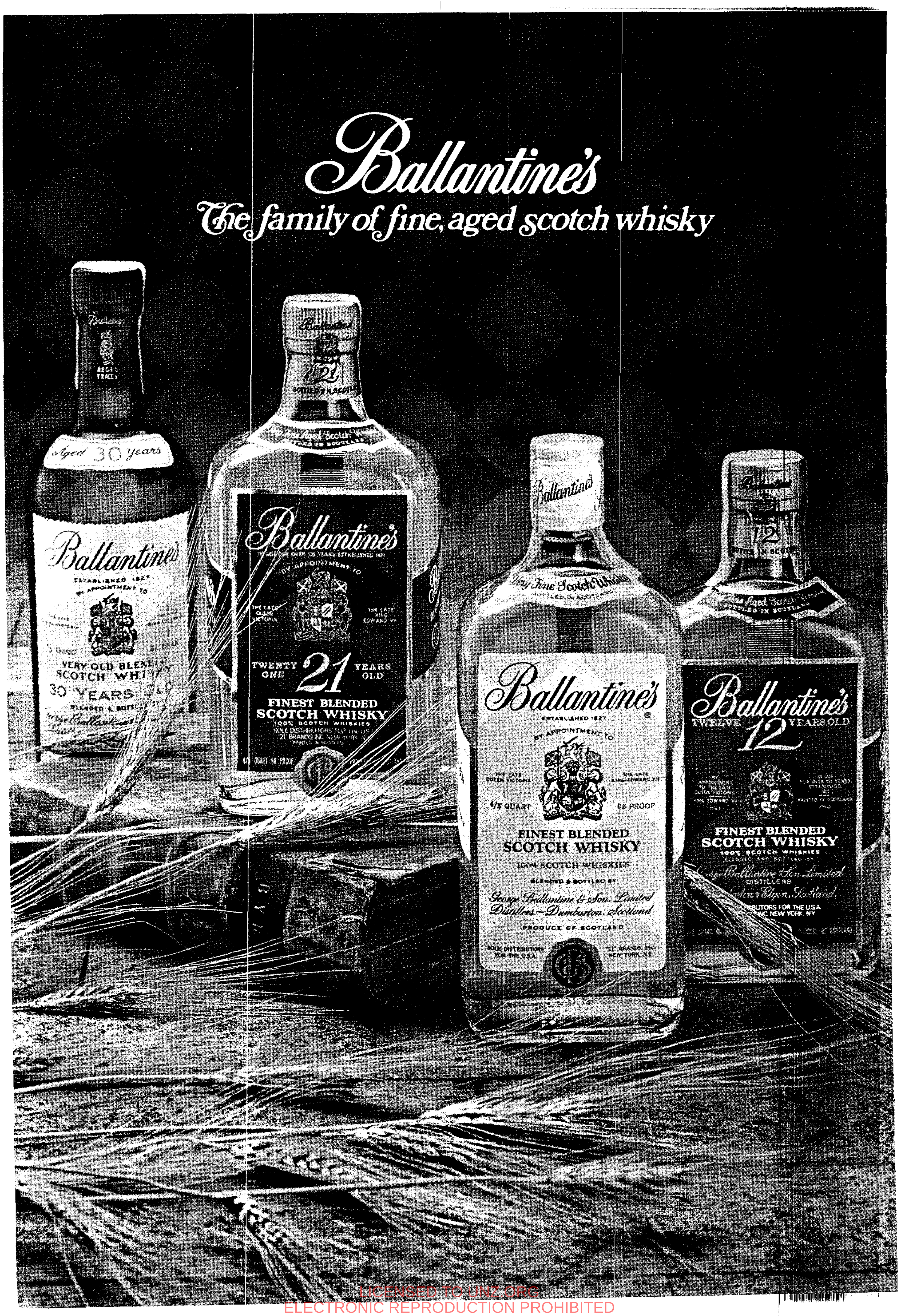
Pelikan 120



Unmistakably
Johnston
& Murphy

J&M's jaunty Monaco slip-on. A unique and superbly crafted combination of smooth patent with calfskin top and side panel inserts. In tones to go with this fall's more subdued colors: dark brown, blue, green. Also in burgundy, golden tan, grey and black. And in all-over golden brown or black calfskin. About $62.50. Available now at America's finest stores.

Johnston & Murphy, A Division of Genesco The Apparel Comp


Ballantine's
The family of fine, aged scotch whisky
Aged 30 years
Ballantine's
VERY OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
30 YEARS OLD
Ballantine's
TWENTY ONE 21 YEARS OLD
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Ballantine's
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
George Ballantine & Son, Limited
Distillers—Dumbarton, Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Ballantine's
TWELVE 12 YEARS OLD
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Billie Jean warmed up for her match, the P.A. system played "Mother Freedom" recorded by Bread. During the evening, whenever the Freedoms won a set a large Liberty Bell close to the court was rung. But what dominated the scene was the incessant noise that the spectators made. They had been told by the P.A. announcer not only to yell for their favorites but also to indicate their displeasure if they didn't like something or somebody, and they made the most of this explicit invitation by heckling the Pittsburgh players when they served and berating and booing them indiscriminately. Even Rosewall, one of the most intrinsic sportsmen in sport, did not escape this treatment. The worst incident of these early days came in the return match between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, at Pittsburgh, when a strange Rube Goldberg sequence took place. As Rosewall was waiting to receive Brian Fairlie's service, someone in the crowd yelled something at Fairlie, whereupon Buster Mottram, an excitable nineteen-year-old Briton on the Freedoms, yelled something back at the needler, and this caused Rosewall, who had misinterpreted the exchange and thought that Mottram was yelling at him, to walk over to the Philadelphia bench and tell the young man to be quiet. Loud boos. Despite—or maybe in line with—Billie Jean's post-match affirmation that "tennis will finally start relating to the masses," many veteran tennis people, on learning about the rampant rudeness not only at the Spectrum on opening night but all around the league on most other nights ("Choke, Betty," "Get lost, Newcombe," and "You bum, Tiriac" represented the general level of the fans' shouts, although they were sometimes more vulgar, particularly in Cleveland), concluded that Saturnalia Unlimited was not for them. These reports of W.T.T.'s atmosphere were a principal reason I did not go out to the Nassau Coliseum on May 7th to watch the first appearance of the New York Sets, although getting jammed up in the end-of-the-day traffic on the Long Island Expressway was not a lure, either, nor was the prospect of seeing the Sets, who, having gone to the draft entirely unprepared, were represented in the women's singles by Pam Teeguarden and in the men's singles by Manolo Santana, pathetically a full decade past his brilliant prime.

I HAD read so little about the progress of W.T.T., apart from box scores of the matches in the *Times*,

Aquascutum's Trench Coat.

Authentic details include storm collar, detachable epaulets, yoke back and shoulder gunflap. Handmade leather buckles, brass neck fasteners and belt with "D" rings. Available in rich twills and poplin blends, showerproofed with Aqua 5. It's called the Kingsway. And it's yours at finer stores throughout America.

By appointment
to H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother
makers of weatherproof garments
Aquascutum Limited

The Queen's Award to Industry
1966 1971

Aquascutum
OF LONDON

For your nearest retailer in the USA write to:
2 East 37th Street, New York 10016. Tel. 685-9570.

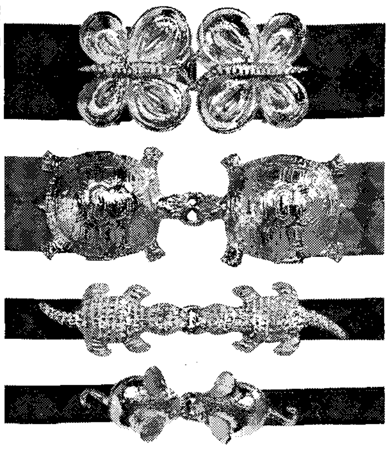
WHILE THE WORLD IS IN THE PAJAMA,

YOU'RE IN
Austin Hill

WOOL BLEND SKIRT IN RUST, HUNTER GREEN OR BROWN PLAID. ABOUT $40. SHAWL COLLARED WOOL FLANNEL JACKET WITH TIE BELT, CREAM, RUST, HUNTER GREEN OR BROWN. ABOUT $66. SATIN STRIPED SHIRT OF DACRON® POLYESTER. ABOUT $21. SIZES 6-18. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE: AUSTIN HILL, 498 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y. 10018.

and heard so little, too, that in early August it struck me I had better take to the road and see for myself how the league was faring. As I have indicated, I had a certain bias against W.T.T., but I now resolved to look at the situation with an open mind. My itinerary called for stops in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, oases hardly as beckoning in midsummer as Zermatt or Dornoch, but Bob Kain, a young University of Virginia graduate, who is the Sets' general manager, had recommended them as two good league towns to visit. "Philadelphia is doing unbelievably well on the road, practically supporting the league," Kain told me. "They draw seven to eight thousand fans in cities where, as you have probably noticed in the papers, fewer than a thousand fans turn out for many of the matches. Strangely, Philly doesn't draw as well at home. They're averaging about three thousand a match, not counting the people who are part of this or that commercial promotion. Pittsburgh—that's a solid club." Until my meeting with Kain, my knowledge of the operation of the New York team had been so threadbare that I hadn't realized that the Sets' original owner, Jerry Saperstein (he is a son of the legendary Abe, who put together and ran the Harlem Globetrotters), had sold the franchise many months earlier to Sol Berg, a commodities broker who had originally dealt in coffee but is now also in gold, silver, wheat, cocoa, and a few other things. Just before Wimbledon, owing to Berg's persistent efforts, Virginia Wade, the top British woman player, had joined the Sets and, almost singlehanded, had revived the team. "You must come out to Uniondale and see us," Kain said. "Attendance has zoomed since Virginia arrived. The people like her because she's feminine but very competitive. She throws everything she has into her matches, and they appreciate it." I told him I'd come out when I returned from my tour.

During my visit to Pittsburgh, I saw two matches, both victories for the Triangles. On Saturday night, they stopped the Freedoms—who had won eighteen straight and had already wrapped up their division of the league—by the score of 28–24. The high point of the evening was the women's doubles, in which Billie Jean King and Julie Anthony, who had gone twenty-one matches without a defeat, were upset, 7–5, by Evonne Goolagong and Peggy Michel, the Wimbledon doubles champions, after some



Mating Game Buckles & Belts

Kissing fieldmice. Bussing butterflies. Friendly alligators and turtles. On golden-bright metal buckles. Slip them on and off our adjustable leather-look belts of camel, navy, brown, black. 1¼" Butterfly or Turtle buckles, $10. 1¼" belts, $3. ½" Fieldmice or Alligator buckles, $8. ½" belts, $2. Clip earrings to match, $5. Add $1 for postage and handling. **Send for free catalog.**

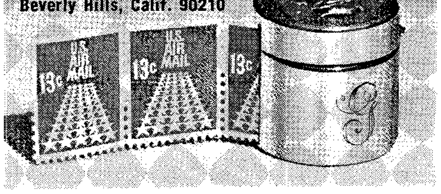
RUTH KISHLINE'S
Country Clothes
9215 Old Petersburgh Road
Evansville, Indiana 47711

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Danish Silverplated Stamp Box holds a roll of 100 stamps. 1¼" high. Comes with engraved initial, for just **8.50**

Add 6% tax in California. Use American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge. Call (213) 272-9334

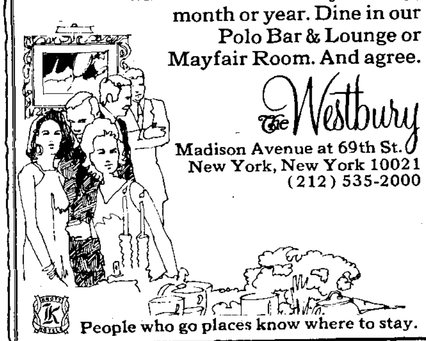
351 N. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210



A fine location for the finer things in life.
Including the art of fine living. Stay in one of our handsome rooms or suites which are available by the day, month or year. Dine in our Polo Bar & Lounge or Mayfair Room. And agree.

The Westbury
Madison Avenue at 69th St.
New York, New York 10021
(212) 535-2000

People who go places know where to stay.



beautiful and bewitching tennis. It was clear that the home crowd felt a real affinity with its women's doubles team, and that is easy to understand, since Goolagong has the most natural court charm of all the top women players, and Michel—who is also now coached by Vic Edwards, the veteran Australian teacher who has supervised Goolagong's career—is an old-fashioned all-American girl with a smile like the young Madge Evans. They would be popular anywhere, but I had to chalk one up for W.T.T.'s contention that a home team in tennis, as in more genuine team sports, would develop a hard core of rooters. (It should be noted that in May W.T.T. had revised its format, and a match now consisted of a set each of women's singles, men's singles, women's doubles, men's doubles, and mixed doubles, in that order—a considerable improvement.) The attendance that Saturday night was 8,132, the Triangles' biggest crowd of the year. They had come mainly to see Billie Jean, who, following her spectacular televised triumph over Bobby Riggs the previous fall, had acquired the status of a full-fledged national celebrity, like Henry Kissinger or Redd Foxx. Earlier in the year, Billie Jean, who functions as the player-coach of the Freedoms, had had her belligerent and histrionic moments, but that night in Pittsburgh she was as tranquil and quiet as I have seen her in over a dozen years. On Sunday night, when the Triangles played the Baltimore Banners, the attendance was only 2,636—largely because the news had got around that Connors, the Baltimore ace, probably wouldn't be on hand. The Baltimore match had one fascinating aspect. With the mixed doubles still to go, the Triangles trailed 24–22, so in order for them to win the over-all match Gerald Battrick and Peggy Michel would have to defeat Jay Mukerjea and Joyce Hume by 6–3 or better. Battrick and Michel actually won by 6–2, sweeping the last eight points. They had the crowd on its feet, cheering. I hadn't foreseen that the W.T.T.'s system of cumulative scoring could make for such excitement—that a match could be pulled out of the fire or lost according to how the games went in the last set.

I liked just about everything about the Pittsburgh setup. For one thing, the Triangles play in the Civic Arena, a handsome structure topped by the largest movable dome in the world. (It was originally built, in 1961, for the Civic Light Opera, which had a

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD

Traveling with
LINDBLAD IN INDIA
is an unforgettably beautiful experience.

Today India offers more to see than virtually anywhere else in the world. You will encounter richness and beauty. See the great architecture of the Moghuls. Travel the huge forests where you find tiger, rhino and incredible bird life. See the famous nature preserves. You will come upon different life styles of many people, rich and poor. You may shop in bazaars reminiscent of the days of Rudyard Kipling. And you will travel in small groups. Quality is the key word to Lindblad's well-planned India Expeditions. We offer the Himalayan Nature Tour and Incomparable India. On our program also is Bhutan and Burma as well as the ever-popular Expedition to the Borderlands of Tibet. The Kashmir Extension is available to all except Bhutan and Burma Excursion. **Air-India** will fly you to these tours in superb comfort. Please write for our "Lindblad in India" brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYIN10774
122 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y
(212) 751-2300

Little Switzerland bubbles over with
Watches, Jewelry, Cameras, Hi-Fi, China, Crystal, Clocks, Binoculars.

Little Switzerland
ST. THOMAS ST. CROIX ST. MARTIN
We accept American Express Credit Cards.

v.i.p. gift

A NEW DISNEY ADVENTURE
ME
SNOW WHITE

"Look...
it's a book about me!"

Delight your child with this charming new Me-Book®, "Me, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The names of your child and his or her friends and pets appear throughout the story. It's all done by magic computer. Fill in the order blank below and send to Higbee's, Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio 44113. Enclose check or money order for 4.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling. Ohio residents add 4½% sales tax. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. 1.00 additional for air mail delivery.

Higbee Book Shop, All Stores

PERSONALIZED STORY DATA. If certain information is not available or not applicable LEAVE BLANK. This charming story will be written without it. PRINT CLEARLY, one character per space and one space between words. (Example: JOHN DOE). If not enough space, abbreviate.

Child's First Name or "Nickname" ______ Last Name ______ ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
Child's Address ______ Apt. ______
City ______ State ______ Zip Code ______
Child's Birthdate: Month ___ / Day ___ / Year ___ Below, list up to 3 friends, brothers or sisters:
______ ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
______ ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
______ ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
Dog's Name ______ Cat's Name ______
Grown-up's name to appear on personalized book plate:
("Aunt Jane, Grandma, Mom & Dad" etc.) ______
Grown-up's name (person buying book)
☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ______ First Initial ______ Last Name ______
Grown-up's Address ______ Apt. ______
City ______ State ______ Zip Code ______

Higbee's
CLEVELAND

history of rain-outs.) At the start of both matches I attended, the dome was about seven-eighths closed, but at intermission the steel partitions were retracted until nearly all of it was open to the skies and to much closer sights, such as the lighted-up United States Steel Building. (The more open the roof the stronger the wind blows inside the arena, naturally, and several visiting players, most notably Françoise Durr, had protested that this was all part of a subtle plot to give the local team an advantage.) For another thing, I enjoyed my talks with Chuck Reichblum, one of twelve owners of the team, and its president and general manager. A Forbes Field usher as a boy, Reichblum, who is now in his mid-forties, is a likable, considerate man with whom it is possible to disagree amicably. For example, I do not think, as Reichblum does, that W.T.T. has "brought an excitement to tennis it has never known before" and made it basically "an entertainment," and I am sure that he does not agree with me that if W.T.T. succeeds it will be in spite of its determination to convert tennis into what he called a "he-man sport" by changing "its esoteric scoring and upper-class aura." I learned a good deal from Reichblum about how members of a new sports enterprise think. He felt that the first two priorities that W.T.T. had to be guided by were "arena availability" and "television availability," and that these made a spring-summer schedule a necessity. (The Penguins, the local N.H.L. team, have first crack at the arena's best dates in the fall and winter.) He said that when Pittsburgh drafted Evonne Goolagong, it didn't think there was much chance of interesting her in team tennis, and he believes that what persuaded her to sign was the astute contract Pittsburgh offered her, which outlined a program very heavy on pension and insurance. (Goolagong signed in September, Rosewall not until December.) Reichblum also believes that W.T.T. would be wise to reduce the number of teams and the number of matches next year.

My trip to Pittsburgh also enabled me to see some tennis by Rosewall, who is the player I have enjoyed watching far more than any other over the years. At thirty-nine, he looks hardly any different from the way he did twenty-two years ago, when he made his first appearance in this country. He stood five feet seven and weighed about a hundred and thirty-five—which he still does, give or take a few pounds.

Soft Brushed Winter Denims

100%
PURE
COTTON

WINTER DENIM — FRONT BUTTON SHIRTDRESS. Trim and shapely. Warm and sturdy, this softly brushed winter denim dress is cut with classic yoke, front pleat, sideseam pockets, has metal workman's buttons, and matching metal buckle on the trench coat belt. In our velvety brushed denim of 100% cotton, in faded blue or dusty rose. Gently machine washable. Please state color.
Sizes 8-18 .... **$39.95 ppd.**

PRETTY PRACTICAL POCKET JUMPER. A versatile jumper in heavyweight, softly brushed 100% cotton denim will look stunning at the potter's wheel or the P.T.A. Deep twin kangaroo pockets are fantastically practical. Our famous gentle A-shape has a beautifully fitting scoop neck to show off your favorite shirts and jerseys. There's a convenient back zipper and a self-tie belt. Choose faded blue or dusty rose denim. Gently machine washable.
Sizes 8-18 .... **$22.95 ppd.**

Our Own Exclusive Designs

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-107
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington Mass. 01230
Write for catalog.

Tonight

. . . take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest conversation.

- ♦Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
- ♦Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-1 a.m.)

Worcester, by mail

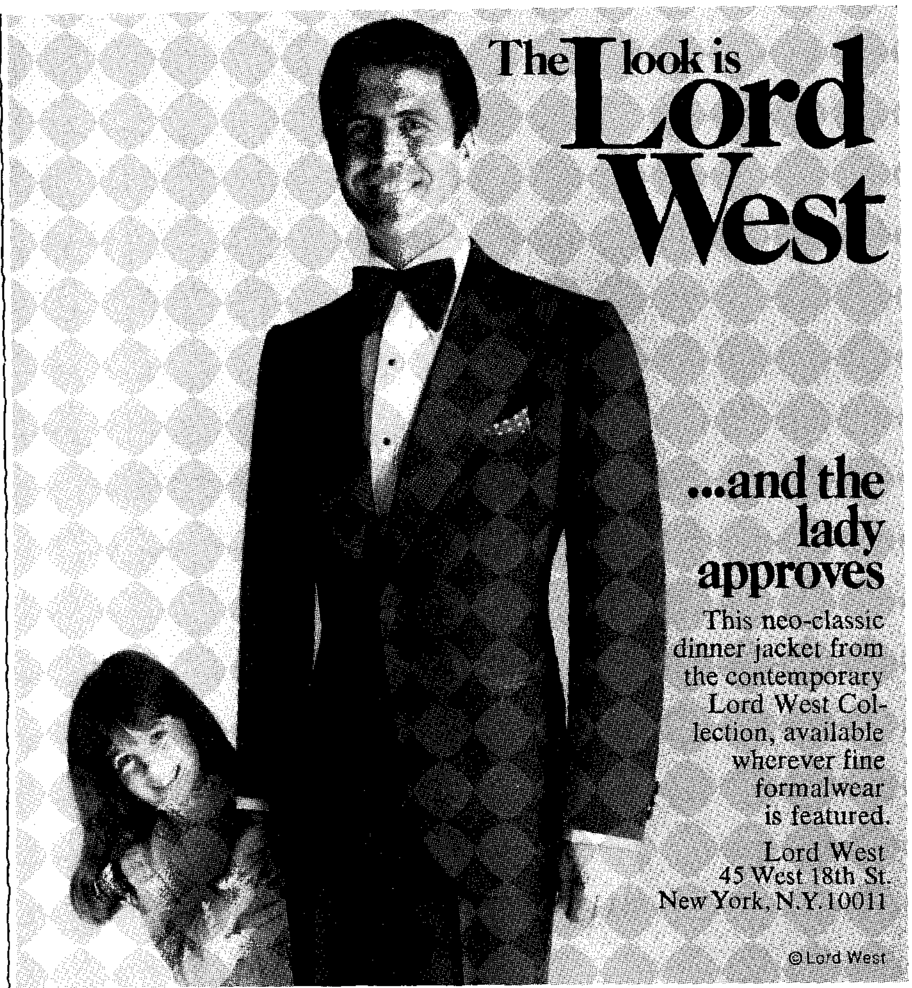
Olé—the oven-to-table porcelain soufflé from Royal Worcester. Just about foolproof, definitely flameproof, dishwasher proof. In the Evesham pattern, #RW461. 1¾ qts. At select stores or by mail, only $22.50 from:

Lucchetti Associates
415 East 52nd Street, N.Y. 10022
(Add $1.85 postage & handling, catalog available)

There's not a gray hair on his head or the suspicion of a wrinkle on his face, and he still walks between points with that little-boy bounce, his eyes gravely averted as he ponders his next move. Rosewall played one good singles and one not-so-good singles. He was in excellent form in beating Fairlie, 6–2, his drives and volleys just skimming the net, but some trouble with his serve hurt him against Bob Carmichael, who was filling in for Connors, and Rosewall lost to him, 4–6. One of the factors that led Rosewall to join W.T.T. was his decision to take his family along with him to Pittsburgh; this, as he saw it, would give him a chance to spend much more time with them than he usually did, for his annual travels abroad following the tournament circuit took him away for a good part of the year from their home, in Turra Murra, about twenty minutes north of Sydney. "We haven't had all that much time together after all," he told me one evening. "Each team plays forty-four matches in thirteen weeks, and you're hopping around travelling a lot. The best thing about the year is that it gave me a chance to take my two sons, Brett and Glenn—they're fifteen and thirteen—to Wimbledon. Golly, it was only the second time that Wilma—that's my wife—has got to Wimbledon." It turned out to be the right year. Rosewall lost in the final to Connors but only after playing remarkably well in defeating Vijay Amritraj, Tanner, Newcombe, and Stan Smith.

In Philadelphia, I also saw two matches on consecutive nights, both victories for the Freedoms—30–25 over the Detroit Loves and 25–21 over the Triangles. The Detroit match drew 3,769 customers and the Pittsburgh match 6,527, the attendance both nights having been increased substantially by a promotion deal with Pantry Pride, a prominent food chain, which distributed reduced-price tickets with all purchases beyond a certain amount. The vocal contributions of the spectators were not as bad as I had expected—nor had they been in Pittsburgh, for that matter—and most people devoted themselves to rooting for the home-team players rather than against the visitors.

The Philadelphia team has a lot going for it. To begin with, it plays its matches in the Spectrum, a modern brick-and-glass oval in South Philadelphia tucked in between the John F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium (formerly the Municipal Stadium), which is best known as the scene of the annual



The look is Lord West

...and the lady approves

This neo-classic dinner jacket from the contemporary Lord West Collection, available wherever fine formalwear is featured.

Lord West
45 West 18th St.
New York, N.Y. 10011

© Lord West

Sabena's African wildlife tours.

Sabena has been flying in and to Africa for half a century. So when it comes to African wildlife and safari tours, you can be sure we really know our way around.

Let us take you to places like the lion-filled Serengeti; to Tsavo National Park, home of big game; or to the hippo colonies of Mzima Springs beneath Mt. Kilimanjaro. Sabena offers a choice of 23 tours from 15 to 63 days. For a surprisingly small sum, you can safari in Africa's great game parks and bird preserves.

Discover Africa — the last different place — with Sabena. See your travel agent, call Sabena (see Yellow Pages), or fill in the information below and send it to Sabena Belgian World Airlines, Holiday Abroad Manager, 125 Community Drive, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021.

HOLIDAY ABROAD® SABENA belgian world airlines

Name __________
Address __________
City ______ State _____ Zip _____
My travel agent is __________

NYR

Weatherbee®

Cold Weather Beware!

We've got them hood-winked with this positive gem of a coat. The hood is border-trimmed with imported lynx-alike pile and the lining is wonderfully warm Borg pile of Orlon* acrylic. Outside . . . closely woven canvas of Dacron* polyester and combed cotton, treated with ZePel* for rain and stain repellency. A winter wonderland of colors. Sizes 6-18. $100. Higher far west.

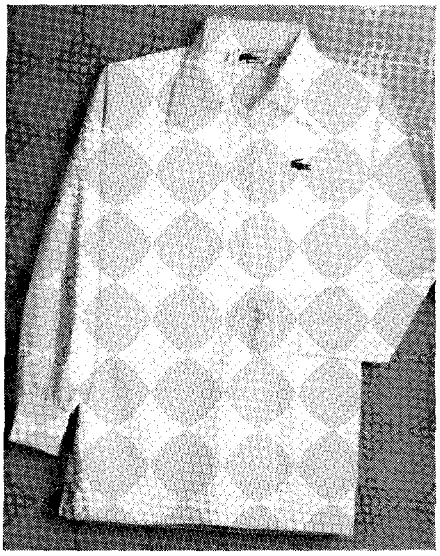
*DuPont Reg. T.M.

At these and other fine stores:
Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Hutzler's, Baltimore; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; Higbee's, Cleveland; Lazarus, Columbus; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Boston Store, Milwaukee; Flah's, New York State; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Stix's, St. Louis & Kansas City; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.

Weatherbee Coats, Inc.
512 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

Army-Navy game, and the new Veterans Stadium, which is the home field of both the Phillies and the Eagles. (Along with the '76ers, the city's pro-basketball team, the Flyers play their home games in the Spectrum, and in the storage space under the stands I found myself one scorching day threading my way past three or four hockey cages and an ice-making machine with a sign on it proclaiming "Lord Stanley, We Want Your Cup.") The Freedoms appear to have a forward-looking management. Butera, the president and principal owner, is a handsome man with a Rock Hudson profile, who, at thirty-seven, has already fought some tough real-estate skirmishes in Florida, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Hawaii as well as on Hilton Head Island. His executive vice-president and general manager, Bob Ehlinger, has been steeped in sports all his life, as player, coach, official, and executive. Last year, he was the general manager of the Philadelphia Atoms, a professional soccer team, which won the North American Soccer League championship, and this autumn, for the seventeenth straight year, he is officiating at top college-football games across the country—such as last week's clash between Army and California. (He works as an umpire, which means that he concentrates on the interior-line play.) A serious man, Ehlinger foresees a longish haul before the Freedoms are assured of making it. "The other day, I counted up the pro sports we have to compete with during the span of our season," he told me. "It came to eight: hockey, soccer, baseball, men's golf, women's golf, box lacrosse, N.F.L. football, and W.F.L. football. That's why it's necessary for us to go in for so many promotions—to get the people out. When they see team tennis, they clearly like it. If W.T.T. is properly modified and marketed these next few years, it should make it."

Philadelphia's other chief asset is a colorful, well-balanced team. Fred Stolle, the lean, angular Australian star of the nineteen-sixties, has brought fusion and finesse to the men's and mixed doubles teams. Mottram, the towering English boy, has displayed an on-court steadiness surprising in one so young. The team also gets a big lift in the women's and mixed doubles from Julie Anthony, a pretty, Botticellian Stanford graduate whose friends call her Doc; she is working on a doctorate in clinical psychology at U.C.L.A., the subject of her dissertation being the use of videotape in psychotherapy. And then the Freedoms



WOMEN'S "ALLIGATOR" SHIRT

Stylish, long sleeved shirt to wear year-round with skirts, jumpers and pants. *Lacoste by Haymaker* in 100% Dacron polyester knit for easy washing and drying. Four button placket, button cuffs, side slits. Your choice of sparkling-white or lemon-yellow. Women's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40. **$17.95**

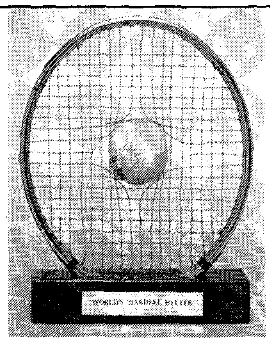
Please add 50¢ each for shipping.

Send for free color catalog featuring shoes and sportswear for men and women.

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

HABITATION LECLERC
PORT AU PRINCE HAITI

A VILLA. A POOL. SERVANTS. AMBROSIA AND NECTAR
RESERVATIONS: ROBERT REID ASSOC. (212) PL 7-2444
HAITIAN HIDEAWAY INFO. (212) 935-0808



TROPHY OF THE YEAR

Real racket and ball team up with legend "World's Hardest Hitter" to create memorable trophy for your own world's hardest hitter. $\$11^{95}$ ppd.

CASUAL LIVING
390 Main St., Danbury, Conn. 06810

have Billie Jean King, the team's player-coach.

Billie Jean is one of the most difficult contemporary athletes to assess or discuss. The one thing about her that people agree on is her ability as a tennis player. She is very good. She is one of the few players, male or female, who have both a sound baseline game and a formidable net game. She may have the best backhand volley of any player today, male or female. She loves to compete, and, as her superb tennis in her match with Bobby Riggs made manifest, she can rise to an occasion. (To some degree, her exceptional coördination may be inherited; her brother Randy Moffitt pitches for the San Francisco Giants.) As a person, Billie Jean is infinitely complicated. When you say something complimentary about her, you feel you must add that this is not the whole story, and, similarly, when you criticize some action or attitude of hers you feel you must not neglect to mention that there are other sides to her personality. The daughter of a Long Beach, California, fireman, she did not experience the world as an altogether fair place during her formative years, and she early became—and remains today, at thirty—charged with an unwavering drive, which combines a huge need to express herself and a craving for a position of influence. There is a great deal of ego in her cosmos, and she takes herself very seriously. (Her new book is dedicated "To everyone who believes in freedom, love, and equality.") With her assertive nature, she has undoubtedly done more than anyone else to increase the prize money of women tennis players, which was shamefully low; today, in some tournaments it is as high as the men's. Billie Jean, of course, has been a major beneficiary of this change. In 1971, to her immense gratification, she became the first woman athlete ever to collect more than a hundred thousand dollars in prize money in one year. Last year, principally because a television audience of fifty-nine million saw her dispatch Riggs so peremptorily in their Astrodome match, her total earnings exceeded four hundred thousand dollars. It is easy to see how she can say, "Money doesn't equal bad. It can be good if directed in the right channels." Some people question whether Billie Jean is as truly thoughtful as she is verbal. For example, because the Riggs match was billed as the Battle of the Sexes she has come to be regarded as a leader of women's lib, but her friend Julie Anthony said recently, "She sort

How IU cleans up all over the world.

The world's steel industry creates mountains of waste slag. And a growing business for IU's International Mill Service subsidiary, a leader in the waste management field.

With more than 40 processing plants here and abroad, IU has specialized since 1960 in customized systems that reclaim valuable scrap metal for recycling and turn out an aggregate product that's perfect for road building and construction. Each year we process more than 10 million tons of slag—enough to fill a freight train stretching from Philadelphia to Los Angeles.

To learn more about IU's $1.5 billion business mix in the growing environmental management, transportation/distribution and energy markets, write Corporate Affairs, Dept. G30, IU International, 1500 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

IU International

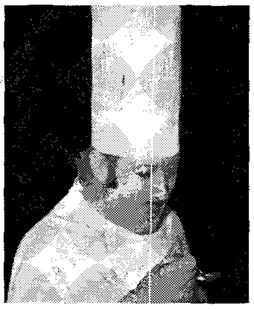
SERVING WORLDWIDE ENERGY, TRANSPORTATION/DISTRIBUTION AND ENVIRONMENTAL MARKETS.

In The Harem...

an orgy of eighteen pillows, all shapes and colors, make a self-contained environment of this Selig Imperial oval sofa. Factories: Leominster, Mass.; Monroe, La.; Siler City, N.C. Showrooms to the trade: New York, D & D Building; Chicago, Merchandise Mart; San Francisco, Ice House. Send $1.00 for our Folio of Designs to Selig Mfg., Co., Leominster, Mass.

SELIG

JOSEPH
ruler of la grande cuisine



Joseph Trombetti is Executive Chef at The Plaza where his staff of 100 process and prepare over 1700 different foods daily for 6 Plaza restaurants, 24-hour room service and all social and business functions.

"Plaza meats are prepared in our own butcher shop, vegetables are fresh and cooked to order, and we make all our Plaza sweets," explained Joseph as he tasted some soup, surveyed a huge fish, and answered questions in four languages.

Joseph's culinary perfection is matched only by his creativity and artistry. Many favorites on Plaza menus are Trombetti creations. He believes that food must please the eye as well as the palate. "A wedding cake is second in beauty only to the bride."

Joseph enjoys making people happy. A committee chairlady was elated when he helped her maid duplicate a favorite recipe for her charity ball. A young executive who was hosting an important business meeting, couldn't decide between African lobster tails and Maine lobster. Joseph solved his dilemma by serving a half of each. The Chef in his towering hat is a familiar sight in the restaurants and banquet rooms. He's there to make sure that each meal is delicious and memorable.

Joseph Trombetti: secret ingredient of our cuisine..a landmark*at The Plaza.

When it comes to memorable weddings, celebrations, and distinctive business meetings, F. Bart Moore is another secret ingredient to our perfection. Please write or call him at 212-PLaza 9-7010. When you do, he'll call in Chef Trombetti.

The Plaza
A Sonesta Hotel
Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Ninth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

*The Plaza, opened in 1907, has been designated a Landmark of New York by the New York Community Trust.

of fell into the movement by accident. Billie Jean isn't a crusader. She saw occasions, though, where it would fit into her tennis work."

Billie Jean has undergone several changes in personality since 1961, when, as a seventeen-year-old, she won her first Wimbledon title—the ladies' doubles, with Karen Hantze. The Wimbledon regulars liked her youthful outgoingness in those days and her penchant for continually jawing to herself during a match, but when she turned into an incurable emoter on court and a chronic critic of the establishment off it, they became cooler toward her, though they clearly appreciated the skills that made her the first five-time winner of the ladies' singles since Helen Wills Moody. This summer, she struck me as being much more restrained and much happier than I had seen her in years. It may be that W.T.T. is just the vehicle she has always needed. As the Freedoms' player-coach, she carried such a heavy schedule of clinics, luncheons, television appearances, and the like that without the assistance of her personal secretary—a former Hollywood hairdresser named Marilyn Barnett—she could never have handled it all. She was tireless in assisting in the Freedoms' promotions; for example, teamed with Elton John, the English rock singer, she played a set of doubles against Bill Cosby, the comedian, who is one of the team's owners, and Jim O'Brien, a Philadelphia disc jockey. Another time, she took on a combination of Rick MacLeish and Gary Dornhoefer of the Flyers in a special match, and won easily, and then beat a team of five Flyers, all on the court at once, 12–2. By the season's end, she had undoubtedly eclipsed Betsy Ross as Philadelphia's ranking all-time female celebrity. Whenever the teams were introduced before a match at the Spectrum, she received an ovation. When she came out again to play her singles, Bread's recording of "Mother Freedom" would come on, and the P.A. announcer would proclaim, "And now—Philadelphia's own Mother Freedom, Billie Jean King." Though the Freedoms were beaten in the final of the W.T.T. playoffs in late August by the Denver Racquets, it is hard to conceive how anyone could have done more than Billie Jean did to make team tennis go in Philadelphia. She led the Freedoms to an amazing record of forty-four wins and five losses in her singles matches during the regular season, and her personal record in singles and doubles combined

A day at
BOSCOBEL
Long on beauty,
Light on fuel

High over the Hudson River in Garrison, New York, Boscobel, built in 1804-06, is the authentically restored home of wealthy landowner States Dyckman.

A visit to this treasure house of priceless antique furnishings, in a lovely garden setting, is a delightful journey into the post-Revolutionary America of the Hudson Valley. Open daily except Tues. 9:30 to 5. For information, call (212) LO 2-7444 or (914) CO 5-3638. Write for free brochure.

BOSCOBEL RESTORATION, INC.
Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10524
8 miles north of
Bear Mt. Bridge on Rte. 9D

Petit St.Vincent Resort
The Grenadines, St. Vincent, West Indies

A VERY SPECIAL ISLAND
NOT FOR EVERYONE

Privately owned out-island, crystal clear waters, superb white beaches, 22 widely separated luxurious villas, full hotel services, continental cuisine. Sailing, snorkeling, scuba, tennis. Serene relaxation. Open Nov. 1-July 4. *See your Travel Agent.*
Robert Reid Associates, Representatives
N.Y., Toronto, Chicago, Miami, London.

PSV, U.S. Office, Box 12506, Dept. 1
Cincinnati, Ohio 45212 (513) 242-1333

The Classic Ribbed Turtleneck from Italy by Vaccaro, $20.00.
Washable acrylic knit.
Specify size (S-M-L) color, quantity.
Postpaid.
Fine Sportswear from Boston's North Shore.

The Sandpiper
Two Beach Street
Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., 01944

was by far the best of all the women players in the league.

On returning to New York, I twice made my way out to the Nassau Coliseum to watch the Sets. The stadium is much superior to Madison Square Garden in just about every respect—from the excellent sight lines to the shocking courtesy of the ushers. Both nights, Virginia Wade, at her fighting best—once against Billie Jean, the other time against Rosie Casals—won her singles by breaking her opponent's serve for the set. She has said that "an evening composed of five one-set matches is so American, like a concert of classical music made up entirely of overtures," but that feeling evidently had not been affecting her play. Both nights, the first man to jump off the Sets' bench to congratulate his star was Sol Berg, the team's owner. He is a middle-aged man who looks like a slightly older Harvey Korman, and he is all heart.

Here are some second thoughts on my first W.T.T. tour:

(1) The league's future, in the long run, will depend in large measure on its ability to sign up a reasonable number of the best players. Some W.T.T. stars will probably not be returning—the league setup is right for some people and wrong for others. In any event, the chance to see the great players in action is the "bottom line" in all forms of tennis.

(2) The Sportface carpeting, which is the surface that the league uses on its courts, is far too fast for the men. What may be needed is a regulation that a uniform wooden floor—or something else that would slow down the pace—be installed underneath the Sportface.

(3) As Julie Anthony, who is adept with words, put it late in the season, "The fans' shouting is not so *contrived* now." The cheap shots from the stands still bother the players, though. In Rosewall's view, "It ruins the whole tennis atmosphere when some eleven-year-old yells out, 'So-and-So, you stink.' " Unfortunately, W.T.T. may be wedded to the premise that the shouting fan, whatever his age, typifies the segment of the public which is its surest market.

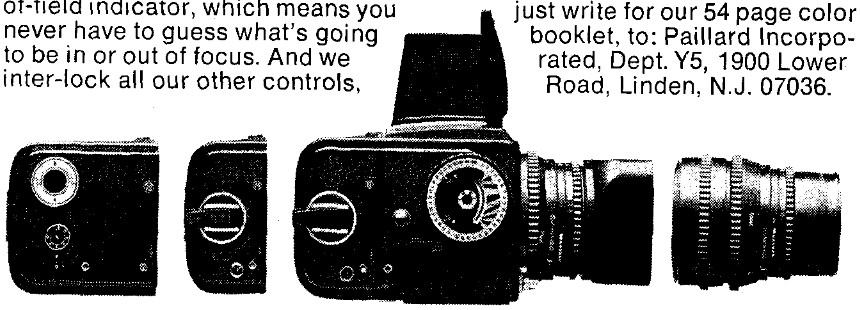
(4) The format of play must be restudied. The wear and tear of constant travel must be cut down. (Hawaii must go.) Above all, the season should be shortened. A solution that will make everyone in the game happy seems impossible. Today, we live in a world where eager entrepreneurs want to put on ninety-two weeks of pro tennis

Hasselblad.

Hasselblad may be the most feared camera in the world. Many people assume its reputation as the world's most sophisticated camera must mean it's difficult to operate. Sophisticated, yes. Difficult, no.

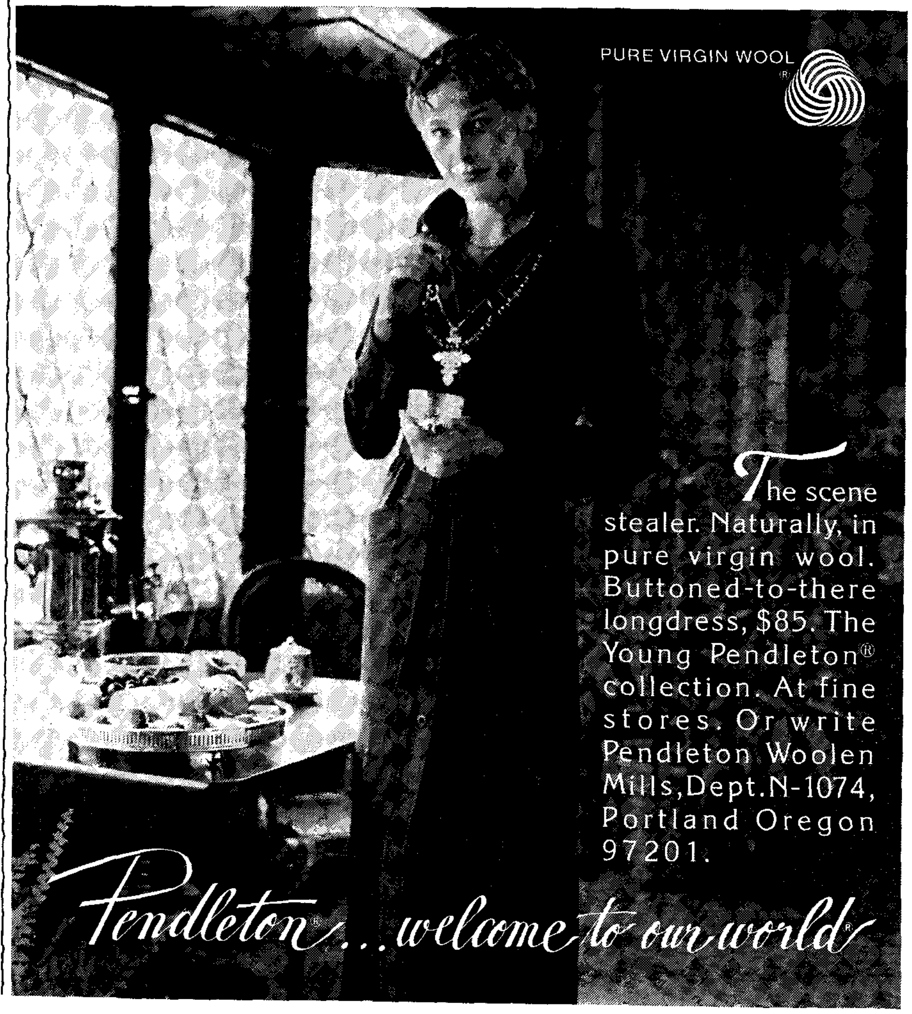
The way we see it, a Hasselblad has to do more than take great pictures. It has to take them easily. So we give you things like an automatic depth-of-field indicator, which means you never have to guess what's going to be in or out of focus. And we inter-lock all our other controls, making it practically impossible to take a faulty picture.

In short, a Hasselblad gives you the superior image quality of a studio camera, the portability of a 35 mm camera, and more automation than you'd find in any other less sophisticated piece of equipment. If you'd like to learn more about why you shouldn't be afraid of Hasselblad, just write for our 54 page color booklet, to: Paillard Incorporated, Dept. Y5, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036.



HASSELBLAD® - THE SYSTEM

11 YEARS OF SPACE PHOTOGRAPHY



PURE VIRGIN WOOL ®

The scene stealer. Naturally, in pure virgin wool. Buttoned-to-there longdress, $85. The Young Pendleton® collection. At fine stores. Or write Pendleton Woolen Mills, Dept. N-1074, Portland Oregon 97201.

Pendleton... welcome to our world

Drapers
of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Instant grooming from Serbin: classic checks cut and tailored to perfection in wrinkle-resistant polyester knit. Step in, zip up and go! Wine or green on white checks, matching ribbed turtleneck dickey, wide leather-look belt. Half sizes 12½-22½, misses' sizes 8-20. $50

Our eleven stores are famous in the West for fashionable half sizes. Send for our free 16-style booklet.

Mail orders promptly filled. Add $1.50 handling.
Californians add 6% state tax.
BANKAMERICARD CHARGE ACCEPTED

Draper's
1855 East Colorado Boulevard
Pasadena, California 91107

in a year that is only fifty-two weeks long.

THE 1974 United States Open may well be remembered as the last time the national championships were played on grass at Forest Hills. We have heard that before, but at this writing the U.S.L.T.A. appears to be in earnest in announcing that the stadium and grandstand courts of the West Side Tennis Club, plus five field courts, will be replaced by courts with a gritty, clay-type surface called Har-Tru. The club already has seventeen Har-Tru courts, so during the early days of the championships there would be enough to handle all the matches. Good grass is certainly the best surface for championship tennis, but bad grass may be the worst, and few people can genuinely lament the switch from grass at Forest Hills. A good deal of the time this year, owing to steady, heavy rains during the thirteen days of the tournament, the courts were hardly fit for play, what with the exceedingly low bounces off the sodden grass supplementing the usual plenitude of bad bounces. England is really the only country with good grass courts, and even those have declined in quality over the last twenty years.

The 1974 Open will also be remembered as a superior edition of the championships. With very few exceptions, form held most of the way. In the second round, there were two notable upsets: Virginia Wade was eliminated by Ann Kiyomura, a young Californian, and Bjorn Borg, the eighteen-year-old Swedish sensation, who had been seeded fourth, was defeated by Vijay Amritraj, the handsome, basalt-black Indian from Madras. In the third round, in the most significant upset of the tournament, Ilie Nastase, the extremely talented and adolescent Rumanian, lost in five sets, 4–6, 6–7, 7–5, 6–4, 6–4, to Roscoe Tanner, a twenty-two-year-old Tennessean who went through Stanford in three years and who up to now has been regarded as the possessor of one of the most blazing serves in the game but not much else. (There were minor surprises, of course, but, in retrospect, none of those are worth mentioning.) After his conquest of Nastase, Tanner squeezed past Ismail El Shafei, of Egypt, by taking a nine-point tie breaker in the fifth set, and went on to outserve and outvolley a badly off-form Stan Smith, 7–6, 6–2, 3–6, 6–1. This put the unseeded Tanner into the semifinals, along with three not unexpected arrivals: Connors, seeded No. 1; New-

LLADRÓ®
THE COLLECTORS CHOICE

"Don Quixote" 11¾" tall
glaze or matte finish.
Superbly executed by world famous
Porcelanas Lladro of Spain.

Available at fine stores.

Exclusive Importers
WEIL CERAMICS & GLASS, INC.
225 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10010

From Belgium the quality casual for women
From $45

MANY COLORS – REQUEST BROCHURES

BELGIAN SHOES
H. Bendel, Owner-President
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372

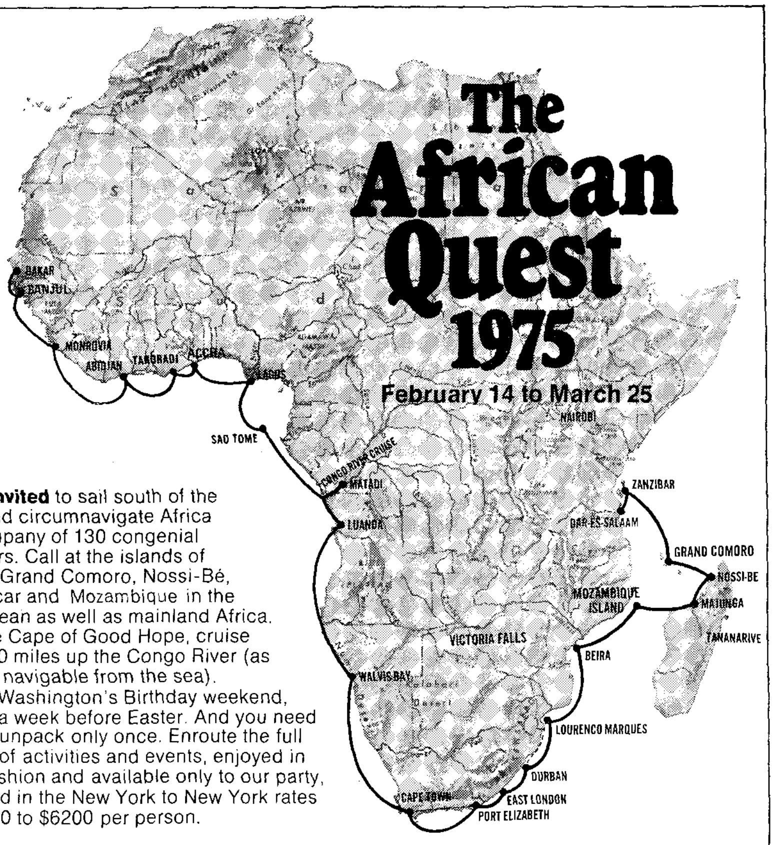
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

combe, the defending champion, seeded No. 2; and Rosewall, seeded No. 5. On his way to the semis, Connors had dropped one set to Alexander, one to Kodes, and one to Alex Metreveli, of Russia, but he had not been in danger at any time, or close to it. Rosewall and Newcombe, however, had each had at least one uneasy moment. Rosewall's came in the quarter-finals, against Vijay Amritraj, when, with his serve giving him conspicuous trouble, as it did throughout the tournament, he lost the first set, 2–6, and trailed 1–3 in the second before he began to control the play. Newcombe's hardest moments came in his quarter-final match against Arthur Ashe. In winning two of the first three sets, Ashe was in top form, flashing his lightning-fast backhand as of old and playing with purpose. The outcome of the match hinged on the tie breaker that decided the fourth set. Newcombe, who has been the best match player in the world over the past five years, manages to get himself up for tie breakers as no one else does, and he did for this one. He won it five points to zero. He took the first two points, which he served, on a put-away volley and a forced error; he took the next two, which Ashe served, with an acutely angled backhand and another forced error; and he took the fifth when Ashe was unable to handle a big serve. Newcombe then won the fifth set, 6–4, breaking Ashe in the third game when, all too typically, Ashe got back to 30–40 from 0–40 and then double-faulted.

Newcombe's play was not up to that standard when he met Rosewall in the semis, and he went down, somewhat surprisingly, in four sets. Considering Newcombe's faculty for being at his toughest in tie breakers, perhaps the handwriting was on the wall when, in the third set, with sets one each, Rosewall completely dominated the pivotal tie breaker, five points to one. Perhaps the writing had already been there when, with Newcombe serving for the set at 5–3, Rosewall got back into it by breaking him at 30, whipping a beautiful crosscourt forehand placement from the baseline on game point. Where Newcombe that day was a good notch below his norm—he was obviously unhappy with the way he was hitting his heavy serve, he had trouble (especially off the forehand) returning Rosewall's soft, seminary serve, and, try as he would, he could not summon his usual tenacity and battle his way back into the match—Rosewall was at his astonishing best. There he was, this man who will be forty in November,



The African Quest 1975

February 14 to March 25

You are invited to sail south of the Sahara and circumnavigate Africa in the company of 130 congenial passengers. Call at the islands of Zanzibar, Grand Comoro, Nossi-Bé, Madagascar and Mozambique in the Indian Ocean as well as mainland Africa. Round the Cape of Good Hope, cruise almost 100 miles up the Congo River (as far as it is navigable from the sea). Leave on Washington's Birthday weekend, be home a week before Easter. And you need pack and unpack only once. Enroute the full selection of activities and events, enjoyed in relaxed fashion and available only to our party, is included in the New York to New York rates from $4300 to $6200 per person.

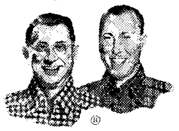
R&W **Raymond & Whitcomb Co.**
400 Madison Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone: (212) PLaza 9-3960
First in Travel Since 1879

The Original, One-and-Only
Fruit-of-the-Month Club® from 'way out in Oregon

Christmas	January	February	March	April	May
Royal Riviera® Pears	Apples	Grapefruit	Royal Oranges	Pineapple	Preserves
June	**July**	**August**	**September**	**October**	**November**
Canned Fruit	Kiwi Berries	Nectarines	Peaches	Grapes	Spanish Melons

A dozen dazzling gifts – all year
You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name.

EASY TO ORDER: Send list of names plus check or money order. (No C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign greetings. Everything's beautifully packaged.



Send your orders to:
Harry and David®
Box 503-F Medford, Oregon 97501
©1974, Harry and David

3-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 111 . . . $21⁹⁵ delivered
Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!
8-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 151 . . . $59⁹⁵ delivered
Delight 'em to pieces, again and again – Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, Aug., Sept., Oct., and November!
12-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 201 . . . $86⁹⁵ delivered
A Gift Box every month, all year around!

WE GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

WANT OUR FREE CATALOG? IT'S DELICIOUS!
See more of our farm fresh Christmas Gifts and Fruit-of-the-Month Clubs in honest-to-gosh full color. Just send off the coupon right away.

PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG TO: Harry and David® Box 503-F Medford, Oregon 97501

Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

Tori Richard
HONOLULU

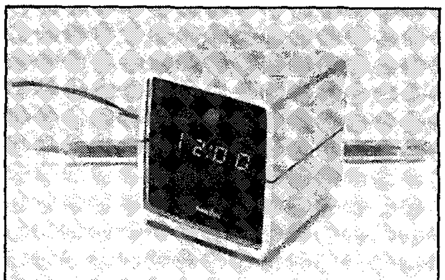
For the casually elegant woman!

Poppy Field Fling!
Long-sleeved naturalness
in polyester for an
easy care afternoon or evening!

Featured at:
Marshall Field's, Chicago
Wanamaker's, Philadelphia
Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.
Hutzler's, Baltimore
Jos. Horne, Pittsburgh
Stix, Baer, Fuller, St. Louis
Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles

hitting three untouchable semi-drop volleys in one game, moving well, lobbing deceptively, regularly meeting the ball in the very center of the racket with such exquisite timing that the celebrated Rosewall backhand and the uncelebrated Rosewall forehand both flew down the line as if they had been fired from a gun. Ken Rosewall is an easy man to admire, and most of us hoped that he would carry that sharp form into the final, against Connors, who had overwhelmed him in the Wimbledon final this year, 6–1, 6–1, 6–4. The consensus was that Connors would probably win, but we wanted Rosewall to at least do himself justice.

In the other semifinal, a confrontation of two twenty-two-year-old left-handers, Connors had beaten Tanner, 7–6, 7–6, 6–4, in a match that—to me, anyway—seemed nothing like as close as the score would indicate. Connors' service was erratic—he was broken four times—but Tanner's was not very effective, either. He had been serving thunderbolts all week, but in this match, for some reason, he stayed largely with spins and slices, and Connors, whose game is built around his superlative return of service, had no trouble stepping into the ball and whacking it where he wanted to with his two-handed backhand or his equally stinging forehand. Tanner seemed less sure of himself at net and less flexible generally than he had against either Nastase or Smith, but then Connors, with his speed of foot and speed of reflex, tends to make his opponents look a little stiff and slow. Tanner, it need hardly be said, had played the finest tournament of his career. As for Connors, he not only had shown us some impressive tennis but had also behaved well. Cocky and combative, the game's current *enfant terrible*, he has on many occasions done such things as make discourteous gestures toward unfriendly galleries, but at Forest Hills he was all business on the court. Off it, he was never really rude—just a little snippy. This James Scott Connors is a difficult customer to figure out. He is an avowed loner. Among his closest friends are Nastase; the two Panchos, Segura and Gonzales; and his manager, Bill Riordan, a pleasantly flamboyant refugee from the retail-clothing racks who is not above comparing Connors with Abraham Lincoln. A mopheaded young man with a leprechaun's smile, Connors is of average size—five-ten, one-fifty—but he has a rugged, wiry physique and he can run all day on his strong legs. This year, he had previously won the Australian Open, the



IT'S TIME FOR THE TINY ELECTRONIC CLOCK: Made by people who make calculators. It's completely solid-state. One of its fabulous features is automatic dimming (bright for bright light, medium for dim light, soft for darkness). Has a 24-hour alarm with an electronic beep and a 10-minute alarm-reset snooze feature; p.m. and A.C. power-fail indicators. 2½" cube. Comes in gray with silver trim. #2915A, 40.00 (1.80 postage and handling).

The Horchow Collection
P. O. Box 34257, Dept. 01822
Dallas, Texas 75234
☐ Please add me to your catalog mailing list.

Philadelphia Museum of Art
CHRISTMAS 1974

Distinctive Christmas cards from 10¢ to 25¢
Exclusive Christmas Tree Ornaments and Jewelry
Gifts to Stitch—Dolls, Tote Bags, Pillows
1975 Engagement Calendar:
American Watercolors and Drawings
Boxed, $4.75 (handling and shipping, 50¢)
For full-color catalogue send 25¢ to:

The Museum Shop, Box 7646
Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

LA JOLLA
So. California
Traditionally, we host most of La Jolla's Distinguished Visitors!
We would be pleased to accommodate you.
hotel La Valencia
P. O. Box 269, La Jolla, California 92037
"The Pacific Ocean Is Your Back Yard"

U.S. Indoors, the U.S. Clay Courts, and, of course, Wimbledon.

On the morning of the final, one of the questions that many of the spectators were pondering was whether Rosewall's ailing serve, which had been so inexplicably effective against Newcombe, would give Connors similar trouble. The answer was fast in coming: Rosewall, serving first, double-faulted on the second point, his second serve out by a good yard. At 30–30, Connors belted his next two returns of service with such velocity that Rosewall could not handle them and netted them both. Game, Connors. In the third and seventh games, he again broke Rosewall's serve, both times at 15. That last service break gave Connors the set, 6–1. The set had taken only nineteen minutes, for Connors had been equally devastating on his own service games. There was a bit more bite on his serve than there had been earlier in the tournament. He was also using it shrewdly, slicing it deep to Rosewall's backhand, where his left-hander's spin carried the ball away from Rosewall. It was still early in the match, though. Things were far from over. Connors would have a hard time sustaining the blistering pace of his hitting. Then, too, Rosewall, with his great experience, might be able to devise some tactical antidote.

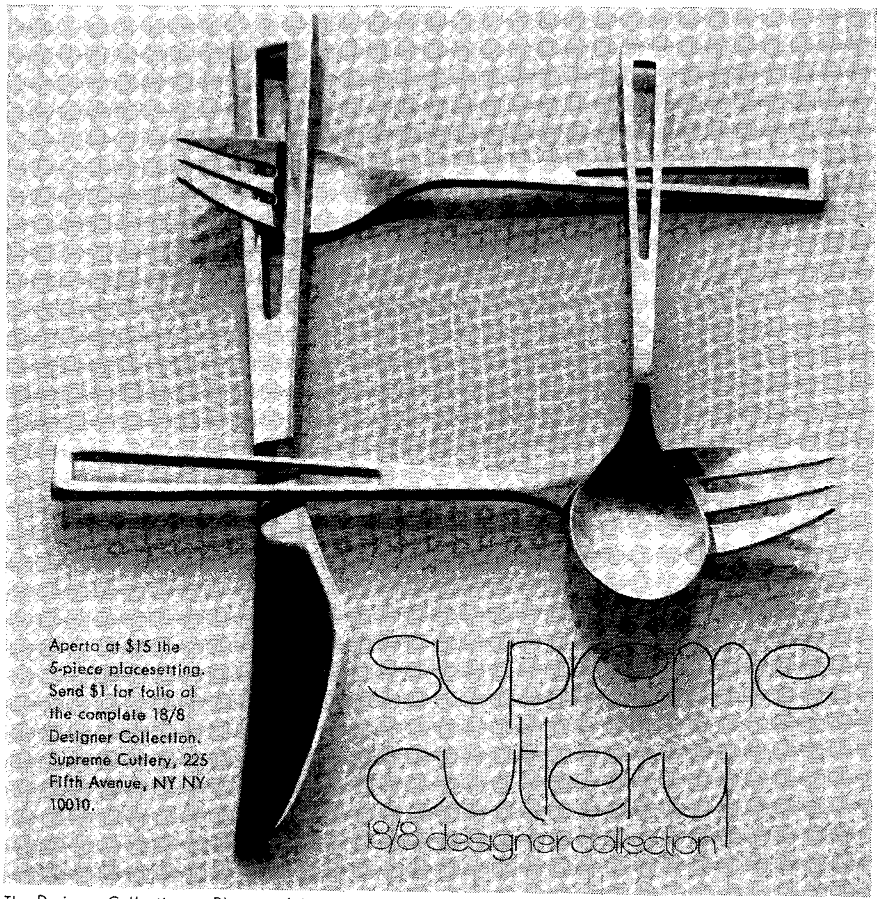
The first game of the second set was probably the key game. For the first time in the match, Rosewall got to break point on Connors' serve—twice, in fact, at 30–40 and at ad out. The second time, Connors repulsed him by forcing him to net his return of service, and then won the game by getting in two more big serves and drawing two more errors from Rosewall, whose return of service has long been considered one of the finest in tennis. The only other game in which Rosewall had a chance to break through Connors was the first game of the third set. There, quite similarly, Connors fought off two break points and pulled the game out. Rosewall never stopped fighting for a moment, and in this third set four games went to deuce, but there was no containing Connors—no coming close to it. The final score was 6–1, 6–0, 6–1—the most lopsided victory in the history of the championship. It was terribly sad to watch a champion of Rosewall's quality undergo such an ordeal, but there is no blinking the fact that it was a rout and that Connors had played not only marvellous tennis but absolutely incredible tennis. A few pictures remain especially clear in my mind: Connors spitting into his

America's best selling antique. It's about 178 years old. It was then that the first tequila was made, and it was called Cuervo.

JOSE CUERVO
IMPORTED
Tequila Cuervo Especial
IMPORTED
JOSE CUERVO
LA ROJENA
TEQUILA

Big things have happened since; it's now America's largest selling tequila. And it has been for quite a few years.

80 PROOF. JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1974 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

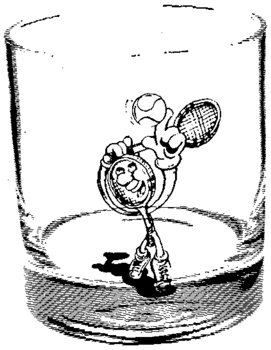


Aperto at $15 the 5-piece placesetting. Send $1 for folio of the complete 18/8 Designer Collection. Supreme Cutlery, 225 Fifth Avenue, NY NY 10010.

supreme cutlery
18/8 designer collection

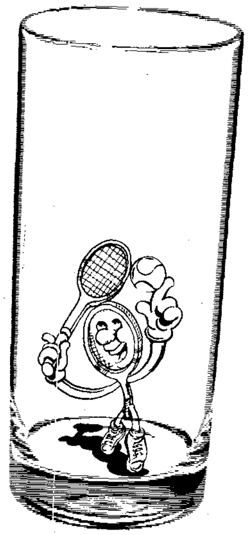
The Designer Collection at Bloomingdale's, I. Magnin, Marshall Field, Neiman-Marcus, and fine shops everywhere.
Supreme Cutlery, a division of Sigma Marketing Systems.

Gift ideas for the tennis set... from Mr. Tennis.

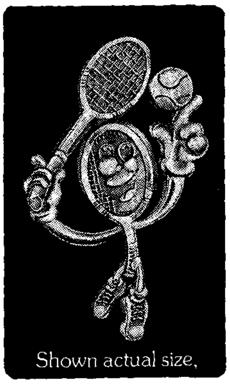


The Perfect Serve.
11-oz. on-the-rocks or lo-ball. Highest quality, dishwasher proof. Set of 6. Ready for gift wrapping. $7.95 plus $1.30 for mailing and handling.

The Cool Serve.
For those who have a longer drink (15 oz.) in mind. Broad based & solid. Brand new for Christmas '74. Ready now, Set of 6...$8.95 plus $1.45 for mailing & handling.



Jewelry anyone?



Shown actual size.

For her
As a pin, a pendant, a charm. Love Game. In 10 kt. gold, $75; sterling silver, $30; gold plate, $15.

For him
Available in gold finish, the Tennis Nut is *the* unique tie tack of all time. $16.95 in handsome gift box.

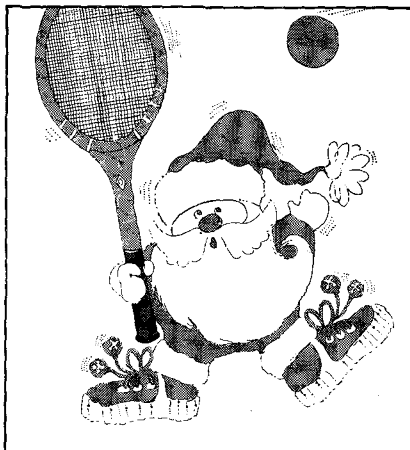
MR. TENNIS c/o Virginia Williams Gifts
115 Kercheval On-The-Hill
Grosse Pointe Woods, MI 48236

PERFECT SERVE GLASSES
____ sets @ $9.25 ppd ____
COOL SERVE GLASSES
____ sets @ $10.40 ppd ____
LOVE GAME JEWELRY
☐ PIN ☐ PENDANT ☐ CHARM
Ea. in 10 kt. gold...$75,
sterling silver...$30, plate...$15. ____
TENNIS NUT TIE TACK
____ @ $16.95 ____

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____
Enclose check payable to MR. TENNIS
Michiganders add 4% sales tax

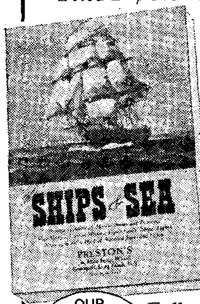
left hand, bouncing the ball four times with his right hand, and tucking his chin into his right shoulder before moving into his fluid service motion; Connors, on the defensive but at net in a rally, stretching far to his left to volley a sharp drive by Rosewall, springing back to his right for another saving volley, and then diving to his left and getting his racket on another whistler by Rosewall and volleying it past him for a winner; Rosewall trying to work his way to net, but Connors, with that lunging style of hitting his ground strokes, attacking unrelentingly, even in the third set, and pasting the ball so fiercely and accurately that Rosewall could do nothing but stare in hopelessness as still another shot caught the sideline chalk. Fred Perry, the great champion of the nineteen-thirties, summed it up very well when he said, "Connors hit it too hard. He hit it too quick. He gave Ken no time to do anything." While Segura has long felt that to become a great player Connors would have to integrate some change-up shots and some finesse shots into his armament, they were quite unnecessary that day, his power game was so explosive. "It's the best tennis I've ever played in my life," Connors said, not immodestly, after the match. "I didn't miss a ball. When I played in the final at Wimbledon, I thought that was the best I could ever play, but I was really better today. I felt just right. When I walked out there, I was loose, relaxed, eager, and I wanted to play tennis." Connors, who comes from Belleville, Illinois, started to play tennis when he was about four, which is why he fell into his two-handed backhand, the racket being much too heavy for a child to manipulate with one hand. He was taught by his mother, who, as Gloria Thompson, was a nationally ranked junior and, in 1942, the Missouri Valley Champion. She is a teaching professional now. (Connors' father, who is the manager of the Martin Luther King, Jr., Memorial Bridge, spanning the Mississippi from East St. Louis to St. Louis, is a confirmed golfer.) It was Mrs. Connors who sent her son to California to study with Gonzales and Segura. He won a tennis scholarship to U.C.L.A., and though his undergraduate career was brief, he did win the 1971 National Intercollegiate Championship. He turned pro in 1972 and has simply got better and better.

As for the women, Billie Jean King won her fourth national championship, and certainly deserved to. In



CHRISTMAS RUSH A RACKET?
Get ahead of the game by shopping early from N-M's great 1974 Christmas Book! The Book costs 1.00, and with it you receive an "N-M Dollar" worth 1.00 toward your first purchase from the pages of the 1974 issue. The 1974 Book will be ready in Mid-October to mail to you, or to a friend. Send 1.00 with your (or your friend's) name and address to: Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 05, P.O. Box 2968; Dallas, Texas 75221.
Neiman-Marcus

Send 25¢ for Preston's new 144 page Authoritative Catalog of SHIP MODELS & Decorative Nautical Ideas for the Home

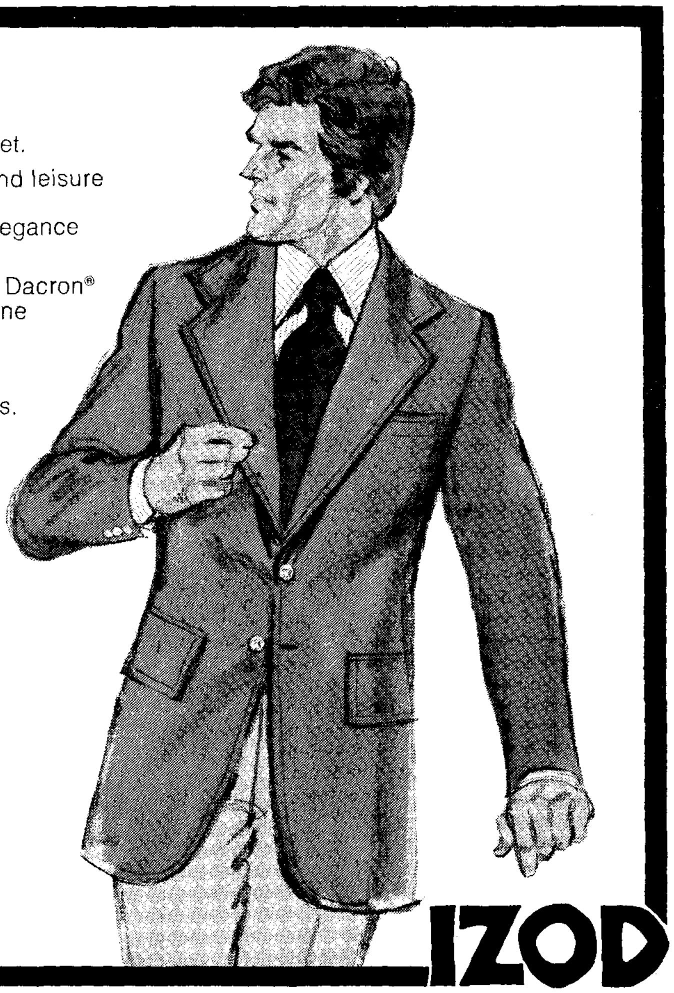


OUR 92ND YEAR
Fully Illustrated; Historic Ship Models and Kits; Ships' Striking Clocks; Figureheads; Full Color Reproductions of famous Marine Paintings; Scrimshaw; Ship's Wheels; Copper Ships' Lights; Hundreds of Decorative Nautical Items.
Send 25¢ for Catalog to: PRESTON'S
86-C Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N. Y. 11944

Slazenger
IS TENNIS
Since 1881
Challenge House Feasterville, Pa. 19047

both her semifinal, against Julie Heldman, and the final, against Evonne Goolagong, she came from behind after losing the first set. There are not many players who have the stuff to pull themselves together when they are as badly off form as King was for a set and a half in the Heldman match, but she persevered, and turned it around in the fifth game of the second set, breaking serve from 0–40. "You have days when you just have to guts it out," she explained later, in her singular patois. "You just keep working till you get your behoola in gear." Her competitive fortitude and her superior sense of how to play a match also decided the final against Goolagong—3–6, 6–3, 7–5. Goolagong is twenty-three now and still has not learned how to utilize her exceptional athletic endowment. She is as bountiful as ever in giving away points needlessly, such as playing backhand half volleys and overhead smashes—few of which come off—from deep behind the service line when she could easily move into position to play a much sounder stroke. What a lovely girl she is, though—nicer in defeat than most athletes are in victory! By the way, when sportsmanship is mentioned, Chris Evert's name seldom comes up, and it should. She is first-class. For example, after losing to Goolagong in a close semifinal, she went to the press-interview tent, which losers rarely do, walked over to Vic Edwards, Evonne's legal guardian and coach, and congratulated him. Edwards bent down and kissed her. When she followed Evonne to the interview stand, Chris had no alibis. She never has any. She may appear to be all ice and ivory on the court, but she is really a young lady of considerable sensitivity and substance.

Just a word about the Goolagong-Evert match, a somewhat complicated affair. To begin with, for the first time ever in this country, we saw Goolagong in full flight, and it was something to remember. Her worst stroke is her second serve, but that was of no consequence, since throughout the first set she was whanging in her swift first serve with atypical regularity, then flashing to net and volleying away the return, when there was a return. She ran through Evert, 6–0, and was moving along in this irresistible fashion in the drizzle that had begun to fall, leading 4–2 in the second set, when Mike Blanchard, the referee, asked the girls if they wished to keep on playing. Following a fairly extended discussion, they played one more game—in the now frazzled atmosphere, Evert held serve after trailing 30–40—and then



Izod's sports jacket.
For town, travel and leisure there's no finer combination of elegance and practicality.
Woven texturized Dacron® polyester gabardine in many colors.
About $90.00
At the finest stores.

498 Seventh Avenue
New York City 10018

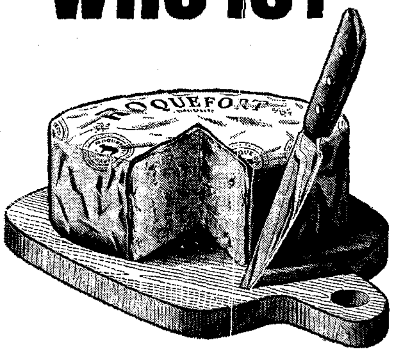
DU PONT Dacron

IZOD

PATEK PHILIPPE

For the 1975 collection brochure, write: 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020

If you aren't worth the best, who is?



BUY ROQUEFORT

ROQUEFORT FRANCE

the great eating cheese.

One taste tells you Roquefort is different from blue cheese, which is made from cow's milk. Roquefort Cheese is made from creamy, mellow, sweeter sheep's milk, and ripened naturally in the ancient caves at Roquefort, France. The milk is never bleached. The pure white color and blue veins are created by nature. So is the richer, more delicious, subtle flavor. Roquefort never has that bitter after-bite of blue cheese.

Yes, Roquefort costs more, but aren't you worth it? For great eating, great salads and other great dishes, buy Roquefort, the cheese with the Red Sheep Seal on the label.

For FREE 40-page Roquefort Recipe Booklet, send 10¢ to cover the postage to:
Roquefort Association, Inc.
P.O. Box 2908, Dept. N1
New York, N.Y. 10017

Blanchard called the match. Most of us felt that he should have either called it on his first trip out or permitted the players to finish the set. All this happened on Friday, and when the match was resumed, on Sunday (rain forced the cancellation of all play on Saturday), everything was different. Goolagong had lost her magic, and Evert, with her tough stick-to-itiveness, started to fight her way back, outsteadying Goolagong in many long and exciting rallies. (Incidentally, both players have improved their forehands a great deal this year.) Evert eventually won the set, 7–6, in a tie breaker. However, she then underwent a sudden loss of concentration. These lapses seem to happen quite often following the extra tension of a tie breaker. In any event, Goolagong got off to a 3–0 lead in the third. With both girls playing spurts of first good and then ordinary tennis, Goolagong, thanks mainly to some determined volleying, managed to hold on and win the deciding set, 6–3. Of course, it is the first set we will all remember—Goolagong flying around the court, as free and easy as if she were just out practicing, and releasing an almost unbroken succession of breathtaking shots.

ONE last word. It is now seven years since Open tennis arrived and the players began to be paid over the table. The top players have certainly flourished financially. Through Forest Hills, counting bonus money and the like, Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors, after tremendous seasons, had each earned around two hundred thousand dollars. When they move into their new home after their marriage, in November, they should be able to afford some pretty darn good patio furniture.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

In its broadest dimension, the phenomenon dramatizes man's push into the most desolate parts of the world to satisfy his needs and wants. The migrations of caribou in Alaska have become intertwined with traffic jams on the West Side Highway of New York and the throughways of Los Angeles.—*The Times.*

In a taxicab, the desolation is compounded by the sound of the meter.

•

OVER THE MOUNTAIN

Mr. Thomas C. Will of Londonderry spotted a Solitary Pumpernickel flying over Hapgood Pond in Peru last week.—*Manchester (Vt.) Vermont Journal.*

Were there any orange lights winking on and off?

Great gift idea from California!
BLUE DIAMOND

ROASTED SALTED ALMONDS

Send these crisp, crunchy almonds and you'll never hear the end of the compliments. They make a wonderful snack by themselves . . . and they're terrific with cocktails. The handsome gift box opens to reveal a colorful six tin selection of six different kinds of almonds—Smokehouse®, Roasted Salted, Barbecue, Cheese, Blanched Salted and Onion Garlic.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. And remember, the price includes delivery. Make your list of friends and relatives now. And don't forget to order for your house!

$6.50 postage paid. Send order with your name, address, check or money order to Dept. 4446, California Almond Growers Exchange, P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808.

"These HAVE TO be the best-tasting nuts available today. First had them on the airlines—and when Christmas came last year we got a gift pack! Boy, oh boy—just the greatest!"
Mr. L. F. N., Seattle, Wash.

OCTOBER
SEPTEMBER

GET A HEADSTART ON THE HOLIDAYS

Shop early from our Helen Gallagher Collection catalogs. Three-issue subscription costs $1.00 and with it comes our Helen Gallagher Dollar worth $1.00. on your first order. Send $1.00 and your name (or a friend's) today.

the Helen Gallagher collection
6523 N. Galena
Peoria, Illinois
61632
Dept. F 50

WRITE ITALIC

Learning the Italic hand is more exciting with the PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET containing a fountain pen, five Italic nibs and our free introductory manual. It allows you to discover which nib widths best suit your developing hand and offers the convenience of having full nib range available for special purpose work. Only $5.00 at artist material, pen and craft shops as well as *college bookstores or send check or money order* to PENTALIC CORPORATION, 132 W. 22nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the Italic hand and it's easy to do as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a complete penman, own the PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET.

FOOTBALL

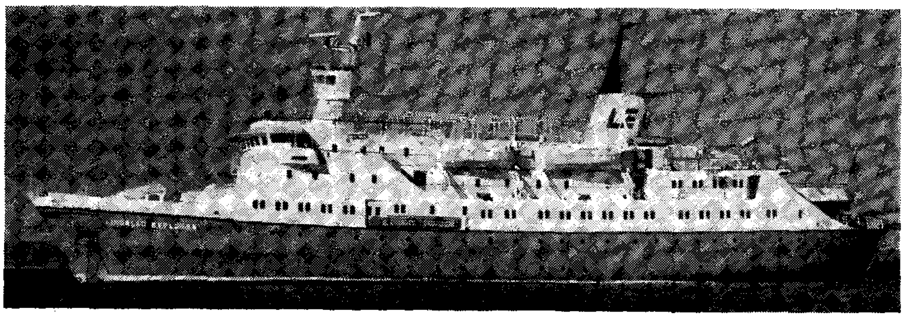
Through a Field Glass, Darkly

STADIUM PARKING

"WHEN Leahy coached here, he won eighty-seven games in his eleven years. Today, Parseghian, in *his* eleventh year, will break that record." The speaker, who holds in perpetuity a box on the fifty-yard line in the stadium on the Notre Dame campus, was addressing his guest from the East—a guest who had not been in South Bend for ever so many years. The team wore blue jerseys. "The Fighting Irish always wore emblematic green jerseys when they were at home," said the guest. "You must realize that green jerseys do not show up well on television," said the boxholder. Clements, Notre Dame's memorable quarterback, was on the cover of the week's *Sports Illustrated*. "Well, yes," said the boxholder. "Parseghian's record is remarkable—at Miami of Ohio, and at Northwestern, and *then* here. Alex Agase was his second in command at Northwestern, and stayed on as first in command when Parseghian came here. Today, Parseghian will beat him, but no hard feelings." At the pep rally in the geodesic dome the night before, Parseghian had said that Purdue—now Agase's concern—is "a good team" and Agase is "a good coach." "You think Parseghian should have been on that cover?" said the guest. "Matter of opinion around here," said the boxholder. In the first quarter, Purdue ran up twenty-four points. "They had the wind at their backs," said the boxholder. Notre Dame, though it then began to gain on Purdue, was often not getting the ball to receivers who seemed well in the clear; a ballcarrier for whom a touchdown gap had opened fell down all by himself. "Parseghian will tell you, when the game is over, that his men are all wearing new shoes," the boxholder said after the fall-down. Toward the end, when Purdue was home safe, at 31–20, Clements suddenly threw up his hands and looked to the sidelines, as quarterbacks will, for another signal from his coach. Parseghian turned his back.

On the banks of the old Raritan (song cue), Rutgers was, last Saturday night, celebrating a record peculiarly its own: the first time ever that the

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD



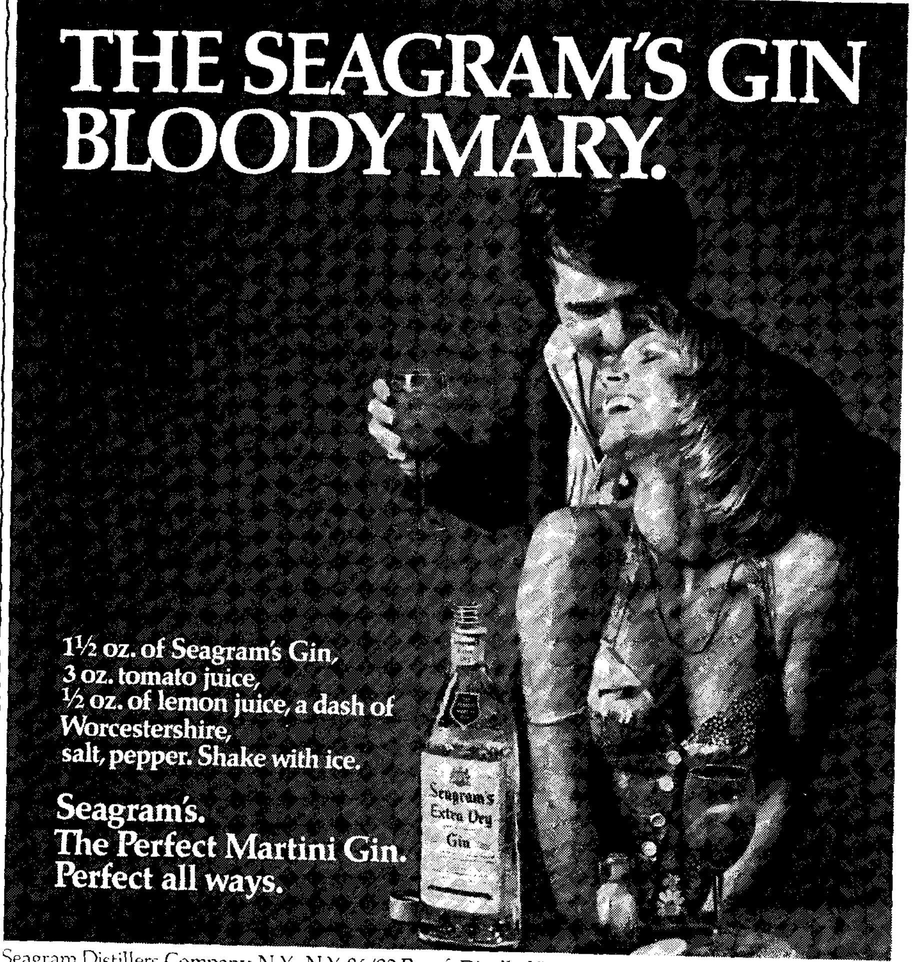
Next spring, see the Mediterranean, the Black Sea and the Baltic as they have never been seen before, on the

M/S LINDBLAD EXPLORER.

Late in March of 1975 we will sail along the West and North African Coasts from the Senegal all the way to the Nile, in what promises to be a most exciting cruising expedition. Thanks to the low draft of the Lindblad Explorer,* we will enter bays and ports where few cruise ships have ever been seen before. And we have scheduled two fascinating cruises to the Black Sea, exploring sites of immense historic and archaeological interest. All our cruises will be accompanied by famous lecturers. Our agenda for next year also includes the following expeditions: The Amazonas to Dakar, The Baltic, The Arctic Adventure, British Isles and Faroe Islands and two cruises on the Amazon. The Lindblad Explorer is operated in the famous tradition of the Swedish American Line. Please write for our cruising expeditions program for 1975.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYME10774
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 751-2300

*Panamanian registry

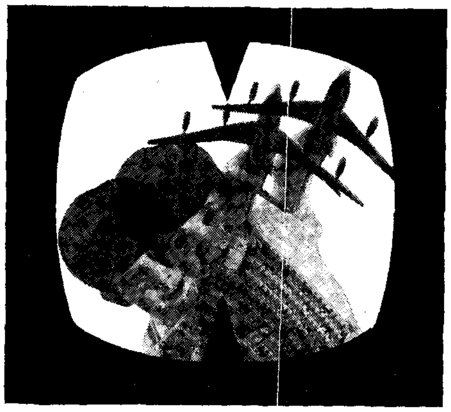


THE SEAGRAM'S GIN BLOODY MARY.

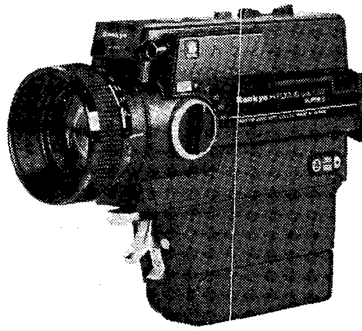
1½ oz. of Seagram's Gin,
3 oz. tomato juice,
½ oz. of lemon juice, a dash of Worcestershire,
salt, pepper. Shake with ice.

Seagram's.
The Perfect Martini Gin.
Perfect all ways.

Seagram Distillers Company, N.Y., N.Y. 86/90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.



When the two images become one, you're in perfect focus. Only Sankyo Hi-Focus has it.



Most movie cameras have ground glass focusing or guess-the-distance scales. Frankly, they're darned hard to focus.

But then, there's Sankyo Hi-Focus. A whole series of automatic movie cameras with big, bright through-the-lens superimposed rangefinder image that virtually guarantees needle sharp movies. You can focus precisely, in seconds, even zoom in on a moving subject. As you look through the viewfinder, the subject appears as two images. Just turn the zoom lens until the two images become one...and you're in perfect focus. It's that simple. The closest thing to automatic focusing! There's a Sankyo Hi-Focus movie camera with your kind of features and your kind of price tag at your camera dealer now.

Sankyo

Sankyo Seiki (America) Inc.
149 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010
West Coast Branch:
13000 S. Athens Way, Los Angeles, Calif. 90061

partisans of a team that was a distinctive favorite had torn down the enemy's goalposts during a match in which the favorite was able to hold the nonfavorite to a tie—a record surely never to be broken in this semicivilized portion of the world. The nonfavorite was Princeton, regrouping itself after three years of the locust, and though Rutgers had more playing time under the belt and was sporting some remarkably efficacious performers, Princeton was able to run a holding pattern on Rutgers until well into the third quarter. Then a Princeton punt was pranced back ninety-four yards for a touchdown, in a comedy sequence that must have been based on the New York Life television advertisement in which a runner in mufti threads with nonchalance through several hundred men in uniform for a touchdown. Rutgers was working its way toward a second touchdown when a three-man tackle nipped a runner on fourth down. As Princeton, with time running out, set off, the goalposts came down. Rutgers was spread for passes, so Beible, the quarterback Princeton has been praying for, sent Snickenberger up the middle; Rutgers closed in, and Beible began throwing into the flat and downfield. His last throw went to the Rutgers goal, and it was dropped, but only because the catcher had been fouled by a Rutgers player. From five feet out, Snickenberger went over untouched. No goalposts to put a kick through, and a pass into the end zone just missed.

Yale has moved forward as the top of the Ivy League. Doyle, at quarterback, may graduate before we discover how good he really is, but Hennings and Green, taking turns as ballcarrier and blocker on sweeps behind those five well-up-in-the-two-hundreds linemen, are already perfection—Yale 20, Connecticut 7. Palmer, whose quarterbacking for Connecticut beat Yale, 27–13, a year ago, did not get into action until the third quarter—too late, too late. Brian Ameche, Alan's son, is a Yalie, and so is Charity, that old reliable, whose interception of a pass started his team on the way to triumph.

Our own city remains an underprivileged nation: Columbia lost to Lafayette, 15–0; the Stars have magically been transported to Charlotte, North Carolina, leaving their 7,600 buffs hereabouts unemployed; the Jets and the Giants continue to walk their swaying tightropes. Will a guardian angel please look homeward?

—J. W. L.

EAST AFRICA FIELD TRIPS

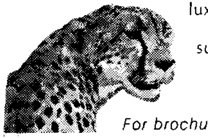
Auspices of the Sierra Club

Leisurely field trips under informative leadership. Three-week tours by car. Longer, more extensive tours by private plane.

YOU'LL LIVE IN THE WILDERNESS right among the animals . . . elephants, hippos, rhinos. The hoofed beasts: zebra, giraffe, impala, wildebeeste, buffalo and others. The predators: lion, leopard, cheetah plus smaller hunters. More birds than you ever imagined.

YOU'LL SEE the whole magnificent land *from the snows of* Mt. Kenya and Kilimanjaro to the beaches of the Indian Ocean . . . tribesmen as natural and exotic as the wildlife . . . white settlers . . . Asians in turbans or saris . . . veiled Moslem women . . . the ethnic struggle . . . tribalism vs. nationalism . . . agriculture vs. conservation . . . progress vs. prehistoric folkways.

YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE. Room and bath at delightful lodges—uncrowded cars—everyone has body room and a window seat—new luxurious five passenger 2-engine planes—leisurely pace—frequently two nights in the same place.



For brochure, write or call:

Sierra Club (212) 354-1480
East Africa Field Trips
c/o Club Tours, Inc.
Dept. NY107, 25 West 43 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Please send your East Africa brochure to

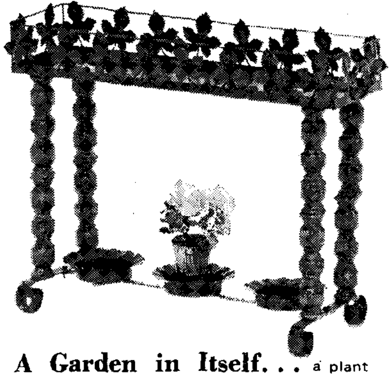
Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________State______Zip______

I am interested in departures in (month)

Tours are organized and operated by Club Tours, Inc.



A Garden in Itself. . . a plant stand that will hold pots above and below Creates such a display in your living room. While the plants remain out of the way and not on table tops, you may still have 6 or more of them beautifully blooming. Wood legs are made like fine furniture. Balance of planter is heavy *black metal with leaf design.* 25" long. 7½" deep and 20" high. $24.00 includes mailing.

N.Y. State residents add 96¢ state tax.

Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

VERMONT FARM

222 acres of wooded and meadow land with 100 mile view. Large Cape-style New England farmhouse plus small caretaker cottage. Large horse barn and several small outbuildings. This property has over 1 mile frontage on famous Lemon Fair River. Near Lake Champlain and ski areas. $129,000 with great financing.

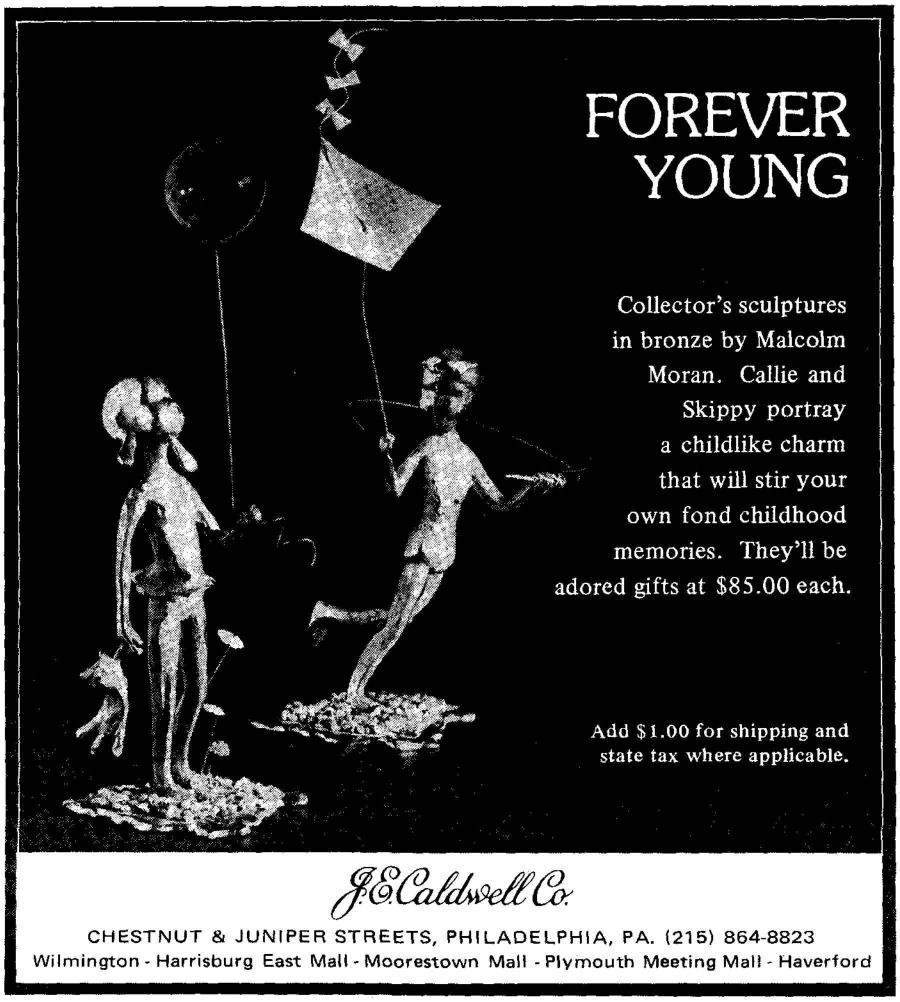
Contact: *Southern Vermont Land Co.*
Adams Road
Williamstown, Mass. 01267
Tel. 413/458-8371

THE RACE TRACK

Foregone

BEAUTIFUL Belmont Park wasn't exactly beautiful last Saturday afternoon, but it would have taken more than a few gray clouds to dim Forego's performance in the Woodward Stakes. The big fellow was the old invincible Forego of the Brooklyn Handicap and half a dozen other stakes you may remember. Far behind the leaders for most of the mile and a half, he was a perfect picture of power as he swept into the last quarter, wearing Arbees Boy down and winning by a neck. Group Plan was third, nearly two lengths away. Eleven ran—an unusually large field. We don't have many horses who are up to going twelve furlongs, but the winner's share of the purse was $69,240, and that's enough to draw a crowd these days. Group Plan, on his toes in the parade to the post, set the pace, and he was pressed first by Everton II and then by Prince Dantan. Forego overtook him with less than two furlongs to go, and the crowd of thirty thousand roared, since Forego had looked hopelessly out of it. Indeed, Gustines, who rode him, said later that his mount didn't seem to like the track and that he had had to work hard to get the long-striding son of Forli going. Which he did in just the nick of time. Arbees Boy, who was both running three furlongs farther and picking up a lot more weight than he did when he finished second in the Governor Stakes and the Marlboro Cup, deserves full marks for a good try. True Knight was last most of the way. I'd say that he didn't like the footing or the distance. As for Forego, it's too early for Mrs. Martha Gerry, who owns him, and Sherrill Ward, who has done a fine job training him, to say whether he'll run for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct on November 9th, but I hope he does—and wins it.

THERE seems to be unanimous agreement that Foolish Pleasure is our best two-year-old colt, and I'm not surprised. At Belmont on Wednesday, he won the Cowdin Stakes by six and a half lengths on a tight rein from Our Talisman, with Cardinal George six lengths behind them and Ramahorn leading the seven other mud-spattered



FOREVER YOUNG

Collector's sculptures in bronze by Malcolm Moran. Callie and Skippy portray a childlike charm that will stir your own fond childhood memories. They'll be adored gifts at $85.00 each.

Add $1.00 for shipping and state tax where applicable.

J.E.Caldwell Co.

CHESTNUT & JUNIPER STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, PA. (215) 864-8823
Wilmington - Harrisburg East Mall - Moorestown Mall - Plymouth Meeting Mall - Haverford

Present Table

This Harden Presentation Table is as personal as it is elegant. The removable Oneida silver-plated tray can be engraved to mark an occasion or to honor a special friend.

The solid cherry table, handcrafted by Harden artisans and hand-rubbed to bring out its warm burnish, is featured at
Marshall Field & Company,
W.&J. Sloane Inc.,
Jordan Marsh Co.,
and other fine stores.

The full catalog of solid cherry American originals is available from Harden for just $3.00.

Harden Furniture Company
McConnellsville,
New York 13401

☐ Enclosed is $3.00 for the Harden catalog.

NAME____________
ADDRESS____________
CITY____________
STATE_____ ZIP______

FINE FURNITURE — 1074NY
THE Harden TRADITION

also-rans. It was Foolish Pleasure's sixth victory in as many starts. Carrying 121 pounds and giving weight to everything, he caught Our Talisman, who had led from the start, at about the halfway mark, and that was that. At Hialeah last winter, LeRoy Jolley, who trains Foolish Pleasure for John L. Greer, a Knoxville bakery executive, thought he had a runner in this bay colt—by What a Pleasure out of Fool-Me-Not—whom they'd bought for twenty thousand dollars at the Saratoga yearling sales. Jolley was sure he had a good one after the colt won his first race by lengths. Foolish Pleasure has followed it up with a division of the Dover, the Tremont, the Sapling, a division of the Hopeful, and now the Cowdin, and he has earned $197,745. His next start will be in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont on Saturday, for which I expect he'll be a short-priced favorite.

THE day after the Cowdin, Ruffian, the Locust Hill Farm's big filly, who horsemen will tell you is our best two-year-old, disappointed a crowd of twenty-five thousand, most of whom had come out to see her win the Frizette Stakes. It seems she'd developed a temperature overnight and hadn't cleaned up her feedbox in the morning, so Frank Whiteley, who trains her, gave her some aspirin and a dose of what he called "country medicine," and withdrew her from the race. He says it's nothing to worry about, but still she's not going in the Champagne, as he'd been planning. I like the tale making the rounds on the backstretch that on the day of the Hopeful a trainer who was saddling a colt for it remarked, "You know, if that Ruffian was in this division or the other one, she'd win by ten lengths. And if this was run as the first race and the other the eighth, she'd win 'em both." With Ruffian out, Jerome Castle's Molly Ballantine led all the way in the Frizette, winning by six plus from Copernica, who seems lately to be always a bridesmaid but never a bride. Now I suppose Whiteley will ship Ruffian to Maryland, his old stamping ground, and point her for the Selima Stakes at Laurel. —AUDAX MINOR

•

When a recipe calls for onion house plants, you may get rid of them by getting the man of the house to blow cigar smoke on the plant. If this fails, get a commercial insecticide.
—*Hartford Courant.*

If that fails, call the police.

Jack Daniel's OLD No 7
HARDWARE
BAND

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
Old No. 7
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
If you can't find this record, Herb Fanning has it for $5.98 plus 35¢ postage at the Lynchburg Hardware & General Store, Box 239, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352.

JACK DANIEL'S SILVER CORNET BAND reached its peak in 1894. Thanks to Paramount Records, you can still hear their music today.

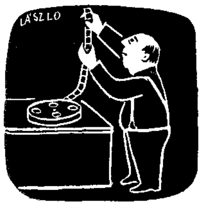
Jack Daniel started the group to sell whiskey at saloon openings and political rallies. Today, we've dusted off some of their old-time sheet music and carefully recreated a sound that hasn't been heard for 75 years. (Finding these old-style mellow conical horns took us from an antique dealer's attic in Nevada clear to Paris, France.) The result is a Paramount Records' album that's available wherever good records are sold. If the music inspires a sip of Jack Daniel's, don't be surprised. That's *just* what Mr. Jack intended it to do.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee
The first Distillery placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Stuck in the Fun



IF there is any psychological validity to the basic premise of pornography—that out of violation comes adoration—"The Night Porter" certainly fails to make the case, but by placing this tony cliché in a concentration-camp setting the picture seems to be saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war. Many of us can't take more than a few hard-core-porno movies, because the absence of any sense of human esteem makes them depressing rather than sexy; "The Night Porter" offers the same dehumanized view and is brazen enough to use the Second World War as an excuse. The picture gives no sign of interest in what actually happened in the Nazi death camps. More likely, it came out of idle speculation: "Gee, I bet there were people sexually enslaved by the Nazis." (You could do a new version of "Drums Along the Mohawk" and turn it into a movie about a girl captured by the Senecas who becomes a cruel, lascivious brave's handmaiden and loves it.) Probably most artists are terrified of confronting the death-camp experience: who feels ready to deal with it? But this picture blunders through without any apparent awareness that it's an insult to the people caught in that holocaust to use them for a creepy, eerie, horror-film ambience. In "The Night Porter," the emaciated victims of the Nazis are merely variants of zombies—they're used as glassy-eyed witnesses to sodomy and as mute participants in assorted sexual high jinks. They are horror décor, and the death-camp scenes, tinted latrine green, provide the ghoulish backgrounds for a sado-masochistic love story. The film's porno-profundity is humanly and aesthetically offensive. The offense is mitigated by incompetence, however: the picture is simply too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. "The Night Porter" was directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just like men.

This spinoff of "The Damned" doesn't get you hot; the sex is full of self-disgust, and it makes you cold. "The Night Porter" is a porno Gothic—it could have been called "Tales from the Nazi Crypt." The film is set in Vienna in 1957. As Max, a former Storm Trooper who now works as a night porter at the Hotel Zur Oper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel. His role is an extension of all the weak, tormented, vice-ridden roles he's played before. Max goes from room to room ministering to the needs of a clientele of decadents—a hypo in the butt for a homosexual ballet dancer, some surly sex for an aging countess. At the beginning, I thought that this hotel was a place where former prisoners who couldn't escape the sexual patterns of their past hung out, and when there was a flashback to the dancer performing semi-nude for the Nazis (it's the most effective sequence in the film), I assumed—wrongly—that he was a prisoner at the time. It turns out that Charlotte Rampling, who checks in with her husband (he is to conduct "The Magic Flute" at the Vienna Opera House), is the only former victim. The others were all Nazis, and the place is a hangout for a conspiratorial Nazi encounter group. No, I didn't make that up; Cavani and her co-writers did. The group conducts mock war-crime trials of its members, for therapeutic purposes and also to turn up evidence of camp survivors who might give damaging testimony against them. The survivors are then tracked down and murdered. To judge by the acting, which is wrecked by dubbing, these fanatic Nazis might just as well be businessmen who have lost their Dairy Queen franchise, but the goofy political plot is, in any case, merely a device to set the porno plot in motion.

The film shifts back and forth between the hotel in 1957 and Bogarde's pranks in his Storm Trooper days, when he took pictures of concentration-camp inmates and used them as targets for firing practice, and when, falling in love with the fourteen-year-old Rampling, the imprisoned daughter of a Socialist, he trained her to perform fellatio and brought her such presents as the severed head of a guard who had tormented her. In the 1957 scenes, she wants more of Max's brand of love. But since she's a potential witness against him, his Nazi group wants to kill her, and so the lovers hide out in his apartment, there to reënact their wartime relationship. Like "The Damned," "The Night Porter" never deals with its underlying homosexual feeling, and this avoidance probably has a lot to do with the horror-film, ugly-sex atmosphere.

The level of character development is a joke: we can tell that Max is meant to have a conscience because he hides his face in his pillow the night he's killed an old friend. Max's hauteur and his freezing, petty contempt for everyone but "my little girl" just seem like a hangover from Bogarde's past. After such pictures as "Victim," "The Servant," "Darling," "Modesty Blaise," "Accident," "The Damned," "Justine," and "Death in Venice," he isn't just overqualified for Max—he's also overexposed. We know his neurasthenic tricks—the semaphore eyebrow, the twitching mouth, the sneaky vindictive gleam, the pinch of suffering. His warmed-over performance here has all the surprise of the César Franck Symphony in D Minor.

"The Night Porter" is said to be a runaway hit in Italy and France and to have made a big star of Charlotte Rampling, but surely one twinkle doesn't make a star. At our first view of her sullen beauty, the sensual vibrations of her come-hither nastiness promise undreamt-of intensities, but absolutely nothing emerges. As an actress, she has no hidden resources; there's no soul beneath that perverse Mona Lisa face. Maybe that's why she was so effective in "Georgy Girl," sawing away on her cello, and doing her nails while her baby lay on the bed squalling. Yes, she's reminiscent of Garbo and Moreau, but their sensuality is the sum total of their expressiveness; Rampling is wildly suggestive in a single shot and lifeless in a full performance. Bacall didn't have much more than a look, but her look was a tease, a put-on; Rampling's is an emblem of contamination, and though—both tense and languid—she looks as if she'd be a perfect sex symbol for a dragged-out world, her necrophiliac allure could probably be sustained only if she were confined to fleeting bit parts. She looks all-knowing and weary—exhausted from the weight of her own dirty thoughts—yet she becomes prosaic as soon as she starts to smash things exultantly or drag her chains around or perform sex acts. Nothing lives up to the foul promise.

After all of Bogarde's and Rampling's ominous smiles of complicity, the actual perversions seem awfully tacky. By the time she looks lewdly at a jar of jam and ravenously sticks her fingers in it, and he knocks it out of her hand and then gives her a sweet little love nick with a splinter of jammy glass, the movie has become a Child's Garden of Perversities. I don't mean to suggest that I was looking forward to superexotic forms of bondage, but if the soul-destroying concentration-camp ex-

antartex
sheepskin coats
from Scotland

No. 56: $235
white curly lambskin

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond—our model Malla Macdonald. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women—31 styles, 9 skin colours, 8 sheepskin types—from $100.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs and handmade knitwear. We supply Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS

New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) 10021.
212-LE 5-9079.
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 10019.
212-765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich Ave. 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston St., Harvard Sq.
02138. 617-868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St. (E.W.
Tollway to 31) 60134. 312-232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's
240 E. Deerpath, 60045. 312-CE 4-9100
Minneapolis, Minn: 928 Nicollet Mall, 55402.
612-339-1276
Washington, DC: Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' St., North
20007. 202-338-8078
Philadelphia: 80 E. Wynnewood Rd., Wynnewood,
Pa. 19096. 215-Mi 9-5722
Montreal, Canada: 1624 Sherbrooke St., West
514-935-4142

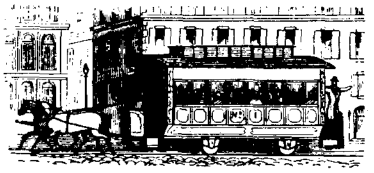
For your catalogue and real sheepskin samples, send $1 (which will be credited to your order) along with your name and address to:

ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP AT1
120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich Conn:
06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

perience is invoked to explain Rampling's behavior, shouldn't she be doing something more than crawling under a table to play pussycat? When the lovers are caged and deteriorating, they're obviously just stuck in the fun. You keep waiting for them to get into their full drag—he in his Storm Trooper uniform and she in her little-girl dress—and finally they really do it. It's crap inevitability.

Since everybody in Vienna seems to be in on the Nazi group's conspiracy, it isn't clear why the lovers are safe in Bogarde's apartment—why the group members don't just come in and kill them. However, those who can accept "The Night Porter" as art probably won't care about this or other oddities. A flashback to the concentration-camp days shows Rampling as a top-hatted, topless singer performing a Lotte Lenya-Dietrich number for the Nazis, who sit around like department-store mannequins. This exhibitionistic number has no follow-up in her character. Presumably, the moviemaker wanted some flash at this point: Rampling's getup for her number is featured in the ads, just as Helmut Berger's transvestite Dietrich getup was featured in the campaign for "The Damned." Similarly, the theme music—insistently poignant and with an almost Hungarian sweep—tries to create the surge of Gato Barbieri's music for "Last Tango in Paris." There are scenes that sock in cheap political points with a sledgehammer, such as a meeting of the group at which Bogarde's ironic "*Sieg Heil*" is answered by a solemn round of "*Sieg Heil*"s. But Cavani's slow pacing makes one nervous, anticipating something ugly, and that probably helps to account for the film's success. "The Night Porter" is a doomsday vision of sex. The picture says that human sexuality is loathsome and that every once in a while the beast makes itself heard; its central (though possibly unconscious) mechanism is to use war guilt to account for sex guilt. "The Night Porter" certainly won't do much for the equilibrium of those in group analysis; as a friend of mine put it, "I always knew in those groups that if you ever told them anything you'd get killed."

"THE ABDICATION" takes this year's Yevgeny Yevtushenko prize for loftiness. The picture, which is about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. During the initial pomposity, we're



The kind of New York hotel everyone thinks has disappeared.

It's New York the way it was before the skyscrapers. Unchanged. De-modernized. Preserved. Restored. A European-style hotel with wainscoted walls, fresh flowers every day, Chippendale furniture, and fireplace in your room.

In the heart of Murray Hill. On Park Avenue. A gem. With a genuine concierge at the front door, comforting service throughout, and old-fashioned ideas about what a hotel should cost.

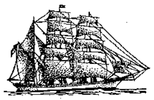
For reservations call toll-free
800-325-3535.

Sheraton-Russell Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
45 PARK AVENUE AT 37TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 212/685-7676

Granny Nightie

140-1. This cuddly, cotton flannel nightie (80% cotton, 20% polyester) is made by Lanz to keep you toasty from neck to ankles. Lacy ruffles of eyelet border cuffs, yoke, and neck. Blue, Green and Red print highlights white background. Women's sizes P/S/M/L $16.95 plus $2.06 postage & handling.

New Hampton General Store
Dept. N-2, Hampton, New Jersey 08827



SHIP MODELS

From our own workshop: finest quality wood ship kits—clippers, schooners, frigates, tankers, freighters—39 in all. Beautiful fittings; no lead or plastic. Also plans, books, marine prints and decoration. At better dealers or send 75¢ for big illustrated catalog.

BLUEJACKET SHIP CRAFTERS
145-S Water St. S. Norwalk, Ct. 06854

sustained by the hope that Christina (Liv Ullmann), who makes off for the Vatican and then faces an examination of her motives by a cardinal (Peter Finch), is going to confess to a wildly licentious past and we'll get to see choice bits in flashback. When it turns out she has never "given herself" to a man, we sit in a stupor. Damned if the picture isn't about her high-flown spiritual crisis. Of course, we can see that she's going to get around to propositioning Cardinal Finch, but that's a dry run for sure, since cardinals don't make out in major-studio productions. The movie explains Christina's abdication by what "literate" plays used to call "a queen's dilemma": since she was born to rule, she felt she must not be possessed by a man. And so the desperately frustrated woman—the most important Protestant monarch in Europe, according to the film—becomes a Catholic, looking for sexual release and hoping to find ecstasy in God. I haven't run into such a hokey dilemma since the heroine of "Winterset" asked, "Is it better to tell a lie and live?" Couldn't someone have taken Christina aside and explained that with a little solid experience she would discover that a woman could have lovers without feeling herself any more "possessed" than they did? Surely her advisers could have pointed out many a royal precedent?

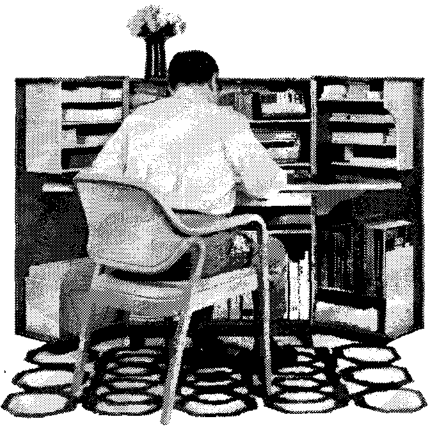
Anthony Harvey seems to have directed the picture on his knees. We're never allowed to forget the exalted rank of the characters we're privileged to listen to, and nothing like human speech intrudes upon the relentless dignity of Ruth Wolff's screenplay. Harvey takes pictorial cinematography to be drama, and leaves it to Nino Rota's pseudo-liturgical score to provide the emotional turbulence. There's considerable turbulence but only a few themes—they return as punctually as they did for Max Steiner. Whose idea was it to reunite the lovers of "Lost Horizon"? Peter Finch and Liv Ullmann bring out nothing in each other, and Finch's tempted priest is such a hopeless role that I passed the time imagining Peter Sellers in the part. The trouble with "The Abdication" is not that it's about historical characters but that it's not about historical characters. It's obsequious—for no discernible reason. (Christina was only twenty-seven when she abdicated, and she lived on for thirty-five years. I'd like to know what she did with her life. If she abdicated for the innocent reasons given in this movie, did she discover what a ninny she'd been? There might

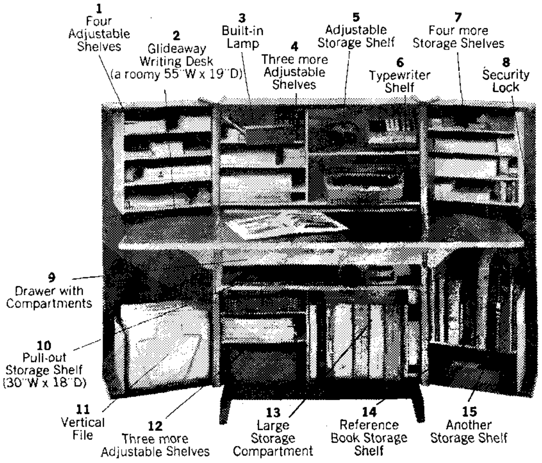
The Organizer.

The Organizer lends a touch of elegance to your home while it gives you the order and efficiency of an organized work area. No more annoying time consuming search for misplaced bills, or papers.

Every busy family needs the Organizer. Its ingenious Norwegian design helps you get more work done in less space, beautifully. Open, it's 64"W x 45"H x 30"D, and includes a glide-away desk, 19 adjustable shelves, a separate vertical file, compartmented drawer, built-in lamp, and a lock. When it's time to close up the Organizer, it becomes a handsome cabinet 32"W x 21"D, and fits easily into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you like to work.

The Organizer is imported from Norway, where workmanship is still an art. And as the importer, we keep the price low ($445 in Teak or Walnut; $495 in Rosewood). It's usually tax deductible and comes with a 60-day, money back guarantee.




1 Four Adjustable Shelves
2 Glideaway Writing Desk (a roomy 55"W x 19"D)
3 Built-in Lamp
4 Three more Adjustable Shelves
5 Adjustable Storage Shelf
6 Typewriter Shelf
7 Four more Storage Shelves
8 Security Lock
9 Drawer with Compartments
10 Pull-out Storage Shelf (30"W x 18"D)
11 Vertical File
12 Three more Adjustable Shelves
13 Large Storage Compartment
14 Reference Book Storage Shelf
15 Another Storage Shelf

Come in and see the Organizer. Or write for color brochure No. YO107-4
To order, call or send check, or charge to Amer. Exp., DC, Master Charge, or BankAmericard. We ship anywhere in the Continental U.S. for $25.00. Isn't it time you got organized?

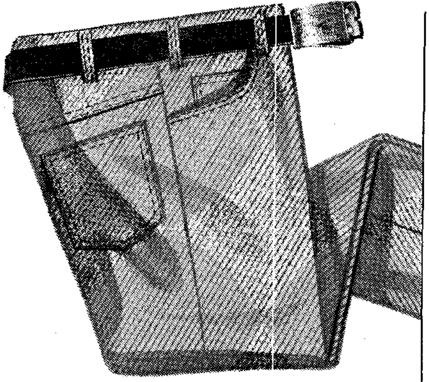
GREATWOOD

Greatwood Products of California, Inc.
101 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles,
Cal. 90048 (213) 273-5007
Greatwood Products, Inc.
800 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
212 355-3160

KAISER
PORCELAIN
Bavaria
West Germany
Since 1872

"PRANCING HORSE" 11 Inches $110.
For the complete Kaiser color brochure, kindly remit 50¢ to
EBELING & REUSS CO. • West Valley Road, Devon, PA 19333

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Classic Western Straight Leg Saddleman Boot Jeans $15

Levi's® classic, straight leg, rugged Saddleman Boot Jeans, cut straight from knee to permit easy fit over boots. Army twill cotton and Dacron. Also, in pre-shrunk Dark Blue cotton denim. Faded Blue, Beige, Brown or Olive. Waist size: 28-42; Lengths: 29-36.

Levi's® original 1840's Gold Rush era antique buckle belt. Includes 1¾" rich Cordovan soft saddle leather belt. Sizes 28 to 44, 9.50.

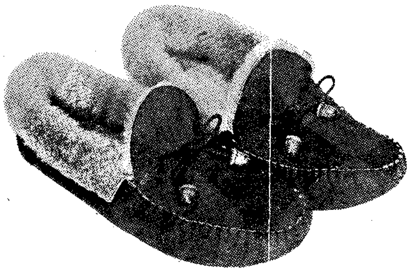
Mail Orders to: Levi's Boot Jeans, Belt
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Color	Qty	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Boot Jeans				Cable Car Charge ☐
Levi's® Belt				Sorry, No COD's

☐ Please send Catalogue (415) 397-4740

Name........
Address........
........Zip........
Add 1.85 Ship & Hdlg • 6½% Sales Tax in Ca. 011007

Women's
Lambskin Slippers



Soft and warm and oh so comfortable. A truly luxurious slipper made from soft sueded leather, with beige lambskin liner. The perfect gift for yourself or a friend. Dark brown moccasin styled slipper with beige lamb trim. Women's sizes: Small (4-5), Medium (6-6½), Large (7-7½), Extra Large (8-9). Give shoe size when ordering.

$17 +$1 ship. & hand.

☐ Enclosed is my check for
____ Pair of Lambskin Slippers Size ____
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
☐ Send New Fall FREE CATALOG
NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____
STATE ____ ZIP ____

GOKEY
Dept. NY 21 W. Fifth St., St. Paul, Minn. 55102

be a comedy there somewhere.) Anthony Harvey must really have a thing about royalty; Christina may give up her throne, but the whole picture is a throne for Liv Ullmann.

She doesn't belong on it. Garbo bombed out in the role in 1933, but most people don't remember what a stiff the Rouben Mamoulian "Queen Christina" was or how blankly Garbo walked through it; all that stays in the mind is her famous grape-eating scene, and that last glorious closeup, the more glorious for ending the boredom. Liv Ullmann gives a highly competent, emotionally varied performance—a far better performance, I think, than she gave in, say, "Cries and Whispers." But grand-gesture roles don't suit her; she has no mystery to fill them out and no high style to give them a little camp. She's best in pictures like Bergman's "Shame" and Jan Troell's "The Emigrants" and "The New Land." She's essentially a too realistic, too practical woman to recite pseudo epigrams, and, though her English is much improved, ironies don't sit naturally on her tongue. You feel that she's play-acting here, working hard at being a great lady, and that's not what we want from her anyway. It's Liv Ullmann's non-actressy quality—her radiant naturalness, her transparency—that's so involving. Her poetry is not in extravagance; she can no more be a haughty, witty queen than Glenda Jackson can play realistic, simple, ordinary women. "The Abdication" probably won't stay around long enough to do Ullmann much damage, but overexposure in other films may already have hurt her—that anxious-eyed look of perplexity is getting to be painfully, sexlessly respectable. Sometimes, even when she performs with great skill, something drab and essentially humorless in her personality begins to defeat the performance. If only she weren't so eager to please. She's too honest an actress; she wants to give fair measure, and every detail of a role is dutifully wrought and properly weighted. She's like a *Hausfrau* who's too conscientious to give good parties.

"JUGGERNAUT" is fast, crackerjack entertainment, with the cool, bitchy wit and the outrageously handsome action sequences of some of the best of the Bond pictures. It's surprisingly crisp fun, considering that it was directed by that most misanthropic of talented directors, Richard Lester. Though he eliminates practically every trace of human warmth, he manages to supply the characters with enough

Gifts
with the
right
to be
loved

The
Henri Fayette
gift brochure

64 pages in color 1.00

2733 Armitage Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60647

In Hawaii
rent a home
for the price of
a hotel room.

PLANTATION HALE
KAUAI, HAWAII
For reservations,
your travel agent or in
New York (212) 867-1450
Chicago (312) 372-4383
Los Angeles (213) 461-3541
MANAGED BY COLONY HOTELS

Wooden Jigsaw Puzzles
Hand-cut, one-of-a-kind, mahogany-backed wooden jigsaw puzzles for the discriminating puzzler or gift giver. Many sizes available with *prices starting at $75. If you insist on the unusual* and demand the highest quality call or write:
StavePuzzles
Norwich, Vt. 05055 1-802-649-1450
Christmas orders will not be accepted after October 21, 1974.

blackhearted existential bravado to keep the film sociable. Anybody who makes a picture like this has to be a bit of a bastard, but Lester demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. Juggernaut is the name assumed by a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on the luxury liner Britannic, carrying twelve hundred passengers on a transatlantic crossing.

Lester lets you know right from the start that if the genre is basically the same as that of "The Poseidon Adventure" the tone certainly won't be. Even before the ship (it's the Maxim Gorky doubling as the Britannic, and the ship's band looks suspiciously Slavic) leaves port, one sees Lesterisms. People who are handed rolls of festive paper streamers to throw drop them limply in disdain. The characters have none of the inviting smiles typical of the genre. Anthony Hopkins, a melancholy-faced police detective, says goodbye to his two children and his wife, dour Caroline Mortimer, who are sailing; she stays in an unexplained funk for the entire trip, from time to time staring abstractedly at her children. Clifton James, the mayor of an American city, has an aging wife, who, when it appears that they'll die, wants assurances that he has always been faithful; Lester undercuts the corn by having the wife, Doris Nolan, done up in a blond wig, like Bette Davis in her hag horror roles. Juggernaut himself, Freddie Jones, might be Anthony Burgess on a reasonably straightforward day. A ship's steward dies while saving a child's life, and absolutely nothing is made of it; it's typical of Lester that he refuses to make the child endearing and refuses to give the rescue an emotional glow. Considering how this child-in-danger situation is generally milked, Lester's cold-bloodedness is nifty. He doesn't go in for scenes of panic or screaming hysteria; instead, he has the ship's social director (Roy Kinnear) constantly rebuffed in his attempts to cheer people up. Where the usual disaster film gives us pathos, Lester gives us slapstick. The movie is a commentary on other directors' grovelling for audience response.

Those not used to Richard Lester's neo-Noël Coward mixture of cynicism, angst, and anti-establishment sentimentality (is there anybody more British than an American convert?) may at first be thrown. He's a compulsive gagster, but the jokes are throwaway-fast and tinged with contempt. He uses famous actors, but he uses them like bit players—like props, almost. Omar Sharif, as the ship's cap-

What has Sheraton done for you lately?

Now Open. A fabulous new Sheraton Hotel in colorful Montparnasse.

It's the spectacular 35-story Paris-Sheraton Hotel, adjacent to Gare Montparnasse. Close to Saint Germain des Prés, "Porte de Versailles" exhibition center, and all the famous Paris sights. And the only hotel in Paris with direct connection to the Metro.

There's 24-hour room service. Comfortable guest rooms with direct dial telephone, color TV, a private bar, and in-room movies.

For reservations call

800-325-3535

Or have your travel agent call.

Paris-Sheraton Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
AVENUE DU MAINE AT RUE MOUCHOTTE. 75014 PARIS. FRANCE
TELEPHONE 260.35.11 TELEX: 20135

at home, Anne Klein for Lily of France . . . a long, languid, luxuriously silken-soft QIANA® nylon drop-shoulder caftan that flows in motion, simply sensuous at ease. From the first Anne Klein collection of loungewear. Blonde or black. One size glamorizes all. $75.

Jacobson's
Michigan
St. Armands Circle, Sarasota
and Winter Park, Florida
Mail orders: Birmingham, Michigan 48012. Please add 1.00 for handling.

An inspired idea for today's fashionable hands...

Spoonhandle Ring
by International Silver

GOLDEN
LA STRADA

Here's a fabulous idea in finger fashions—a spoonhandle ring. It's the exact replica, in miniature, of a spoon (without the bowl) in one of International Silver's most elegant silverware patterns, "Golden La Strada." Ring is sterling silver with edges electroplated in 24kt. gold. Adjusts to fit any finger. Just $14.95.
At fine stores or order direct.
FOR PHONE ORDERS, call 800-243-3755 toll-free (in Connecticut, call collect 235-5155) and give us your charge card number.
TO ORDER BY MAIL, use this coupon.

American Archives, Dept. PA-43
122 Charles Street, P.O. Box 1776
Meriden, Connecticut 06450
Please send me, postpaid,______Golden La Strada spoonhandle ring(s) @ $14.95 each.
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
CHECK ONE:
☐ I enclose check or money order payable to American Archives.
☐ Charge my purchase to:
☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express
☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
Account # ____________
Expire Date______ Signature______
No C.O.D.'s. Conn. residents add sales tax. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited or restricted by law. © 1974 International

Scandinavian Slicker...
Vinyl coated cotton, guaranteed waterproof, storm cuff sleeves, heat sealed stitched seams.
Red or yellow...S,M,L,XL...36.00
Color______ Size______
☐ Check ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Charge
Master Chg. #______
BankAmericard #______
Name______
Address______
City______
State______ Zip______
Add 1.50 per item for postage & handling.
Manchester's
Box 1788/Madison, Wis./53704

tain, can't play in the same quick tempo as the rest of the cast (when he speaks, his words just don't seem to have originated in that head), but he isn't used as Omar Sharif, either. (Lester pulled the same stunt with Charlton Heston in "The Three Musketeers," scaling him down from his heroic heights.) No doubt Sharif is on board to give the film his romantic box-office attributes, but he's not allowed to smile the famous smile, or even to look soulfully lovesick. He's kept rather grim, as if he were really an actor playing a role. For a sex interest (it isn't love), Sharif is given Shirley Knight as a sharp-witted international playgirl. Shirley Knight, who worked at top form with Lester in "Petulia" (her cookie scene with George C. Scott was the best part of that picture), hits it again here whenever she has tart, brainy lines, though she's burdened with some overly classy remarks about life and death.

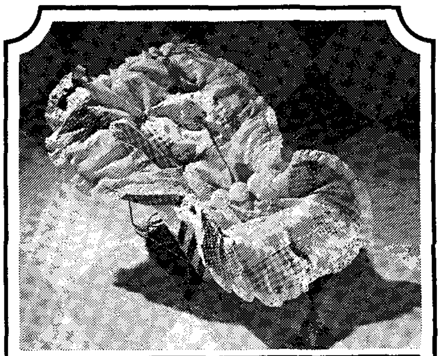
The actors who get by with the worst of the lines—and still triumph—are Richard Harris, as the commander of the bomb-dismantling team, and David Hemmings, as his second-in-command. Harris, who delivers a long, drunken oration, might almost be playing Lester's glamorous alter ego; the team commander takes pride in being the best in his profession, though he says he doesn't believe in anything. It's the flossiest bit of rebel-hero nonsense since Humphrey Bogart. Lester likes to turn heroism into a joke, but in "Juggernaut" the derring-do isn't cancelled out, as it was in "The Three Musketeers"—quite the reverse. The cynical, dangling gags that counterpoint the gallantry make it more gallant. The picture has a structural flaw: it reaches its visual climax early, with the arrival of the dismantling team, who parachute down into giant storm waves and then fight their way up rope ladders to board the ship. The subsequent action sequences can't compete with the violent beauty of that arrival, and the actual dismantling of the bombs is too much like the prolonged safecracking scenes of heist pictures, though Lester and his cinematographer, Gerry Fisher, work microscopically close and achieve some almost abstract aesthetic effects. We don't get to see the damage caused by the bombs that explode, but the jaunty superciliousness is more entertaining than the bombs anyway. Lester has discovered a commercial use for his poisonous, flip wit: it provides just what Noël Coward's archness did—a smart, dissonant style to cover the traditional pieties. —PAULINE KAEL

Good original art is a beautiful investment.

JEAN-PIERRE CASSIGNEUL's "Femme et Fleurs"
Signed edition of 140

Beautiful limited edition prints signed by artists whose works hang in the world's great museums can now be yours. We offer etchings and lithographs by Dali, Christensen, Renoir, Weisbuch and other important artists, at very reasonable prices.
Our expert advice and full money back guarantee are your assurances that the art you buy will have lasting value and beauty.
Send today for our free color brochure.

Original print collectors group, Ltd.
120 East 56th Street, Dept. NY16
New York, N.Y. 10022



GRANDMA'S LOVABLE LINERS
Quilted Baby Carrier Liners
Rock-a-bye your baby in our soft quilted lovable carrier liner. Fits perfectly in any infant carrier. Completely "baby proof" (washable) in multi-color checked gingham with eyelet trim. Grandma's *excuse to give an extra hug to that special baby.*
$15.00
Mail Orders add $1.00—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express or C&S cards honoured.
STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1974 E. H. Stern, Inc.

386 ACRES
LINVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA
At the heart of the popular, unspoiled Western North Carolina mountains in beautiful Linville at 4,000' plus elevation. Terrain offers potential for full resort development or private enclave.
704-898-5221

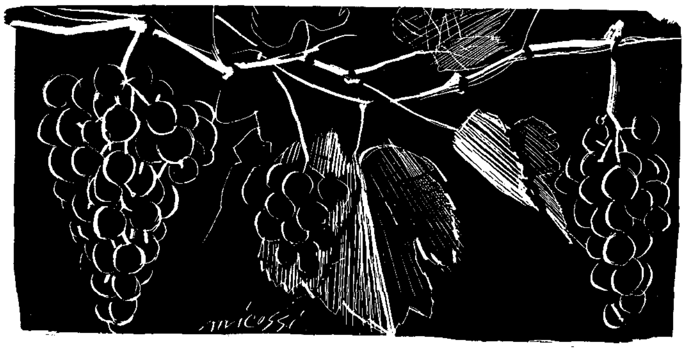
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 28

THE President, along with some two thousand others, has come down from the economic "summit"—the grand ballroom of the Washington Hilton Hotel, a few sea-level city blocks from the White House—and while he is bound to report that the experience has been helpful and enriching, it is hard to see what has been gained by either the country or its Chief Executive. In recent days, government spokesmen have said that the principal purpose of the gathering and the smaller ones that preceded it was to get the American people to fix their attention on the state of the nation in this period of rising prices and unemployment, but that hardly seemed plausible, in view of the fact that the attention of practically every American has been not merely fixed but riveted on these problems for at least a year. What was hoped for, plainly, was the emergence of a consensus on how best to meet the crisis. None emerged, and it would be suspicious indeed if one had. Among some of the professional economists who held the first of the smaller conferences under White House auspices earlier this month there is a kind of negative consensus—a general belief that no one has a demonstrably sound remedy for the conditions that afflict not only this country but most of the rest of the developed nations and, apart from the Middle Eastern sheikhdoms and emirates, many nations that seemed to be moving toward development at the start of the decade. Men of usually strong convictions—"monetarists," "fiscalists," and other breeds—confess, with only a handful of exceptions, that the situation is too multifaceted and unprecedented to yield to any single diagnosis or solution. Most agree—in theory, at least—that the President and his economic advisers have a partial answer when they call for cuts in federal spending and a measure of "sacrifice" by the population at large, but the Congress won't give him much help in budget cutting (some legislators would like to put the Pentagon on subsistence rations, but the military is the last institution the Ford Administration wants to share in the "belt tightening" it recommends), and it doesn't seem likely that the people, most of whom have been enduring involuntary sacrifices for some time, can be "jawboned" into giving up much more. Also, while trimming the budget and persuading the citizenry to consume less might be effective in slowing inflation—seen in the White House as Public Enemy No. 1—it would be equally effective in increasing unemployment, which would sooner or later have to be dealt with by increased federal expenditures for public employment.

There is general agreement, too, on the proposition that nothing this country could do on its own would be of much help. Ford's predecessor wished to meet the energy crisis, which most authorities consider to be at the bottom of our economic troubles, with what he called Project Independence, the idea of which was to make the country self-sufficient in the production of energy; it never got beyond the public-relations stage, and would, assuming the aim to be attainable at all, have taken several years to accomplish. President Ford has sensibly proposed renaming the Nixon proposal Project *Inter*dependence, but this, though more realistic, is also public relations. The oil-producing Arab states have made it clear that they will not coöperate with us unless we meet their demands, the most important of which is to compel Israel, by whatever means seem likely to work, to return all the territory it seized in 1967 and held in 1973. It is doubtful whether we could accomplish this by any peaceful means even if we wished to do so, which we do not. It might be possible to induce the Arab leaders to rethink their position if we could induce our European allies and Japan to join us in a program of stopping all sales of arms and other manufactured goods to the states that threaten to bankrupt us by making the cost of oil prohibitively high and cornering the market on the currency of the oil importers. This is the kind of thing, presumably, that is now under discussion here by the Secretary of State and the foreign and finance ministers of Japan, Britain, France, and West Germany. These diplomats are leaking nothing, which probably means that they are finding it as hard to agree as the delegates at the conference in the Washington Hilton. In any event, there is no assurance that such measures would work unless all the industrial powers (except the Communist ones) could reach a degree of unity they have seldom been able to achieve in the past. Some of them are suffering more than we are, and some—perhaps most—do not at this time wish to risk further hostility from the Arabs or to lose them as customers. Few of the large powers normally friendly to us are politically stable at present, and some would almost undoubtedly prefer to sacrifice Israel's security rather than cause more hardship for their people by going along with us on so dubious a venture. Thus, while publicly disavowing the kind of economic isolationism proposed by Nixon, the Ford Administration has little choice at present but to pursue what measures can be taken by this country alone, including the development of more sources of energy within our own borders. But such a search, no matter how successful, can do nothing to stop the present inflation.

A number of academic economists favor the imposition of wage and price controls, but the President, while maintaining that he is open to all suggestions, has repeatedly said he wants nothing to do with controls of any sort, and in this he has the support of both industry and labor. He is ready to consider a reform of the tax structure which would cut into industrial profits and drain off some of the purchasing power of the well-to-do while increasing that of the poor by drastically lowering their income taxes or exempting them from any federal-tax liability. But it takes a year or two for tax reform to show results, and in the meantime inflation could bring many people of what until recently was regarded as high income increasingly close to the poverty level. A compulsory or subsidized lowering of interest rates might help the stock market and the housing industry, but any gains achieved in this way could be wiped out by further inflation and continuing restrictions on the supply of money. Meanwhile, it would be within the power of the Arab states to disrupt the economies and tear the social fabrics of most developed countries by putting the price of oil out of reach. Some observers here regard such fears as paranoid—after all, the Arab states have reasons of their



IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has a serving pantry.

Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay in the fashionable heart of the city, just off Park Avenue.

Elegant
Quiet
Secure

The Lombardy HOTEL

Single, $40 to $42; Double, $47 to $49;
Two-Room Suite, $65 to $77.
Also by the week or month.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

own for not wishing to see the Western economies go under. But there are many in and out of government who regard the fears as well founded, and they point out that history is replete with examples of governments acting irrationally and contrary to their own self-interest. When there are no peaceful and democratic solutions to problems of great magnitude, the ground is ready for revolution or the rise of a militant nationalism and militarism. Much thought has been given to such possibilities here during the last few days and the weeks preceding them, and though few, if any, have spoken of it publicly, many have considered the application of an ancient problem-solving measure—preëmptive military strikes against some of the oil-producing powers. Whether such an approach is under formal consideration in the Pentagon is not known, but it probably is, if only because the Pentagon routinely draws up contingency plans for just about any set of circumstances imaginable by generals and admirals. Also, both the President, in Detroit, and the Secretary of State, at the United Nations, earlier this week gave speeches that allowed the inference that the possibility of using arms had occurred to them, too. It is all very well to say that it wouldn't work or that the country wouldn't stand for it, but those who entertain such a possibility see it as the culmination of a series of prior events—industry and foreign trade drawn to a standstill, the undermining of a culture based on the automobile, unemployment on the scale of the nineteen-thirties or even worse, the economic security of all but a very few destroyed, desperation on almost every hand. Whether or not it could succeed is a question whose answer would depend largely on how prepared the Soviet Union was to risk a confrontation, and that would depend largely on Moscow's appraisal of how much of a decline in power we had sustained as a result of our losses of energy and other economic misfortunes. But military men, Presidents, and Secretaries of State have a way of proceeding without dealing with such imponderables.

WHILE the economic situation seems to grow in murky complexity almost by the day, the political situation—on the surface, at least—seems clearer this week than last. Nelson Rockefeller will almost certainly be confirmed as Vice-President, though probably not until shortly after the November elections, since the Demo-

Rugged Softies

Eddie Bauer chamois cloth shirts are double-fleeced and have a feel of luxury both inside and out. But the sanforized cotton fabric is also tough; dense weave protects you well from wind and weather. Full cut for free action; long shirttails. Men's neck **sizes:** 14-18 in half sizes. **Colors:** Bright Red, Camel Tan, Navy, Moss Green. ***1462, $12.95** postpaid.*

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for
$______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please rush my No. 1462 shirt.
Size______Color______
Name______
Address______
City______
State______Zip______
☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. OR2, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98124

DESIGNS ON NATURE

"BLACK-EYED SUSAN"
ONE OF THE NEW STATE FLOWER SERIES
by Anne Ophelia Dowden

This collector print is a sunny, full-color tribute to nature's genius captured to perfection by the artist.

Edition: 3,000 signed by artist
Size: 14" x 12"
$12.50

Send $1.00 for complete catalog of Frame House Gallery Collection

COLLECTOR PRINTS
FRAME HOUSE GALLERY, INC.
Department NY104
110 East Market Street
Louisville, Kentucky 40202
Telephone: (502) 587-7424

Dealerships available in some areas

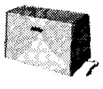
Soggy Crackers are for the birds!

ELECTRIC BRISKER®

The only appliance of its kind that uses dehumidification to protect the flavor and crisp, crunchy freshness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, popcorn and pretzels...even keeps salt shakers free-flowing. Brisker is a "must" for every home or boat. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats. Size: 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finish. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Brisker soon pays for itself by the food it saves and keeps fresh...no soggy foods to throw out to the birds...even Audubon would approve! Write:

BRISKER® PRODUCTS $29.95

Postpaid East of Rockies if check sent with order. Add $2 W. of Rockies • Prices—continental U.S.
2343 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

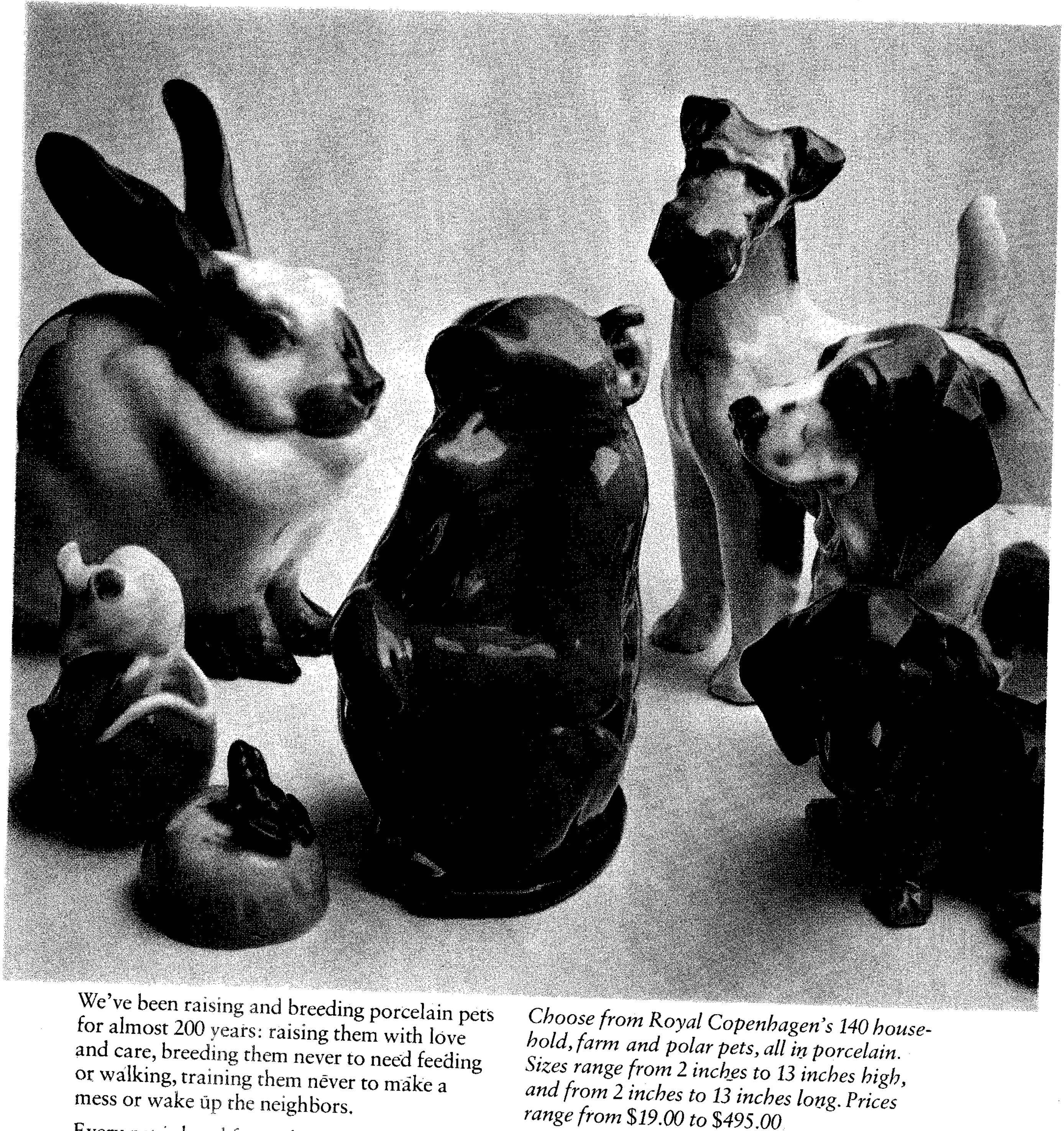


TRADITIONAL GUERNSEYS

Island made fishermen's sweaters for adults and children – 10 different colours. Knitted in pure English worsted wool. For free brochure and shade card please write to: LE TRICOTEUR, Bouet, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands.

The pet shop from Royal Copenhagen:

Our pets give you a nice,warm feeling without getting your neighbors hot under the collar.



We've been raising and breeding porcelain pets for almost 200 years: raising them with love and care, breeding them never to need feeding or walking, training them never to make a mess or wake up the neighbors.

Every pet is hand formed. Hand painted. Hand glazed. And colors are guaranteed forever.

Choose from Royal Copenhagen's 140 household, farm and polar pets, all in porcelain. Sizes range from 2 inches to 13 inches high, and from 2 inches to 13 inches long. Prices range from $19.00 *to* $495.00

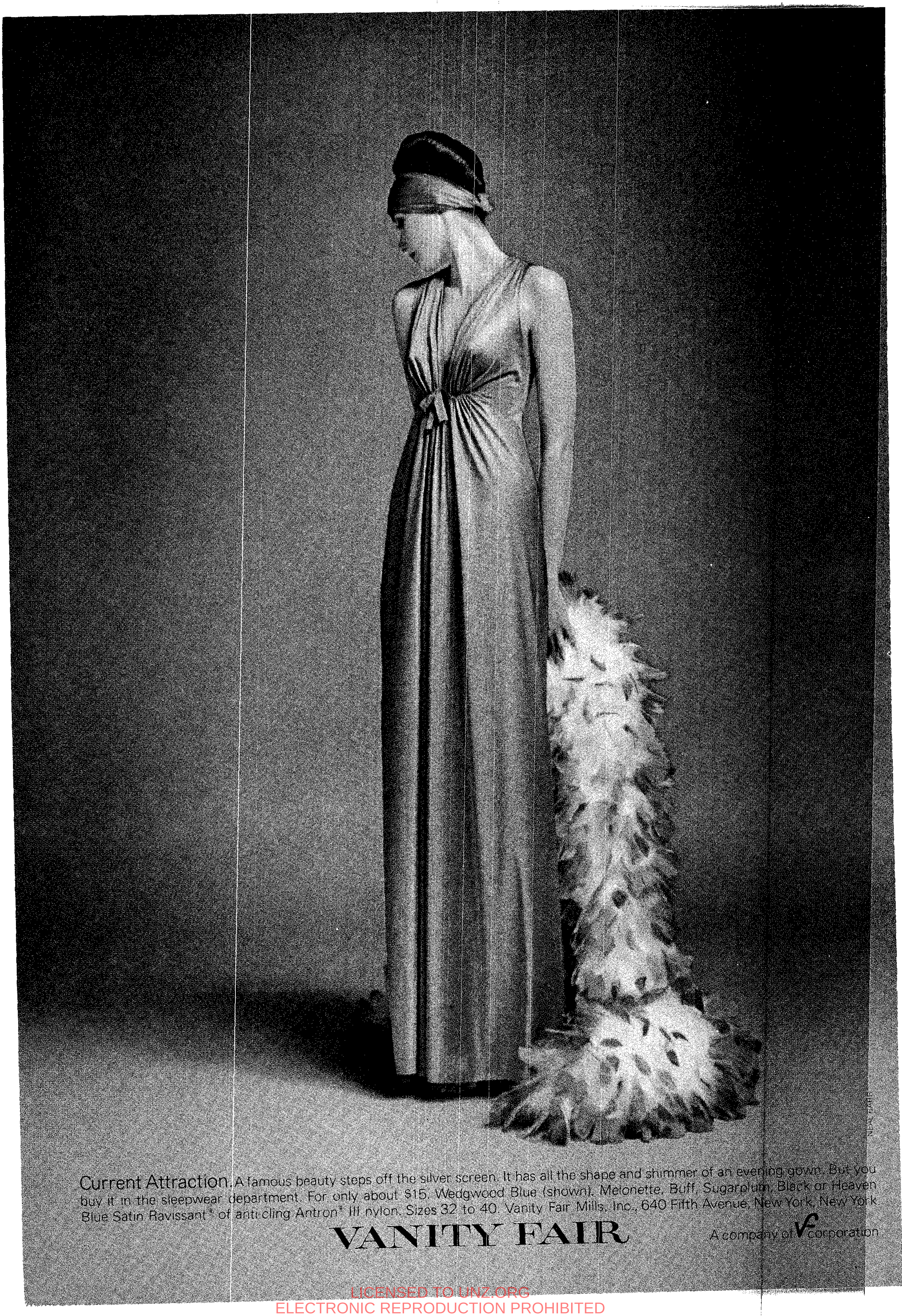
Available at fine stores everywhere and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

This is ad No. 5 in a series. Prints on glossy paper are available upon request.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Current Attraction. A famous beauty steps off the silver screen. It has all the shape and shimmer of an evening gown. But you buy it in the sleepwear department. For only about $15. Wedgwood Blue (shown), Melonette, Buff, Sugarplum, Black or Heaven Blue Satin Ravissant® of anti-cling Antron® III nylon. Sizes 32 to 40. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York

VANITY FAIR

A company of VF corporation

cratic congressional majorities would just as soon immobilize him during the campaigns. (He may not stay immobilized, however. It has just been announced that, because of Mrs. Ford's hospitalization, Rockefeller will fill two speaking engagements the President feels he cannot keep.) Rockefeller had a fairly easy time of it before the Senate Rules Committee, and while there may be some spirited floor debate in both houses, it seems most unlikely that grounds will be found for a denial of confirmation. He is viewed with suspicion by some mainly because of his wealth, but there is nothing un-Constitutional or illegal in inherited wealth, or even in once, four years ago, paying no federal taxes on a two-and-a-half-million-dollar income. If for any reason his benefactor in the White House decides against running in 1976, the former governor of New York will be in a strong—though by no means commanding—position to try for the Republican nomination he has unsuccessfully sought for so many years. To be sure, if Ford were to decline the nomination it would probably be because he felt he faced certain repudiation or because he believed himself ill-equipped to cope with the problems to be confronted between 1977 and 1981. Rockefeller has the kind of self-assurance that would lead him to believe he could overcome long odds and cope with anything that might arise. He has, of course, almost as many critics inside his party as outside, but his willingness to be Vice-President (or "standby equipment," as he once called the office) suggests that he is as confident as ever of his ability to win elections and to solve problems of whatever magnitude. His party enemies might prevail once more in 1976, but with Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater no longer in contention it is difficult to think of anyone around whom they might rally. Ronald Reagan is in decline, and the Party's more liberal senators—Percy, of Illinois, and Hatfield, of Oregon, and a handful of others—lack national followings of any significance and cannot seek to build them as long as Ford is President. Money may be harder to come by two years from now than it was two years ago, but Rockefeller and his brothers could easily find the means for launching nationwide efforts before and after the next Republican Convention, and they could also find lawyers to tell them how to finance campaigns with more delicacy and taste than was displayed by the Committee to Re-Elect the President in 1972. No matter how confident and

Little red riding hood, circa '74. A ready for anything all-weather jacket. Polyester and cotton poplin. Hooded, of course, with an edging of fluffy modacrylic and acrylic, and warmly lined in acrylic pile. In 6 to 16 sizes, $95. Sportcoat Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF FASHION

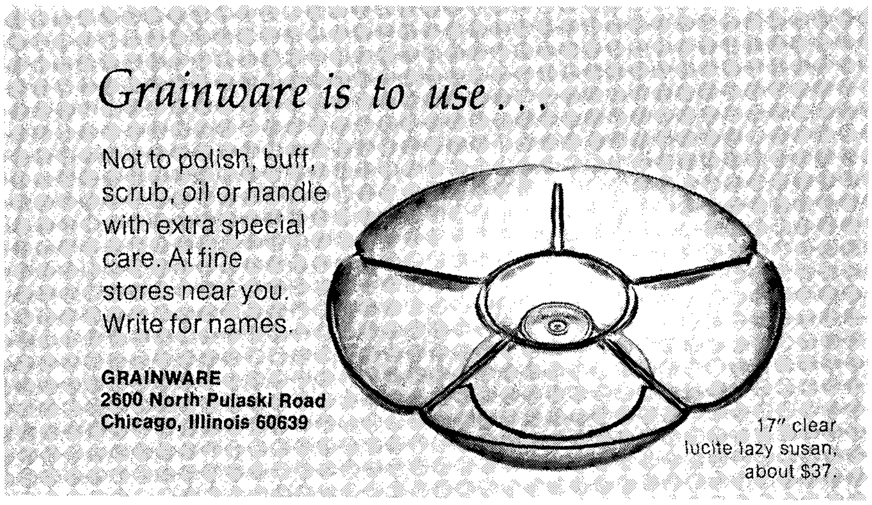
Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Stockbrokers:
Cut this out and put it next to your Dow Jones.

For worldwide room service at any of the 55 great Western International Hotels — from San Francisco's St. Francis to Copenhagen's Hotel Scandinavia — call our new toll-free number.

dial
800·228·3000

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines


Grainware is to use . . .

Not to polish, buff, scrub, oil or handle with extra special care. At fine stores near you. Write for names.

GRAINWARE
2600 North Pulaski Road
Chicago, Illinois 60639

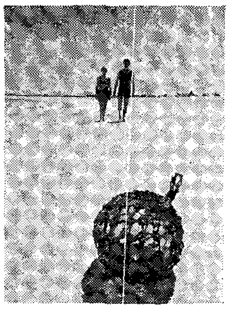
17" clear lucite lazy susan, about $37.

Di*Fini
First name in golfwear/leisurewear.

Get lucky, find yourself a four leaf clover. DiFini. Stretch slip-on heather plaid slacks of 90% polyester, 10% flax, $29.00. Worn with full fashioned Wintuk* acrylic knit pullover turtleneck sweater, $19.75. Machine washable.

Available at pro shops everywhere and fine stores. Or write:
DiFini 367 Southern Boulevard, N.Y. 10454
* DuPont Registered Trademark.

North Caicos...



the unspoilt island. Nestling between the Bahamas & Haiti. The Island enjoys all the attributes written about Caribbean living.

Whitby Haven
NORTH CAICOS
offers tropical homesites for the discerning.
Both beach front and lake view lots presently available with prices at $4800 per acre "join the taxless society"

For information contact: **SEVEN KEYS LIMITED**
P.O. Box 21, Grand Turk B.W.I.
Cable: SKEYDEV, Grand Turk, B.W.I.
Telex: 218 SKEYDEV TQ.
AD 12069(b)

NY10
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP
"Obtain HUD property report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value, if any, of the property. Offer void where prohibited by law.

well financed Rockefeller may be, it is possible that the electorate may be unwilling to support him or any other Republican in 1976, but, if given the chance, he would not be convinced until the last votes were counted.

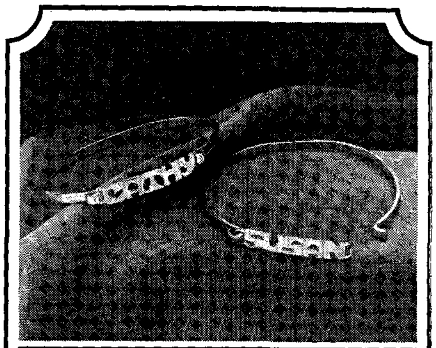
Senator Kennedy's persuasively stated decision to seek no higher office than the one he holds has met with almost universal approval in the Democratic Party, and has made it possible for other aspirants to maneuver as they see fit and to get funds that were not forthcoming as long as there was the possibility of another Kennedy seeking the Presidency. Though the polls continued to show him a heavy favorite in nearly all parts of the country, the Party managers harbored a number of misgivings about him as their leader. For one thing, they detected a growing opposition that was unrevealed in the polls and that led a number of Democratic candidates to decline his assistance in local campaigns. Some of the opposition was based on the fatal accident in which he was involved on Chappaquiddick, Martha's Vineyard, five years ago and on his failure to persuade those who had looked into the matter at any length to accept his version of the event. Those who did accept his version and those who had forgotten the whole affair unquestionably outnumbered those who remained unsatisfied, but it was clear that if he got into a national campaign the Republicans would revive the issue and ask what right Democrats had to complain of a Republican "coverup" in 1973. In his almost Shermanesque statement of five days ago, Kennedy said that Chappaquiddick had little, if anything, to do with the judgment he had reached, and this may well have been the case, but it had a good deal to do with the satisfaction and relief expressed by ranking Democrats here. Had Kennedy's announcement come much later, it might have proved damaging to his party, in which leaders known to the country at large are in unusually short supply. It will take most of what time remains between now and November, 1976, for those eager for a shot at the Presidency to acquire what politicians nowadays call the "recognition" that is, it is felt, essential to a successful candidacy. Aside from Kennedy, the best-known Democrats in the country today are Hubert Humphrey and George Wallace, neither of whom is likely to get a call from the 1976 Convention, though either one, probably, would be delighted to accept the nomination. Not far behind them are Senator Edmund

There are doctors who have discovered that "resting comfortably" has a very special meaning when staying in Boston.

The Ritz is for them.

The Ritz-Carlton Boston

Preferred Hotel reservations:
800-558-9898



NAME DROPPER BRACELET
Personalized Sterling Name Bracelet
Our slender Sterling bracelet makes a fashion point all its own. Unique cut-out letters make the bracelet personally theirs. Feminine in design, complete with easy to use pressure clasp. Guaranteed to be a real "name dropper." Order one for Mother and Daughter. One size fits all.
$12.50 each
Allow three weeks for delivery.
Mail orders add $.95—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.
STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1974 E. H. Stern, Inc.

NORWICH INN
BARBARA & BILL DIBBLE
SKINKERS
SKI FAMILY SPECIAL!
$8 per person double occupancy Dec. 1 - April 1. Gracious Lodging and Dining. Charming Country Inn serving 6 major ski areas. 1 mile to Dartmouth College M.A.P. upon request!
802/649-1143 55 NORWICH, VERMONT 05055

Muskie, of Maine, who ran for Vice-President in 1968, when Humphrey headed the ticket, and Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington, who ran an unsuccessful campaign for the nomination in 1972 and has since received a good deal of publicity as his party's leading defender of large military appropriations. Jackson wants the 1976 nomination, but Muskie has yet to be heard from, and the 1972 Presidential candidate, Senator McGovern, of South Dakota, is said to be finding it hard to hold on to his Senate seat. It is scarcely likely that Jackson or McGovern could lead a united party, but Muskie might be able to do so, and so, probably, could Walter Mondale, of Minnesota, who has been acting like a candidate for quite some time now. There has been talk of reviving the old tradition of looking to the state capitols for qualified nominees, but while it is altogether possible that a governor could be chosen to run for Vice-President, as Spiro Agnew, then governor of Maryland, was chosen by Richard Nixon in 1968, it seems improbable that one could win a Presidential nomination in this decade. At any rate, Kennedy's decision to stand aside makes it possible for those who would like to run two years from now to seek national support and financial backing on a large scale, and it may well be that Democrats who up to now have hesitated to declare Presidential ambitions will be emboldened to do so. Two years should be enough to give energetic Democratic campaigners a chance to make their names and their views known throughout the country. The Democrats seem now assured of having lively competition and an open Convention—something that circumstances appear to deny the Republicans.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

Six Ironic columns line the front portico. These columns are unusual in construction in that the exterior of the lower one third is cast iron and the interior shaft is built of soft brick.—*State College (Pa.) Mid-Stater Pennsylvania Mirror.*

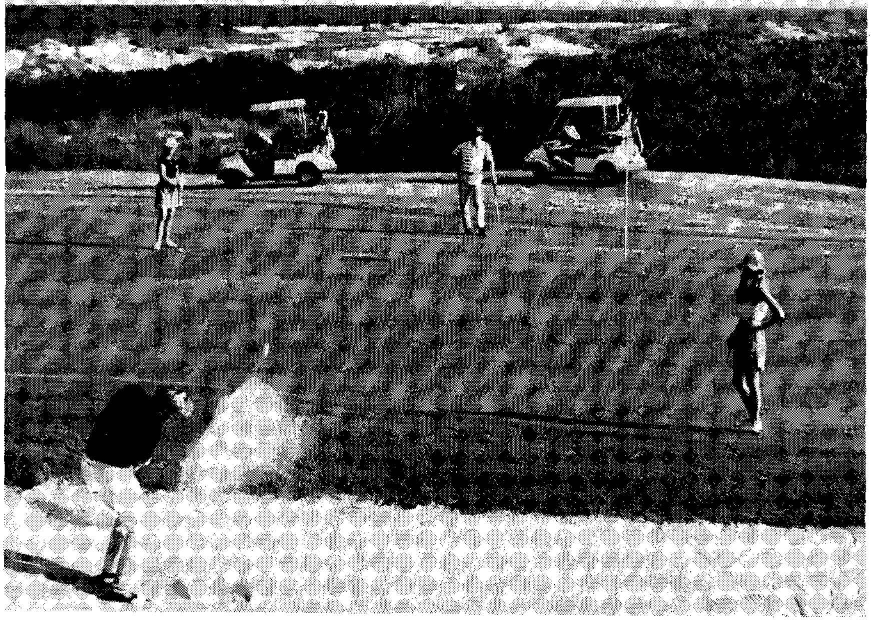
That's where the irony comes in.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera*]

"I always touch the metal filing cabinet at the office," he says. "There's a flash and then I'm down to normal."

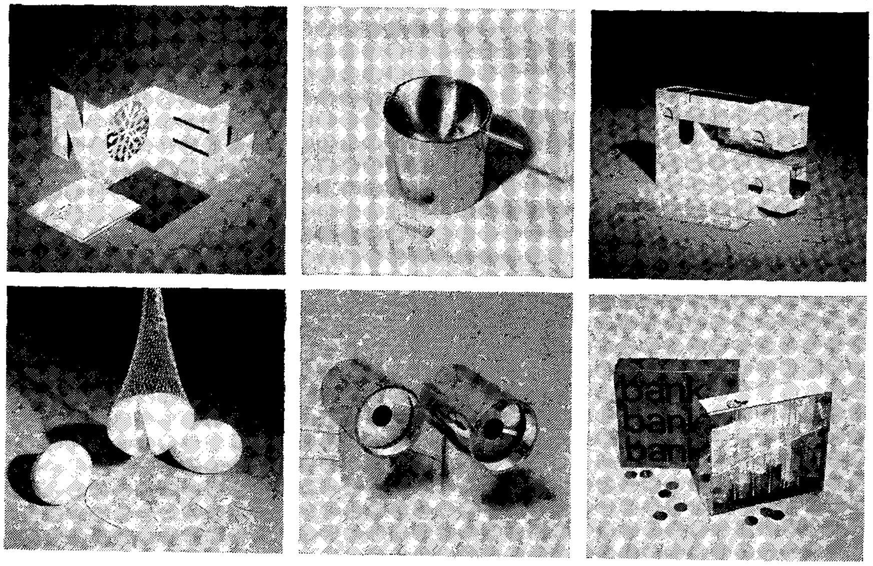


To Seabrook Islanders, this is 13.
To everyone else, it's out of bounds.

If you're not a Seabrook Islander, #13 is just one of the spectacular, challenging Seabrook Island Club holes you will never get to play. Because Seabrook is for Islanders and their guests, exclusively. Seabrook Island...a golfer's paradise... a nature lover's dream...probably everything you seek in life. Write Seabrook Island, Dept. 9, P.O. Box 99, Charleston, S.C. 29402, or phone 803/559-0317. Do it now. Some things will wait; Seabrook's limited number of breathtaking oceanfront and fairway lots will not.

SEABROOK ISLAND
A Land Logistics Corporation Development

Obtain HUD property report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value, if any, of the property. This offering is not available to residents in states where prohibited by law.



CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE FROM THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

All new greeting cards and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from the Museum are illustrated in a 40-page full-color catalogue. Cards and constructions—20 cents to $1—reproduce works by artists in the collection and those which have been specially commissioned. Gifts ranging from $2.50 to $100 include *On Time:* The 1975 Appointment Calendar, objects represented in the Museum's Design Collection, geometric constructions, multiple sculptures, frames, books and imaginative toys for children. Send the coupon below with 25 cents to receive a copy of the 1974 Christmas catalogue.

The Museum of Modern Art/5300 Lenox Hill Station/New York, N.Y. 10021
I enclose 25 cents for the 1974 Christmas catalogue 008
Name
Address

The height of luxury in New York City soars 46 stories over Central Park.

The Park Lane Hotel

36 Central Park South, N.Y. 10019
(212) 371-4000

PANORAMIC VIEWS • DE LUXE SERVICE
INDIVIDUAL CLIMATE CONTROLS
COLOR TELEVISION • REFRIGERATORS
LAVISH APPOINTMENTS
MOTOR ENTRANCE AND GARAGE

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD

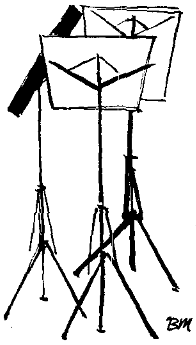
Pringle of Scotland

The KIRKLEA. The classic Shetland pullover with round neck that always went to Harvard weekends. In WHITE, TARTAN GREEN, MOCHA BROWN, NAVY, REGAL RED, PEBBLE, GREEN HAZE & more. Sizes 34-42 About $23*

PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND, Available at Better Stores
*Slightly higher in the West.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Vissi d'Amore



THE way that opera composers have handled their women is a subject that the fiftieth anniversary of Puccini's death is bound to throw into prominence. The operatic stage has its high, shining heroines, notably Leonore and Brünnhilde, and its potent, dominant villainesses, among them Medea, Semiramis, Abigail in "Nabucco," and Lady Macbeth. Verdi treated his women as equals, and most of them initiate action. In Wagner's gallery, only Elsa and perhaps Gutrune are weak. But in an age when Sarastro is seldom allowed his remark to Monostatos, "Your soul is as black as your face"—an age, that is, not yet ready to hear *idées* once, but no longer, *reçues* as part of history—there may be new objections to Puccini's operas beside the old charges of emotional opportunism and instant pathos. The works tell us that the composer would have agreed, largely, with Maupassant that "Woman was placed on this earth to play two distinct and delightful roles: love and maternity." The agreement is incomplete only because in Puccini motherhood is not invariably delightful. Though in Cio-Cio-San and Sister Angelica we find two mothers who love their little sons dearly, Mosco Carner was surely right in arguing that Angelica's Aunt and the Princess Turandot are in fact two redoubtable Mother Figures, authoritative and unforgiving. During his attempt to modulate Turandot's severity into tender submission to her masterful lover, Puccini died.

Maupassant's remark comes from a preface he wrote, in 1899, to the Abbé Prévost's "L'Histoire du Chevalier des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut." He began by noting that, without exception, Woman throughout the ages has proved herself incapable of truly artistic or scientific work. Then he descried four loving women in literature who "haunt and move our souls, live ever in men's hearts, and ever trouble all artists, all dreamers, all who yearn after and pursue a glimpsed, intangible form." They are the mature, ardent Dido, the adolescent Juliet brought to life by love, the candid Virginie, who awakens no brutal desires, and—"more truly feminine than all the others, frankly licentious, perfidious, loving, disturbing, *spirituelle*, formidable, and charming"—Manon Lescaut. For in Manon, "so filled with seductiveness and instinctive perfidy, the author seems to have embodied all that is most pleasing, most attractive, and most infamous in the creature Woman. . . . Woman as she has been, is, and ever shall be . . . Eve, the eternal, cunning, naïve temptress who never tells good from evil and by the mere power of her mouth and eyes leads strong men and weak astray." All four have given rise to many operas (as have Hamlet, Faust, Don Juan, and Don Quixote, four type-figures of aspirant Man). Virginie no longer treads the stage (though in their day both Rodolphe Kreutzer's and Victor Massé's "Paul et Virginie" operas were popular); Manon, particularly in Puccini's setting, is newly ubiquitous this year. The first novelty of the City Opera season was a production of the piece.

Puccini, who in "Edgar" had written an opera about a man torn between the charms of the faithful Fidelia and the tigerish Tigrana (another Micaëla and Carmen), at first desired Tosca for his next conquest, after seeing Sarah Bernhardt play her in 1889. It was six years before he possessed her; meanwhile, he had fallen for Manon, "a heroine I believe in and therefore one who cannot fail to win the hearts of the public." The making of "Manon Lescaut" was long and hard. Five librettists were employed. The scenario was often altered: first, to avoid parallels too close to Massenet's "Manon" (1884); later, and more interestingly, because, in Manon, Puccini compounded several heroines while passing through several manners that in his later works are more clearly defined. As a result, "Manon" is the most copious and the least precisely cut of his operas. Theatrically it is a less successful piece than are "La Bohème," "Tosca," and "Madama Butterfly," but it is fresh and attractive. In it we meet not a finished master, certain of all his effects, but an enthusiast, prolific and ambitious, striving to find his individual style. While Massenet's Manon has delightful variety, Puccini's Manon is inconsistent, and so is his score. Act I, it has often been noted, is a kind of symphony. But the com-

Just a reminder that the most impressive thing about Chivas Regal is what's in the bottle, not what's on it.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

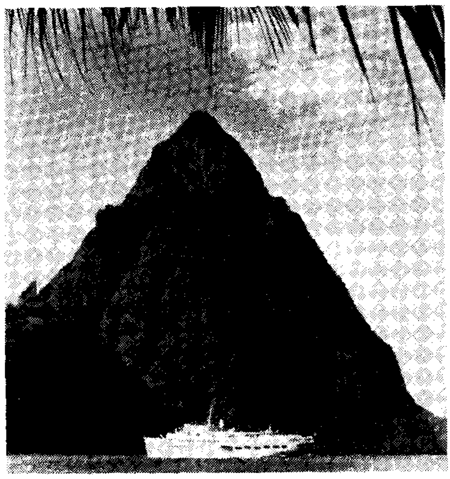
From a brilliant past . . . a brilliant present.

Announcing Cadillac 1975. As responsive to the needs of today's luxury car owner as was the 1938 Cadillac Town Car in its day. With better overall operating economy than its efficient 1974 counterpart. With an array of standard features unsurpassed in Cadillac history. With new features available . . . like the Astroroof. New excitement. New efficiency. New value. **Then and Now . . . an American Standard for the World.**

Cadillac '75

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Cadillac Motor Car Division

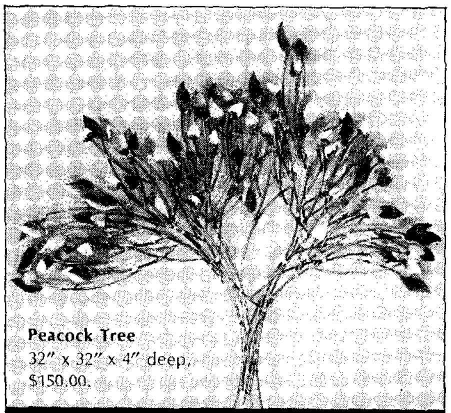


Island Christmas

December 21 to January 4

YOU ARE INVITED to enjoy a delightfully different and exclusive holiday in a rare array of naturally beautiful and unjaded corners of the Caribbean—Saba, Anguilla, Carriacou, Bequia, Iles des Saintes, Barbuda, Tobago, Peter Island and ten others. Fly to the Virgin Islands, then sail in relaxed comfort aboard a sparkling yacht-like vessel in a congenial party of fewer than 200. New York to New York rates are from $1180 to $1530 per person, double.

R&W **Raymond & Whitcomb Co.**
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017—(212) Plaza 9-3960
"First in Travel Since 1879"



Peacock Tree
32" x 32" x 4" deep.
$150.00.

WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

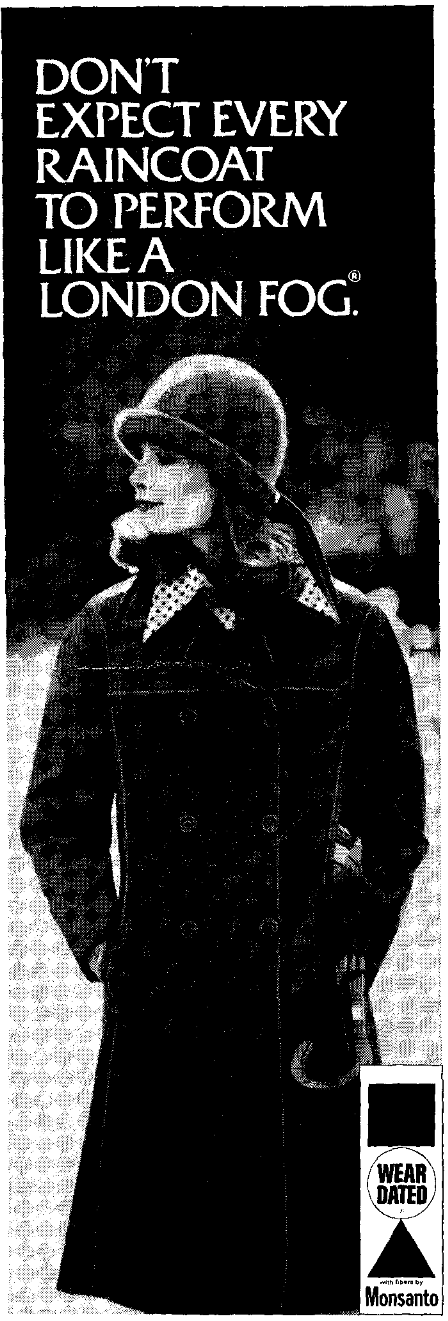
OUT ISLAND RETREAT

Small, private, remote, casual, quiet 1,000-acre island (Normans Cay, The Exumas, Bahamas) with 10 rooms in guest cottages. Dining room, bar, tennis, water sports. Rates and brochure: Alan L. Emlen, President The Island Company, Ltd., 140 Broadway, NYC 10005 (212) 747-9749

More than a restaurant...
Swiss Chalet
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Cocktails, Luncheon, Dinner, Dancing

poser's first request to his librettists was for something in *opéra-comique* vein, and much of Act II is like *opéra comique:* the heroine's scene with her hairdresser; her Minuet with the dancing master; the little Madrigal (the Agnus Dei of Puccini's Mass refashioned as an amorous pastoral); most of all, the final trio that in both situation—an elopement fatally delayed by song—and its soprano-tenor-baritone disposition repeats "The Barber of Seville." Geronte's accents are often those of Dr. Bartolo. But at the center of the act are Manon's passionate aria "In quelle trine morbide," her duet with des Grieux, and his despairing "Ah! Manon, mi tradisce;" these, like the intermezzo between Acts II and III, borrow freely from "Tristan." Whereas Massenet, Puccini had announced, "felt 'Manon' like a Frenchman, with the powder and the minuets, I shall feel it as an Italian, with desperate passion." The passion finds its fullest outlet at the end of Act III, in des Grieux's "Guardate, pazzo son." The opera could end there—but Puccini, already eager to revel in a woman's suffering, added, in Act IV, a prolonged Liebestod, without action. It is not a success. The composer often cut the central aria, "Sola, perduta, abbandonata," but he reinstated it, revised (in part by Toscanini), at the thirtieth-anniversary performances of "Manon Lescaut" at La Scala.

Des Grieux, the protagonist of Prévost's tale, is the first in a line of lovers—Don José, Alfredo, Rodolfo, and Pinkerton are successors—who live on, matured by their experience, after the heroine has died. Puccini gave him a great deal of music. He could dominate the opera. At the State Theatre, he did not, because, although Michele Molese sang the role in strong, secure tones, he failed to enact it or give it much expression. The voice of Manon, like her characterization, presents problems; it must be light, youthful, and delicate—yet capable of rising to full-throated climax. At La Scala, the first Manons were Olga Olghina ("a clever little Russian lady with chiselled features and a somewhat courtly fastidiousness of manner, just a little too ladylike for Manon"—Shaw) and then Hariclea Darclée: a Nannetta followed by a Tosca. Puccini's favorite, it seems, was Lucrezia Bori, whose voice, although small, was so true that it sounded out over the heavy orchestra; but he also admired Lotte Lehmann, deficient in coquetry at the start but marvellously affecting in the final scene. Maralin Niska, the City



DON'T EXPECT EVERY RAINCOAT TO PERFORM LIKE A LONDON FOG.®

WEAR DATED
with fibers by Monsanto

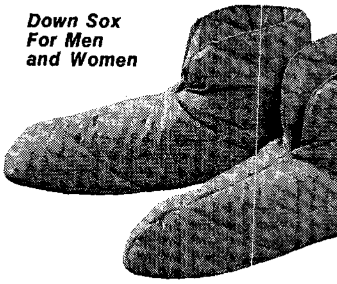
This Maincoat® by London Fog is clearly your best all-weather buy. It's an easy-care blend of polyester and cotton. Warmed by a zip-out lining of Acrilan® acrylic pile. Wear-Dated® so it's guaranteed for one full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto. Shown: Glory in French vanilla or navy, sizes 10-20 regular, 8-16 petite. In Red Desert, sizes 10-18 regular, 8-16 petite. $72.00.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
A&S
Available at all branches

LONDONTOWN CORPORATION
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21211.

Cloud-Soft Travelers

Down Sox For Men and Women



Slip on a pair of these to keep your feet warm in sleeping bag or bed; as inner sox for insulated pacs or waders. Downright comfortable travel slippers. Bauer Goose Down quilted in tough, washable Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Taupe, Powder Blue. Specify shoe size. Men's 4-13, Women's 5-13 and we will send a proper fit. **0123** Goose Down Sox, pair **$8.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for $______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)

Please RUSH my 0123 Goose Down Sox.

Men's Size________Color____________

Women's Size________Color____________

Name________________________

Address______________________

City________________________

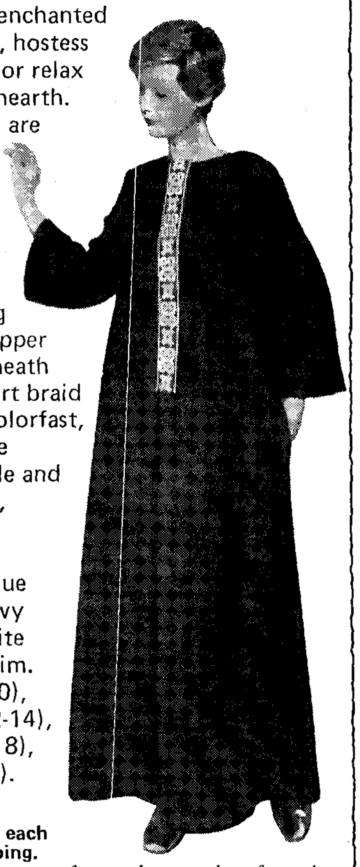
State________________Zip________

☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. OR3, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98124

TERRY HOSTESS ROBE



For an enchanted evening, hostess a party or relax by the hearth. Pockets are hidden away in the sides and there is a long front zipper just beneath the smart braid trim. Colorfast, machine washable and dryable, no-iron terry. Navy-blue with navy and white braid trim. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18), X-lg(20). $24.95

Add 50¢ each for shipping.

Send for our free color catalog featuring shoes and fashions for men and women.

THE TOG SHOP

Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

Opera's heroine, tackles dramatic roles; her Manon alternates with a Metropolitan Tosca, and Salome is in preparation. But she lacked what a Tosca-weight Manon most needs—glamour, passion, in the actual timbre of the voice. Too often, at climaxes, there were not "real notes," with the core of firm, lustrous tone that, as Puccini said, "sways an audience." We heard the semblance of a fine singer, not the sound of one.

Frank Corsaro's direction was unhelpful. Never one to remain content with fulfilling a creator's requests, at the start he altered Edmond (a Mercutio to des Grieux's moody Romeo) from fellow-student to waiter, and confused the careful exposition of the Chevalier's character before Manon entered his life. In Act II, Manon's toilette and levée took place in an improbable lobby setting, and the *musici* who should sing the Madrigal became housemaids. Act III Mr. Corsaro embellished with a prominent though mute role for Geronte. The words were not easy to follow; anyone who had not read the Italian libretto in advance may soon have become muddled.

BY contrast, the Metropolitan Opera's staging of "Tosca," devised in 1968 by Otto Schenk and directed now by Bodo Igesz, is a model of Puccini presentation. Rudolf Heinrich's settings, large, handsome, and realistic, but without ostentation, perfectly contain and enhance the composer's action. In the first performance of the season, small things were wrong, dramatically: Angelotti (Louis Sgarro) broke from the chapel and then stood stock-still, eyes fixed on the prompt box, to pick up his cue; Russell Christopher had worked up an elaborate, rounded portrayal of Sciarrone that was cleverly executed but far too eye-catching. The long line was right; moves were surely placed and timed; and within a style historically true to the creator's purpose there was ample scope for the three principals to give individual interpretations.

Miss Niska and Peter Glossop seized all their chances. In the large house, the soprano's loud singing sounded more substantial than it had in "Manon Lescaut." In particular, the A's, B flats, and C of the "Ah! Non posso più!" outburst in Act II did have the full, firm brilliance that sways an audience. Many soft, delicate passages were beautiful. She gave a subtle and stirring account of the role. So did Mr. Glossop of Scarpia. The menace

Mustique

This tiny island is the aristocrat of the Caribbean. A plantation-estate privately owned by The Honourable Colin Tennant, it has an air of relaxed spontaneity all its own. Mustique offers gaiety when you want gaiety, privacy when you want privacy. Consider the fact that Mustique has 14 beaches, yet its single inn—The Cotton House—has only 14 rooms. It is the most romantic, luxurious hotel in all the

Grenadines

Casually elegant, with its stately antiques, shaded verandahs, and superb cuisine, The Cotton House will pamper you in almost sinful luxury. Play tennis, ride, snorkel and sail. Mustique's airstrip is 45 minutes from Barbados and 8 from St. Vincent. For rates and reservations, call or write Hanns Ebensten, 55 West 42nd St., New York, New York 10036 (212) 354-6634.

Mustique

GREEN UP! Fetching floor planters to cache your best blooms. Sturdy, natural bamboo folding legs hold closely woven amoy reed tops **HI PLANTER:** 19" tall; 7x8 rd. cache, **$9.95** **LO PLANTER:** 16½" tall; 6x7 rd. cache, **$8.95** add $1. postage per planter; send check, BA or MC charge

catalog $1; free with order.

THE Patio

550 Powell
Dept. NY104
San Francisco
California 94108

RADIO YESTERYEAR

Relive those bygone years with recordings of actual broadcasts from the "Golden Age of Radio." Complete programs from the 1930's and 40's. ANY show you can remember . . . the comedies, dramas, whodunnits, soap operas, big band remotes, and those great kid shows you used to listen to. THOUSANDS of different titles are available, including YOUR old favorite. For a FREE CATALOGUE and a FREE LP DEMONSTRATION RECORD that will bring back many memories, write to

Radio Yesteryear/Box H43/Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520

TRAMP TRIPS

TRIP LOG GUIDE

Our well known guide to cargo lines and cruise ships departing from U.S. ports reflects the latest rate and schedule changes. Send $2 or 5 yr. sub $7.50.

AIR & MARINE TRAVEL SERVICE
501 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10022

of the man glowered through his bluff, burly stance. Lust seemed to throb in and thicken him without blunting the finesse of his phrasing; he became credibly but not unmusically violent. The acting of these two, and of Charles Anthony's vivid little Spoletta, in so strong a production, gave to "Tosca" its more than melodramatic dimension, created a drama of social unrest, judiciary powers perverted, and artists forced into political action. Franco Tagliavini's Cavaradossi, his first in New York, looked young and "artistic." The voice is not large or rich, but the sound was clear, the projection clean. When not singing, Mr. Tagliavini acted plausibly enough; in full cry, he tended to strike an unfortunate series of willowy, mannerist poses. Fernando Corena's Sacristan has acquired rather too cozy an assurance of being a public pet. Alberto Erede, back at the Metropolitan after twenty-two years, conducted an able, unhurried performance, and the orchestra played very well.

THE second new offering at the City Opera was Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," in English, in a coarse, blunt production directed by Gerald Freedman—a production ugly to look at, tasteless and insensitive in style (in each act people put their feet on the furniture), with charm only in the person of Ruth Welting, as Adele. Yet even the delightful, wide-eyed Miss Welting, who soared to a sweetly sustained G *in altissimo* at the close of "Spiel' ich die Unschuld vom Lande," and played with her coloratura so prettily, was not untouched by the surrounding brassiness. She should study Elisabeth Schumann's dainty, twinkling, naughty way of inflecting the songs. Orlofsky, a captivating role intended for a witty mezzo, was assigned to a man, David Rae Smith, who managed to make the Prince boring as well as bored. The dialogue dragged. Mario Bernardi's conducting had energy but lacked grace.

Miss Welting was more happily heard in "Lucia di Lammermoor," as a Lucy in the Toti dal Monte or Lina Pagliughi tradition—limpid, tender, and touching through the sweet precision of her song and her supple, gentle way with the phrases. The house hung intently on her Mad Scene. Gene Bullard, her Edgar, has a strong, forthright tenor; he made a good sound, with the bright ring of emotion in it, though his playing was stolid. Odd things still happen in Tito Capobianco's staging. The Prelude is

A Sound Investment--A Beautiful Gift

Color: 22"x28", edition 5000; signed and serial numbered; $50.

"Mountain Lion" by Richard Timm

America's only artist to paint exclusively North American mammals

■Write for free 5"x6" color miniature of "Mountain Lion," excellent for framing.
(Limit one per family.)

Nature House, Box 398-ML,
Griggsville, Illinois 62340
(Price subject to change without notice)

Chairmen:

Cut this out and put it on your agenda.

For worldwide room service at any of the 55 great Western International Hotels — from Washington D.C.'s Mayflower to Honolulu's Ilikai — call our new toll-free number.

dial 800·228·3000

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines

WHOOCHIE? GOOCHIE! The reverse status "T". Fun all the way. The letters done in fabled red and green on very soft tan cotton. S. M. L. $10. Add $1.00 for handling and postage. We accept AMEX, B. A. C., M. C., Charges.

KENNETH AND COOPER
1728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

KOLMAR-LUTH
PROUDLY PRESENTS

DE MAIO ~ AND ~ SILVER

A DAZZLING NEW PIANO TEAM

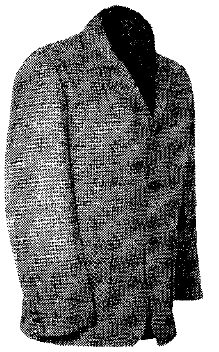
DUO PIANISTS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13th
8:00 P.M.

ALICE TULLY HALL
LINCOLN CENTER
RESERVED SEATS $5.00

Bean's *Outdoor Sporting Specialties*

Loafer Jacket



Medium weight virgin wool, with a firm finish. Three patch pockets. Unpadded shoulders, quarter lined and leather buttons. Three beautiful Houndstooth Checks: Black and White. Muted Green. Brown and Rust. Sizes: Small, Medium, Medium-Large, Large, Extra Large and Extra-Extra Large. Regular length all colors. Long in Brown only. Price, $26.75 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship____Loafer Jackets @ $26.75 postpaid.

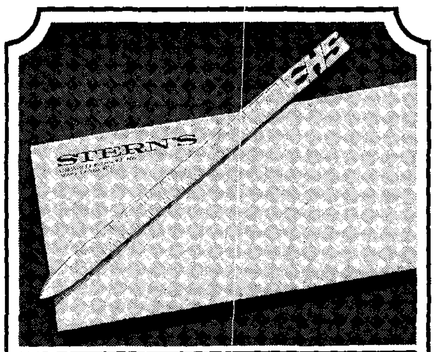
Size____ ☐ Regular. ☐ Long. Pattern______

Name________________

Address________________

Zip________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
357 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032



THE GRAND OPENER

Personalized Sterling Ruler-Letter Opener

A grand way to open your mail. Letter opener is heavyweight Sterling Silver. Ruler is calibrated in both Metric and Standard units. *Personalized with unique cut-out letters.* Specify 2 or 3 initials.

$30.00

Allow three weeks for delivery.

Mail orders add $.95 postage—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.

BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1974 E. H. Stern, Inc.

JAMAICA—TREASURE BEACH: Beautiful commodious new villa on bluff overlooking sea, elegantly furnished, 50 foot covered patio. Three bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, large swimming pool, excellent beaches on serene untouristy south shore. $400.00 weekly. Rental includes housekeeper, excellent cook.

Felice Manzelli
552 Riverside Dr., NYC 10027
AC 2-2981

mimed. Edgar sits down comfortably while hurling his angry defiance, "Sulla tomba," at the house of Ashton. Alice is a confidante sadly neglectful of traditional duties. Lucy fumbles for her brother's dirk at the close of Act II, although in Act III Bide-the-Bent clearly reports that Arthur's is used for the murder (in the words of the old translation: "There she stood, a weapon grasping, Even his who lay there gasping"). At the close, during Edgar's "Tu che a Dio," when all eyes should be on him, Lucy's corpse is borne on for precipitate and inappropriate burial in the Ravenswood vaults. The list could easily be prolonged. What it amounts to is another of those perverse and consequently ineffective stagings favored at the City Opera.

There is plenty of unstylish nonsense, too, in Mr. Corsaro's direction of Cherubini's "Médée" (done in Italian translation, with additions to the score by Franz Lachner and revisions by Vito Frazzi and Tullio Serafin). The revival was given distinction by Marisa Galvany, who, assuming the title role for the first time, showed the same temperament and powerful command—classical breadth of phrase fired by intense, passionate delivery of the phrases—that won her triumph as that other Medea, Giovanni Simone Mayr's, five years ago. Single-handed, she carried the piece to success. In all four City Opera shows, there was maladroitness in some of the supporting—and, indeed, in some of the major—roles. Chorus and orchestra often sounded scrawny and under-rehearsed. The conducting of Luigi Martelli ("Manon Lescaut," "Lucia") and of Giuseppe Morelli ("Médée") was unimpressive.

—Andrew Porter

•

Dear Sir:

If you are seriously dedicated to the accumulation of large-scale wealth—if your financial aspirations run not to a hundred or two hundred thousand, but into the millions—then IBP's new Executives Wealth Report will lift you right out of your chair.—*Letter from the Institute for Business Planning.*

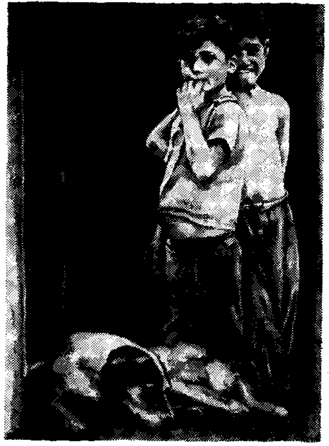
Chair? We never sit down.

•

Burglaries average over 1,000 per month in Seattle. Need top man to serve this growing market. Appointments furnished.—*Adv. in the Seattle Times.*

A top man should have his own tools.

AT $90, THIS COULD BE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL INVESTMENTS YOU'LL EVER MAKE.



Friends (20½" by 30"), 1968, by Arlan Ettinger

Up until now most people simply could not afford to own an original Ettinger oil painting. Recently, however, the artist himself prepared a limited edition of 250 signed and numbered lithographs of his most famous and sensitive work, *Friends*.

You can buy one of these original lithographs for only $90, postage and insurance included. In an art gallery a signed and numbered Ettinger lithograph would sell for considerably more than $90. But the artist has arranged it so that you can order directly from his studio, thereby avoiding the usual art gallery commission.

Because there are only 250 of these valuable lithographs in the entire world, we suggest you order your own signed and numbered edition of *Friends* today. Send your check to:

Studio
Shore Road
Remsenburg, New York 11960

Best of
BOONOONOONOOS
(Jamaica's happy festival)

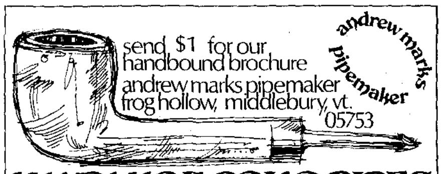
8 DAYS 7 NIGHTS ONLY **$117.50** p.p., dbl. occ. E.P. 'Til Dec. 15, 1974

Includes: round trip transfers • Oceanfront air conditioned room • Welcome drink • Bottle of Jamaican liqueur • Glass bottom boat ride • Ticket to Boonoonoonoos Night • Golf discount • Discount shopping coupons • Free tennis • Private beach, pool • Cabaret • Nightly dancing, entertainment • 10% gratuity, 3% govt. tax on room extra.

SHAW PARK BEACH HOTEL
Hugh Maitland-Walker, Managing Director
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
See your travel agent or WDI MUNDY, INC.
Telephone: (212) 868-0420
Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 221-7390

Antique Beams

Several hundred feet of old, hand-hewn barn beams from five to ten inches square. Phone (203) 379-6843, or write Box KE, The New Yorker Mag., 25 W 43rd St., N.Y.C. 10036



send $1 for our handbound brochure
andrew marks pipemaker
frog hollow, middlebury, vt.
05753

andrew marks pipemaker

HANDMADE BRIAR PIPES

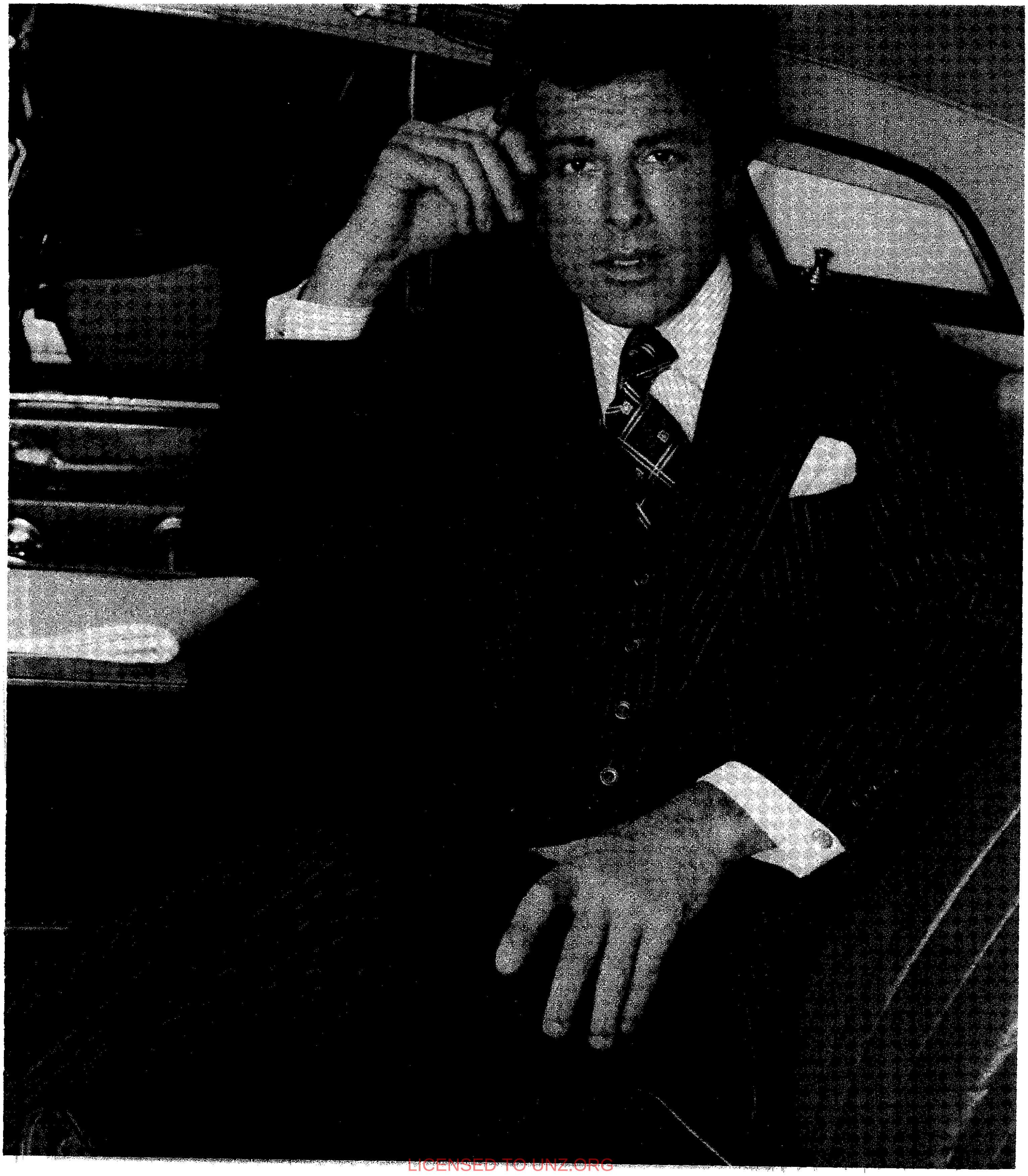
The Cricketeers are helping executives look even smarter.

The road to success runs a lot smoother with Cricketeer suits. Because they have great styling, careful tailoring and very luxurious Dacron® polyester and wool fabrics.

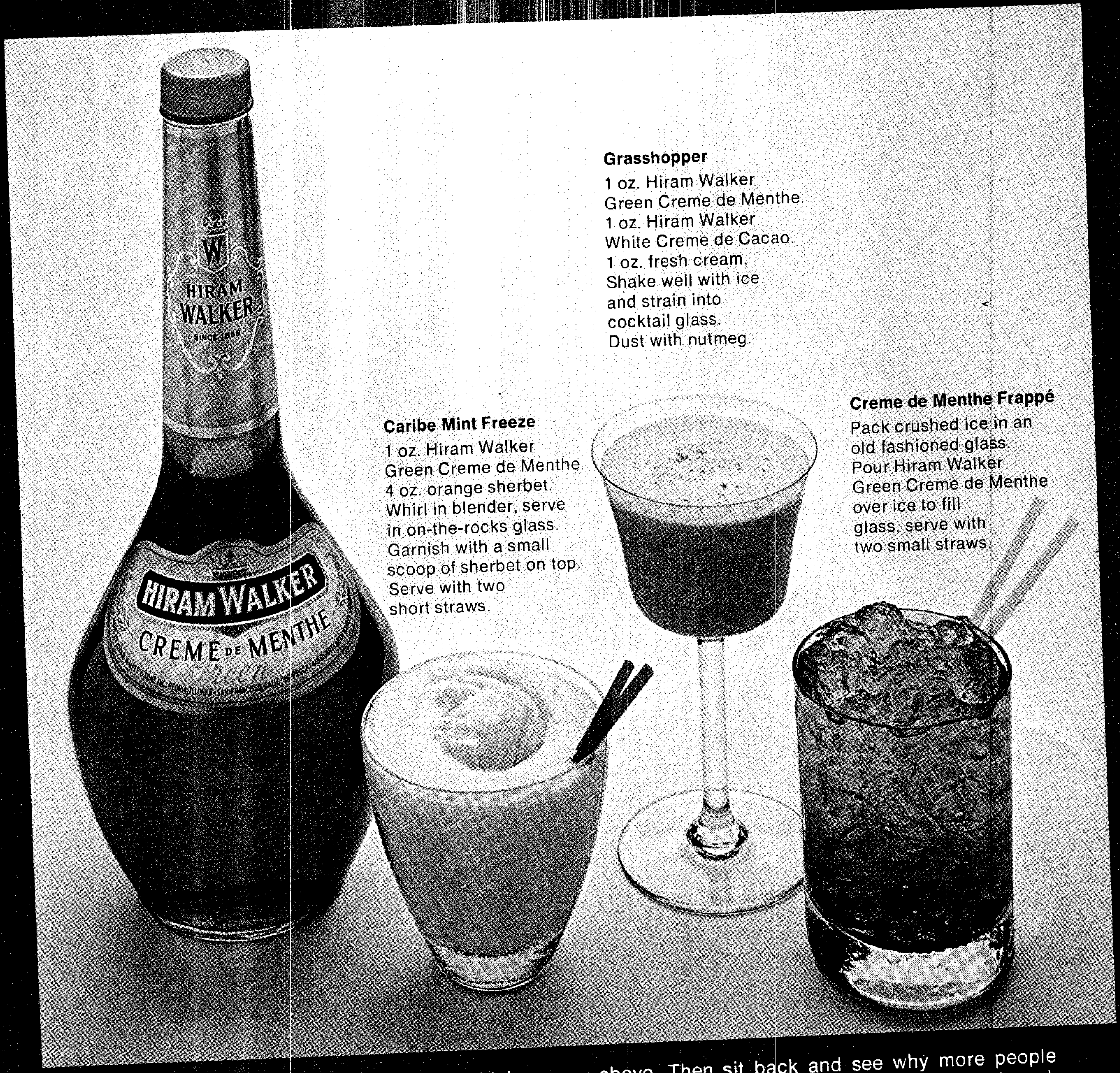
At the same time, since our prices are very affordable (from about $135) the man who wears one is making a very shrewd deal.

CRICKETEER® with Dacron®

1290 Ave. of The Americas, N.Y. 10019. A Division of Phillips-Van Heusen Corp.



Cool a Cordial.



Grasshopper
1 oz. Hiram Walker
Green Creme de Menthe.
1 oz. Hiram Walker
White Creme de Cacao.
1 oz. fresh cream.
Shake well with ice
and strain into
cocktail glass.
Dust with nutmeg.

Caribe Mint Freeze
1 oz. Hiram Walker
Green Creme de Menthe.
4 oz. orange sherbet.
Whirl in blender, serve
in on-the-rocks glass.
Garnish with a small
scoop of sherbet on top.
Serve with two
short straws.

Creme de Menthe Frappé
Pack crushed ice in an
old fashioned glass.
Pour Hiram Walker
Green Creme de Menthe
over ice to fill
glass, serve with
two small straws.

Hiram Walker makes 28 cordial flavors which you can multiply into a thousand delicious, different drinks. For recipes, write to Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 3382, Detroit, Michigan 48214.

To hold you over in the meantime, try the recipes above. Then sit back and see why more people buy Hiram Walker Cordials than any other brand.

Creme de Menthe, 60 proof; Creme de Cacao, 54 proof.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker Cordials

A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE

BOOKS

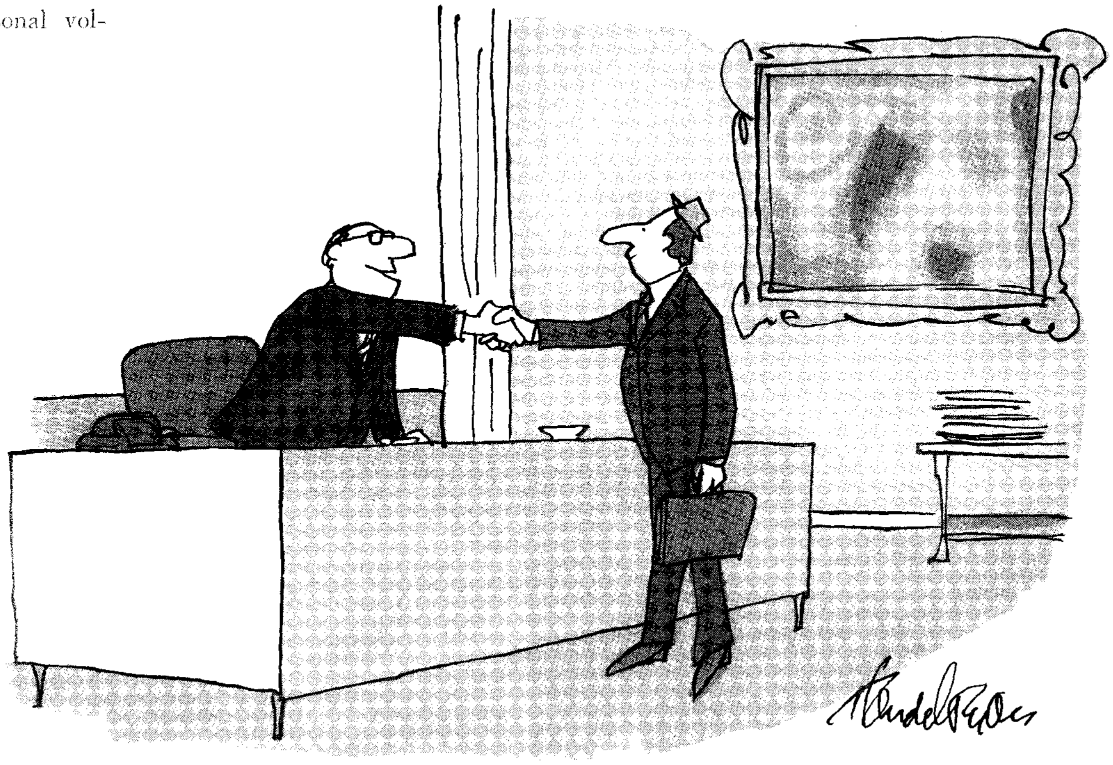
Man Without a Country

JUAN GOYTISOLO'S new novel, "Count Julian" (Viking; translated by Helen R. Lane), can be simply described as the evocation of twenty-four hours of a Catalan exile's life in Tangier. The narrator gets up in the morning, sweeps up from the kitchen floor the insects he has sprayed the night before, goes off to the library, wanders through the streets and bazaars, reads his newspaper in a café, smokes a pipe or two of Indian hemp, takes a steam bath, and goes back at night to arrange one more massacre of insects. In the course of the day, he has been virtually alone, saying scarcely a word to anyone. He potters about, pouring out a torrent of rage against Spain, the "foul Stepmother," across the Straits—the country that has brought the curse of exile upon him and has stirred up private agonies of love and hatred. He is in torment. His diatribe is savage, mocking, and obsessional, but it is brilliantly sustained and even exhilarating as it is transposed from key to key. Goytisolo is a most ingenious traveller and writer, and far from monotonous. He has himself been an exile since 1957. He was born in Catalonia and educated at the Universities of Barcelona and Madrid; his name is Basque. The only point in mentioning this is that Basque and Catalan cultures are by tradition violently hostile to the classic role of Castile in Spanish history and literature. The Catalans see themselves as dramatic personal volcanoes, as "modern" eruptions in a country vowed to the cults of death and custom. It is natural that Goytisolo should immediately bring Joyce, Malcolm Lowry, Beckett, and even Nabokov to mind, for he looks beyond his country. Exile unites such writers in one important aspect. The exile loses his country, and his only luggage is his language—a smuggled capital or hoard. He locks himself up in it and it becomes a speculative magic, and he himself becomes—as Joyce and Nabokov became—a grammarian of his hatreds and defeated love. Goytisolo cries out:

> One's true homeland is not the country of one's birth: man is not a tree: help me to live without roots: ever on the move: my only sustenance your nourishing language: a tongue without a history, a hermetic verbal universe, a shimmering mirage: a lightning bolt or a scimitar: the Word freed after centuries in bondage . . . simple words for simple feelings: genuine affections, straightforward convictions: yours, Julian: in what language can they be cast?: the extreme language of extreme passion, a gorgeous orchid that hypnotizes, that weaves a fatal spell.

Is that clear? Well, it is, at any rate, visual. And since the sense of exile has increasingly the force of common experience, one cannot dismiss such writing as a passing cosmopolitan rhetoric; it is more and more a norm. So we easily respond to Goytisolo's escapades of syntax, the trapdoor effects of surrealism, the slyly inserted parody, the fantasy of the satire, the violent skids of consciousness, and the choruslike repetitions and the tricks. It does not worry us when we see a gross woman tourist choked to death by a snake charmer's viper in a street while an inane crowd looks on, and when, a few pages later, we find the lady alive and playing other roles in the narrator's mind. Of course, more than a whiff of Indian hemp accounts for the dreamlike transitions from sensual drowsiness to violence and brutality, but Goytisolo has undoubtedly made language produce mirage.

Who is Count Julian? He is an alter ego evoked by the narrator, who has become a dilapidated journalist. Count Julian is the legendary traitor and Tangier is Genet's "favorite haunt of traitors." He is the half-mythical avenger, denounced by the Spanish King Alfonso X el Sabio as a murderer and marauder, and said by some to be an ancient Visigoth or a Byzantine lost in Morocco, or, as Goytisolo prefers, "a Berber who was the lord and master of the Catholic tribe of Gomera"—the bastard enemy of a lost motherland. He is reborn as a fantasy in the narrator's mind: the cruel Arab leader who, once more in history, will invade Spain and destroy "the Hispanos, [who] have lived past their time and are now hollow, useless men." For Spain has now been vulgarized by the Franco salute, flatulent imperial language, progress, airbases, supermarkets, industrial food, concrete palaces, tourism, canned flamenco, the commercial bullfight. The narrator goes to the library every day to survey the classic Spanish heritage that is his own: the genius of the *romancero*, the *libro de caballería*, the auto-sacramental, the writers who discovered the very essence of the Spanish heritage in the barren, monotheistic landscape of Castile. He imagines himself back in Madrid, famous, awarded the Al Capone Foundation Prize, holding forth on mysticism, bullfighting, stoicism, the Castilian concept of honor, or the ten commandments of the per-



"Don't call us, and we, for our part, will not call you."

ALASKAN-Warm Rugged Brush Buster

Timber cruisers, commercial fishermen and outdoorsmen swear by this shirt. It does a great job of shedding rain or snow, blocking bitter winds, taking real punishment. 85% wool for warmth even when wet; 15% Nylon for durability. **Colors:** Pepper Gray or Blue-Black Twill weave. Men's Neck **Sizes:** S(14), M(15), L(16), XL(17), XXL(18). **1597** Shirt, **$19.00** ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for

$________.(Add sales tax where applicable.)

Please RUSH my 1597 Shirt.

Size________Color________

Name________

Address________

City________

State________Zip________

☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1200 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. ONW, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98134

MOE AND FLO

Our Friendly Little Flower Pot Planters make a charming couple, indoors or out. Moe is 7" tall; Flo, 6¾". Made in Denmark of unglazed earthenware. **Set of 2, $15.** At all Hoffritz stores. Mail: add $1.25 pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit Cards accepted. **Send $1 for catalog of over 1,000 items.**

HOFFRITZ HAS IT

20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N19, NYC 10003

The Washington Monthly

Time says it's "must reading," the New York Times says it's "indispensable," and the Washington Post says it "does its specialty—government and politics—better than any magazine around."

As a special bonus, you'll get free the definitive **Mary McCarthy as Political Reporter** by James Fallows, the *Monthly* editor who David Halberstam says "is so good he leaves me breathless."

The Washington Monthly
1028 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, D.C. 20036

nw-01

Send my free copy of "Mary McCarthy as Political Reporter" and enter my subscription for one year. I enclose $10.

Name________

Address________

City________State________Zip________

fect Christian gentleman—"Ah, my Spain hurts me." He puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out a pouch into which this morning he has put the dead insects he swept up from the kitchen floor, and one by one he squashes them into the pages of Calderón and Lope de Vega—"the great canard farci, stuffed with watery Castilian dressing." A horsefly does for a patriotic song by Alarcón:

> "Zap! *consummatum est:* the perfect hendecasyllable is shattered, the grandiloquent tercet is blotted out by a splash of guts."

Furtively he leaves the library, hatred relieved, and goes off to catalogue the streets and alleys of Tangier one by one, beggar by beggar, stink by stink under the insolent sun. The tour is done with sardonic, minute observation. It has moments of raw comedy in the town jakes, and in a grim insect fantasy about weavers' apprentices; it ends in the cavern of a vapor bath where steam turns the naked Moors into "viscous, ductile, frightening submarine fauna: spherical visages like puff-fish, arms like octopus tentacles, empty, dead eye sockets." Yet this is a place not of horror but of purification, where you immerse yourself "in the marvellous verses of the Poet slyly inciting you to commit treason: to besiege language, to snap off roots, to violate syntax, to wreak havoc on every hand."

The havoc follows. The onslaught on Spain heats up. It moves from ironic praise of "the generation of '98" to ridicule of their austerity and a very pointed attack on their élitism:

> . . . a sturdy species of eminent hikers exploring every plain and mountain peak and valley . . . visceral enemies of Baedeker and the sleeping car, pillows, and bathrooms: of railroads, the flush toilet, and the telephone . . . possessed of a dermatico-skeletal, crustacean soul: a bony carapace on the outside and bony flesh inside: faithful to that handful of thaumaturges endowed with a delicate artistic sensibility and a profound intellectual absolutism: sharing a profound Platonic mistrust of the idea of democracy.

The Arab invaders are urged to study these writers: idealists are unconscious guides to what should be destroyed next. Indian hemp gets to work, and there is a long, wild call to arms, followed by a very funny scenario on the Spanish cult of Seneca the stoic. Seneca turns up at official functions: a reporter hears him whistle "with incomparable mastery" the march from "The Bridge on the River Kwai," and he is invoked at a lecture on the chick-pea

"A fascinating account of the complications that only two writers can bring on themselves by falling in love."—Alfred Kazin

H.G. Wells and Rebecca West

Gordon N. Ray

With the cooperation of Dame Rebecca West, who made available the letters H. G. Wells wrote her and who supplemented the letters in interviews and statements, Gordon Ray has spun an engrossing narrative of a famous love affair.

Illustrated $7.95

Yale University Press
New Haven and London

YA LE

Pick us up at the Met. In Manhattan. In all the boroughs. For airports, theatres, races, restaurants. Wherever. The superb attention you've learned to expect in Europe. With the same chauffeur, if you prefer, each time.

Security. Style. New Cadillac limousines. Call now for chauffeur. Or call for information, if you prefer.

BAY 212/786-8880

Limousine Service

38-21 23rd St./Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Go in style.

American efficiency. European courtesy.

Happy 70th Birthday

to me

Romeo Salta

Complete Bookbinding Services in Leather or Cloth.
Brochure
25¢

THE CLASSIC BINDERY

P.O. Box 572-0 Mendham, N.J. 07945

("the epicenter and the motive force of your glorious conquests in the Americas, Flanders, and Italy"); he appears at Chicote's bar as Don Chichote de la Mancha and becomes a vulgar national symbol. With wicked tongue, Goytisolo mocks what used to be called the Castilian gloom—the long lapses into boredom and the trite satisfaction in what is customary, infinitely repetitious, and monotonous. He lets his own rhetoric and fantasy run amok over the bankers' nationalism of modern Spain. And what he says of Spain is intended for ourselves: the bankers are raping our world.

The pain in this novel is not only the pain of exile. The recurrent symbols of the snake, poison, infection, the fighting weapons of insects introduce elements of excess and cruelty that go back to some personal horror which threads the moral indignation of the book. The cripples and beggars are like mutilated insects; on a higher plane, the Spaniards (or, as he would say, the Hispanos) are ridiculed for a sexual puritanism induced by their fierce religion or by the cults of virginity, the mother, and the traditional feeling for racial or ideological purity; the narrator is haunted by a dreadful fantasy of homosexual assault in childhood and of obsessive guilt. This is one of the recurring themes in the elaborate mosaic into which his outcry falls. It, of course, enlarges the sense of rebellion against disgrace and complicity in it. As a diatribe, "Count Julian" is black comedy. It suffers from journalistic punning and a touch or two of the kind of café fantasy more likely to erupt in Barcelona (the home of the fantastic cathedral of the Sagrada Familia) than in the cliché-ridden tertulias of Madrid. The interesting thing is that the love-hate, like Joyce's in "Ulysses," should take the form of a revolt against language forms and syntax; in this century, literature and the arts have been prompt to record the seismic tremors that have dislodged our certainties. Yet "black" though it is, "Count Julian" has a note of jubilation and a devastating, satirical wit.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TORO! TORO! TORO!, by William Hjortsberg (Simon & Schuster). A crazy, deft, irreverent farce set in Spain, involving Spanish crooks; Hollywood con men; a fight between Spain's foremost matador (Paco Machismo) and a rhinoc-

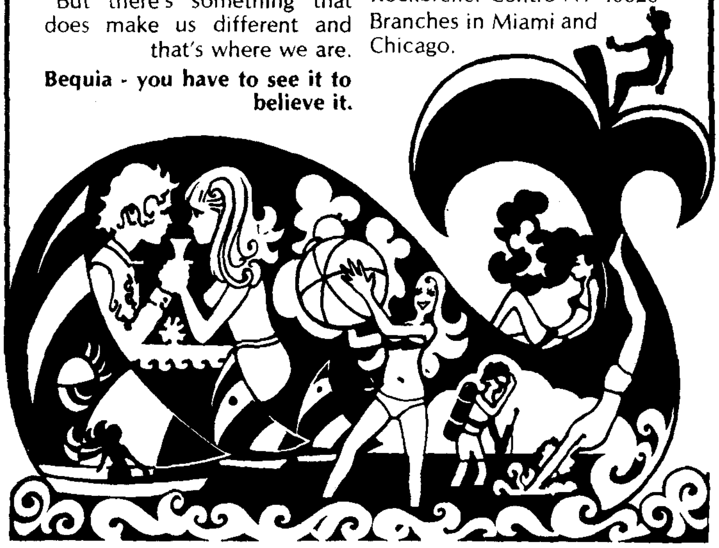
Sunny Caribbee
on BEQUIA
the Capri of the Caribbean

We are a small pretty hotel and we think we're something special with sophisticated food and a beautiful garden and a beach and a pool and boats and tennis and you've heard it all before.

But there's something that does make us different and that's where we are.

Bequia - you have to see it to believe it.

Write to:
Sunny Caribbee,
P.O. Box 869
St. Vincent, W. Indies
Or:
Robert Reid Assoc. Inc.,
RR Hotel Representatives,
1270 Ave. of the Americas,
Rockefeller Centre NY 10020
Branches in Miami and Chicago.

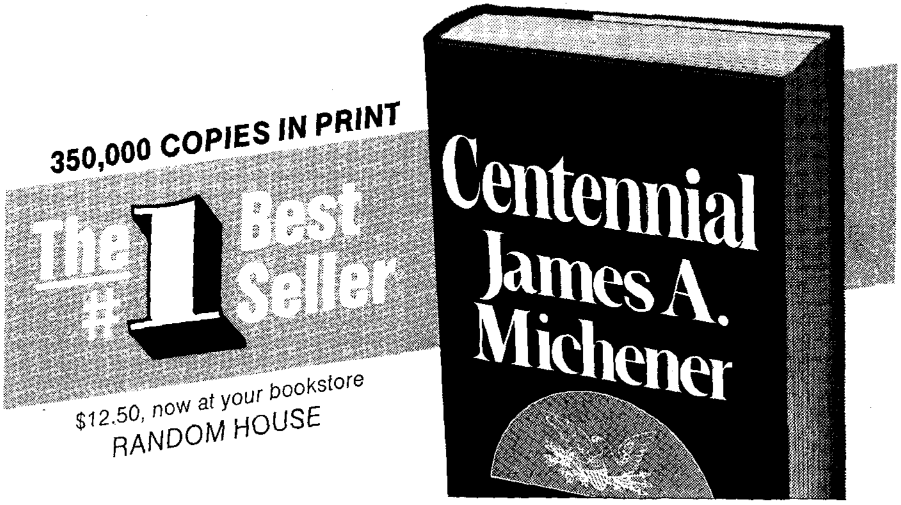


Salesmen:
Cut this out and put it in your expense book.

For worldwide room service at any of the 55 great Western International Hotels — from Chicago's Continental Plaza to Mexico City's Camino Real — call our new toll-free number.

dial
800·228·3000

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines



350,000 COPIES IN PRINT
The #1 Best Seller
Centennial
James A. Michener
$12.50, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

$15.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

$10.00 for each additional one-year gift subscription

(ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00.)

Your Name ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

☐ Start a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From______________________"

To ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From______________________"

To ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From______________________"

Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No.______________________________

Your signature______________________________

I enclose $__________to cover__________subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

4 40 4

eros; a mechanized bull; a real bull guided by remote control; a demented collector of snakes; an Irish rock star; and a scrutable Chinese genius, Lucky Sam Wo, "the Fu Manchu of Madrid." Mr. Hjortsberg is a writer whose imagination combines a precise, murderous satirical bent with a highly developed sense of *opéra bouffe*. There are whiffs of "Beat the Devil," "A Night at the Opera," S. J. Perelman, Woody Allen, and Evelyn Waugh. The book has a million subplots, all improbable, many tasteless, some grotesque, and all hilarious.

THE JONES MEN, by Vern E. Smith (Regnery). "Little Caesar" brought up to date. The scene is Detroit, all but a few of the characters are black, and the merchandise is not alcohol but heroin, or "heh-rawn," or "jones." The story is classically simple. Lennie Jack, who learned his trade from Uncle Sam in Nam, wants to better himself, to move up from his cream suède overcoat to a midi white mink, and when he gets a chance to grab a big shipment of jones destined for the Man, the long-undisputed black King of the West Side, he grabs it. And the Man retaliates. Mr. Smith, a newspaperman now on the staff of *Newsweek*, is black, and he knows the scene. His writing is a little rough, but his dialogue—and his book is mostly dialogue—is real and right and frighteningly subhuman. Lennie Jack and Joe Red and Slick Mack and Foxy Newton and all the other dudes and junkies are truly "animals with names."

DOCTOR FRIGO, by Eric Ambler (Atheneum). A novel of intrigue and a comedy of a high and conspicuously intelligent order. The intrigue, which makes its first entangling appearance on a French island in the Caribbean, is stylishly petro-political, and its principal victim is a cool young French-trained Latin-American physician, whose nickname (meaning, in French, something like "frozen meat") provides Mr. Ambler with his title. This man—happy in his work at the hospital, happy in his hobby of photography, happy in his aristocratic French mistress—is the son of a high politician of his native land martyred by assassination, and thus, and unwillingly, finds himself a central figure in an ambitious government-in-exile. It is he who tells the story, and Mr. Ambler sees to it that he tells it with wit and

Would YOU like to try our Old-Fashioned
VERMONT Smoked Ham & Bacon?

Our business was started over 100 years ago by a man with a great gift for smoking meats. We still use his original formula, never having found a way to improve it.

Harrington's Ham and Bacon smoke leisurely over *Corn Cobs* and *Maplewood*. We don't use hickory. Never have. Our way tastes so much better!

EACH YEAR THOUSANDS VISIT OUR 4 SHOPS IN RICHMOND, STOWE, SHELBURNE AND MANCHESTER CENTER, VT., AND GREENWICH, CONN. We do hope you will come see us. In the meantime, *if you'll let us*, we'd like to send you two things. Our FREE CATALOG which tells you all about our wonderful Old Fashioned Smoked Hams, Bacon, Pheasant, Fresh Sausage, Maple Syrup, Aged Cheese and many other delicious treasures. It's *almost* as good as a visit.

Secondly, if you'll let us, we'd like to send you ON APPROVAL our Harrington's SAMPLES BOX! Here's what's in it. A real Vermont Cob Smoked Ham, weighing 6 lbs. and one lb. of our delicious Cob Smoked Bacon.

WE CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO TRY THEM! We have to charge $12.95 for the Samples Box (a special one-to-a-customer introductory price), and we aren't a bit worried about your coming back for more! Please send us the coupon below. We ship by return mail. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed, of course, or *full refund without a quibble!*

George Ward is in charge of smoking at Harrington's

HARRINGTONS Since 1873
5010-4 Main Street
Richmond, Vermont 05477
Please send
☐ The Harrington's SAMPLES BOX of Ham and Bacon as described above. Enclosed is $12.95. If it's all you say it is, we'll probably order more of your products.

Master Charge No. Master Charge Interbank No. Expiration Date

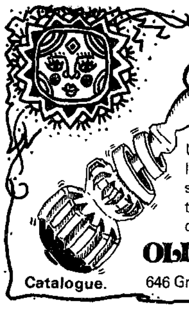
☐ Your FREE CATALOG
☐ Information on your Christmas Business Gifting Program
Name
Address
City State Zip

New Yorkers:
Cut this out and put it next to your bagel.

For worldwide room service at any of the 55 great Western International Hotels — from Los Angeles' Century Plaza to Singapore's Shangri-La — call our new toll-free number.

dial 800·228·3000

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines


$2.50 pp.
Molinillo from MEXICO!
Unique mixer for drinks, to delump sauces, foam Mexican-style chocolate. Twirling between palms spins rings. Hand carved wood. 12" long.
OLD MEXICO SHOP
Catalogue. 646 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 55105

JAMAICA
HALF MOON HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
18-hole championship Robert Trent Jones golf course. Seven all-weather tennis courts. 17 ocean-front cottages with individual fresh-water pools. Luxurious suites and hotel rooms. Major fresh-water pool with massage and sauna facilities. Golf, tennis and honeymoon plans available.
See your travel agent or Hetland & Stevens/George R. Smith Co., offices in major cities.

Johnny Appleseed's Sunflower Jacket

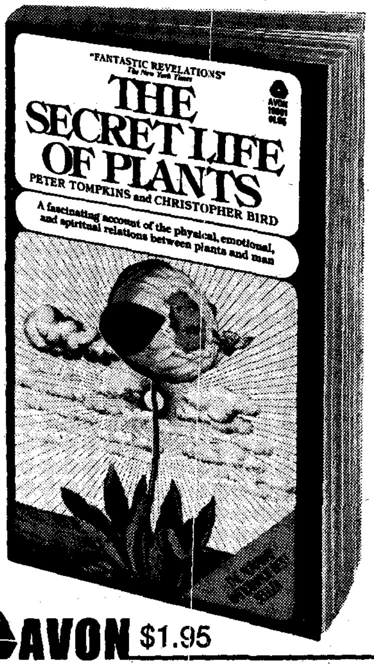
Easy fitting studio jacket is comfortable, colorful for everyday wear. Sunflower design hand-blocked in rich colors on cotton. Button-front with two pockets. A rare find from the marketplaces of India. Sizes Small, Medium, or Large.
$9.00 ppd.

Free Catalog on Request
40 pages in full color from *Johnny Appleseed's*, the family store. Fine clothing for men and women; unique gifts for all occasions.

Johnny Appleseed's
55 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915

American Express, Mastercharge, and BankAmericard honored. Retail shops in Beverly and Concord.

Now in Paperback!


"FANTASTIC REVELATIONS"
The New York Times
THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS
PETER TOMPKINS and CHRISTOPHER BIRD
A fascinating account of the physical, emotional, and spiritual relations between plants and man
AVON

AVON $1.95

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. *Write: Dept. NY-74.*

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

vigor. This is Ambler at his very best, and that, of course, is strong praise.

GENERAL

CHINA PERCEIVED: IMAGES AND POLICIES IN CHINESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS, by John K. Fairbank (Knopf). "American relations with China have reached a difficult phase. We can't just *do* something; we have to think," says this Harvard specialist in East Asian affairs in his introduction. He provides a stunning demonstration of what he means, because his own thoughts are original, refined, subtle, and, for the nonspecialist, eye-opening. Most of us, for instance, accept as a truism that Chinese culture and values differ from our own; he explains just how they differ and how the differences have produced misunderstanding and conflict in spite (and sometimes because) of American good intentions. These essays were written over a long period—the earliest in the days when Chiang was still on the mainland—yet they have a unity that derives from the job they are all trying to do: translate knowledge into wisdom.

THE ECHOING GREEN: MEMORIES OF VICTORIAN YOUTH, by Gillian Avery (Viking). Miss Avery's subtitle is as explicit as her title is poetic, and it much better suits the subject. Her book, drawn largely from out-of-the-way journals and autobiographical memoirs, is a child's-eye depiction of England during the lifetime of Victoria, or, roughly, the nineteenth century. Most of the recollections were written in later life, and so rapid and so varied and so upheaving were the changes in that period that they all look back on childhoods in totally vanished worlds. Most of these childhoods were grim, but they are recollected in a tone of fortitude and joyousness. The social range is broad. Elizabeth Grant, a Highland girl whose "blood was so blue that a silver spoon would stand up in it," remembers that "fifty people of every rank sat down to dinner at Castle Grant . . . with the guests at the head of the table very different to those at the bottom, who were given whisky punch to drink, not wine." Charles Shaw remembers the hungry fourteen-hour days at the pottery works when he was seven, and, later, the sadistic workhouse. But he writes as well as Elizabeth. They all write well; it was a characteristic of the time: the waif who recalls the four-

The Quest cloth edition of Pandit Chatterji's "India's Outlook on Life"

UNDER THE REVISED TITLE

The Wisdom of the VEDAS

Jagadish Chandra Chatterji

INTRODUCTION BY
John Dewey

■ "One of the most illuminating expressions I have found of a philosophy naturally difficult for a Western mind to grasp. It is written with great clarity, and yet with obvious scholarship and thorough command of the subject. This gospel of self-control and quiet thinking is just the sedative we need for our Occidental fever." —WILL DURANT.

In his Introduction, JOHN DEWEY wrote, "Even one who is not an expert in Vedic philosophy will recognize the system, thoroughness, and lucidity . . . a comprehensive and clear account set forth by a competent authority." 99pp, cloth, $3.95.

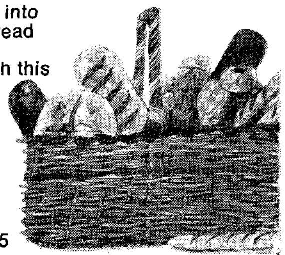
Quest Books . . . at bookstores

or postpaid promptly from Quest Books Dept. NK,
306 West Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187.

The Theosophical Publishing House
WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS

A Basket of HOMEMADE BREADS
A Book of Bread Recipes compiled and edited by Ursel Norman illustrated by Derek Norman

Sink your teeth into warm, crusty bread as only you can make it, with this mouthwatering collection of 26 step-by-step recipes. Over 50 illustrations in 4 colors and 2 colors. Page size: 9 x 10½. $6.95



WILLIAM MORROW
Dept. JAC, 105 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016

ESCAPE TO OUR PRIVATE ISLAND IN THE SUN

Enjoy that rare commodity—tranquillity. Relax in your own cottage—swim on our private beach—have candlelight dinners with wine. Bring a book, forget your tie, unwind. Great game fishing, superb snorkeling and scuba diving (instructions available). Write: Marina Cay, Box 76Y, British Virgin Islands. Or call Tortola 4-2174.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.

Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

to-a-berth death-trap immigrant ships of the eighteen-forties, and Rookes Crompton, who at the age of ten was a Royal Navy cadet in command of the captain's gig, "shouting orders at a crew of sailors old enough to be his father," and Henrietta Cresswell, who remembers that when the railroad arrived in her Middlesex village, in 1869, "the leafy lanes, the woods with their cuckoos, the quiet farmlands, all became a thing of the past." A haunting book, and a truly illuminating one, vividly illustrated with many fine contemporary pictures.

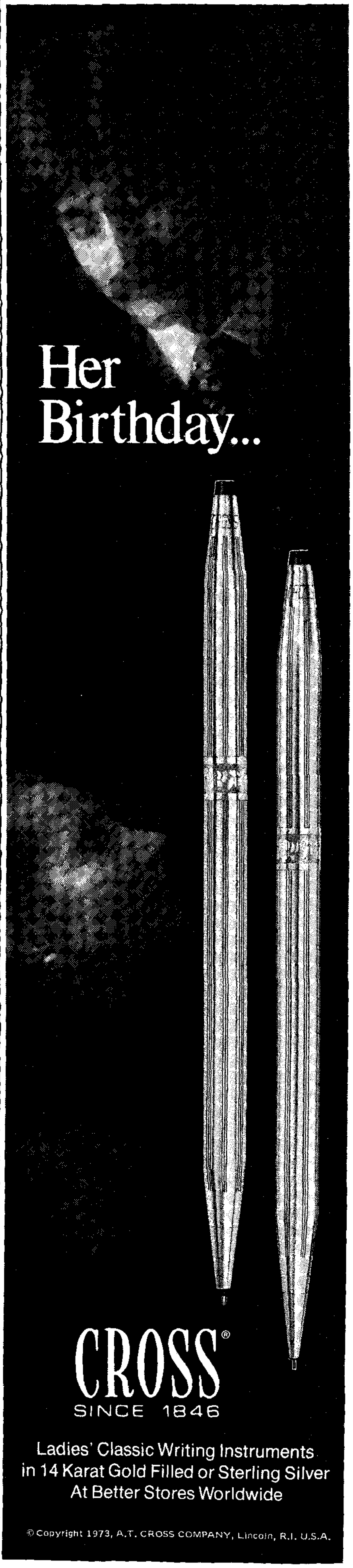
NOTE: "Expendable Americans," Paul Brodeur's investigation of hazardous working conditions in the asbestos and chemical industries, has been published by Viking. Most of the book first appeared in this magazine.

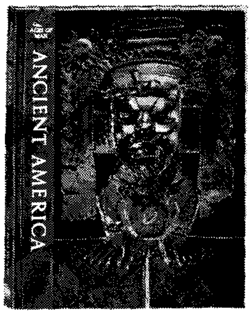
JOHN McCARTEN

JOHN McCARTEN died last week, after a long illness. He had begun writing for this magazine in 1935, and over the years his talent manifested itself in an exceptional variety of forms. He wrote short stories, Profiles, and Talk of the Town. For a considerable period, he served as our movie critic. Later, he became our Broadway-theatre critic. Several years ago, he moved to Ireland to live and from there sent us a number of pieces that we published under the heading "Irish Sketches." Born and brought up in Philadelphia, he was of Irish stock, and in taking up residence in Dublin he felt a strong sense of having returned home. He liked the dim Dublin pubs and the grumbling old men who frequented them; he also liked the Dublin Zoo, where he went often to visit a favorite monkey. Sometimes he would sit by the Grand Canal, on a bench that had been given in memory of the Irish poet Patrick Kavanagh. There he liked to reflect on the fact that one of the men who contributed to the cost of the bench had once spent the night drinking with Kavanagh, had grown angry with him over some trifle, and had hurled him, drunk as he was, into the canal, with the intention of drowning him. Instead of killing Kavanagh, the cold canal water refreshed him; he clambered up the slippery bank of the canal to safety and afterward bore his would-be murderer no grudge. That was the kind of people McCarten felt happy among.

McCarten was a witty writer, whose sharpest weapon was mockery. Yet, given the force of the opinions he would pronounce in conversation, one marvelled to observe his comparative gentleness in print. For, much as he might deplore certain human failings, he could never bear to injure those who embodied them. He learned to tell the truth about people in such a way that, far from feeling savaged, they felt praised. One of his Profiles concerned a newspaper columnist famous for writing trashy, sentimental verse; the Profile began with the sentence "Nick Kenny is one of the most widely understood poets in the United States." McCarten was as generous as he was tenderhearted. His sympathies were always on the side of the unlucky, and his means, such as they were, helped to support an astonishingly large number of down-and-outers. Though he pretended to be knowledgeable and hard-headed in matters of business, he was the softest touch in the world. He would co-sign a bank loan for some unfortunate friend knowing that when the time came it would be he who would have to repay the principal. He referred to these acts of kind folly as "my fiduciary undertakings." He would try to find jobs for his down-and-outers while they were alive; he would bury them when they were dead. Once, having "waked" one poor fellow at McSorley's, he was asked to carry the dead man's ashes to Philadelphia for burial. It was characteristic of McCarten's good heart that he consented to do so and characteristic of his carefree spirit that somewhere between New York and Philadelphia he managed to lose the ashes.

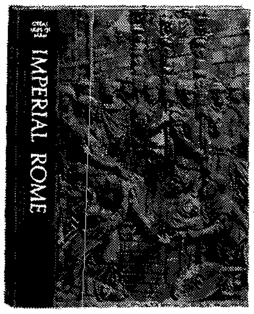
McCarten was a buoyant man; whatever troubles he may have had he took care to keep to himself. His mind had a bent invincibly comic; he would stand at a bar telling rueful stories against himself, and suddenly a loud laugh would burst out of him, with an unexpected, childlike urgency. He enjoyed making other people laugh as well. The more unlikely the circumstances and the more unlikely the people, the greater the challenge to McCarten. When he was drafted during the Second World War, he told the Army doctor examining him, "Doctor, I'm perfectly willing to do anything the Army asks me to do, provided I can do it alone." The doctor laughed. That was a good day for McCarten, and he had many good days.


Her Birthday...
CROSS®
SINCE 1846
Ladies' Classic Writing Instruments
in 14 Karat Gold Filled or Sterling Silver
At Better Stores Worldwide
©Copyright 1973, A.T. CROSS COMPANY, Lincoln, R.I. U.S.A.

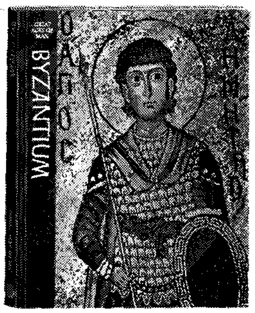

GREAT AGES OF MAN
ANCIENT AMERICA

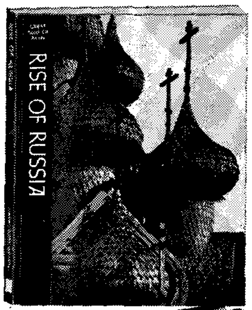
GREAT AGES OF MAN
EARLY JAPAN

ANCIENT CHINA


GREAT AGES OF MAN
IMPERIAL ROME

GREAT AGES OF MAN
CLASSICAL GREECE


GREAT AGES OF MAN
BYZANTIUM


GREAT AGES OF MAN
RISE OF RUSSIA

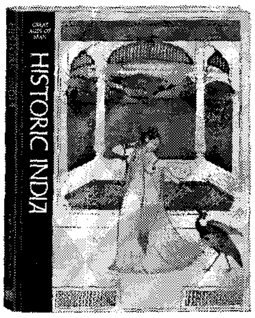
5,000 years of the world's greatest civilizations

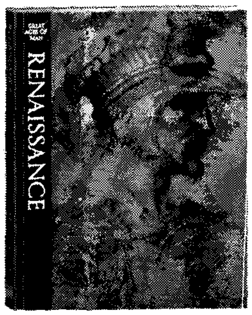
TIME LIFE BOOKS TIME-LIFE BOOKS invites you to journey through five thousand years and the dozens of great cultures that have helped to create the civilized person you are today. In ancient Africa, Greece, Egypt, India, China, Japan and America, our ancestors invented calendars, writing, plumbing, clocks . . . designed bridges, highways, buildings . . . wrote poetry, philosophy and law . . . painted and sculpted works of unsurpassed power and beauty.

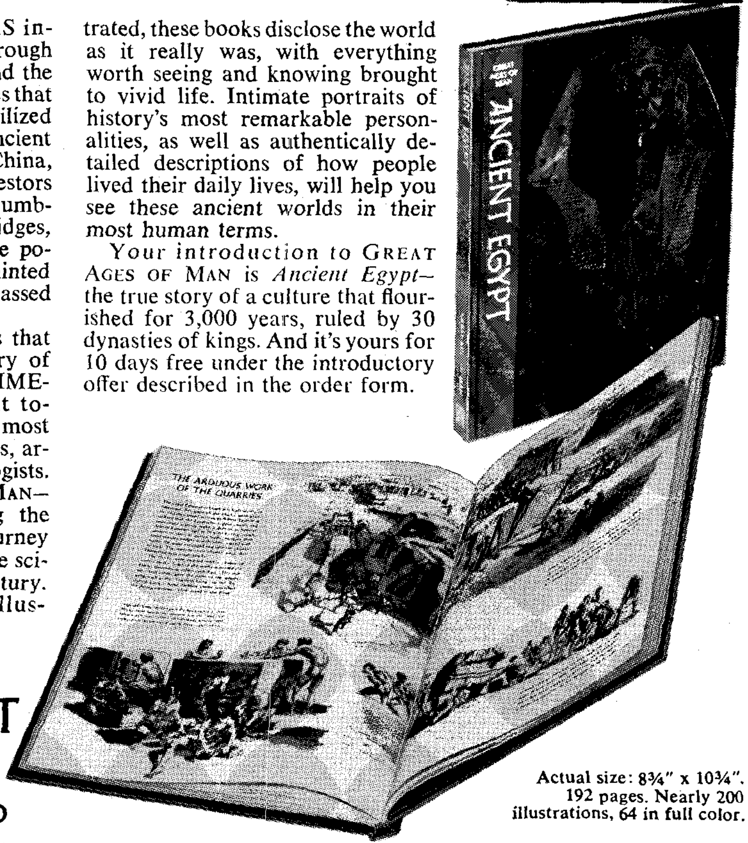
In a unique series of books that chronicles the fascinating story of civilization, the editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS have brought together many of the world's most eminent scholars and historians, archaeologists and anthropologists. The result is GREAT AGES OF MAN—21 superb volumes depicting the spectacular drama of man's journey from primitive ignorance to the scientific marvels of the 20th Century.

Stunningly produced and illustrated, these books disclose the world as it really was, with everything worth seeing and knowing brought to vivid life. Intimate portraits of history's most remarkable personalities, as well as authentically detailed descriptions of how people lived their daily lives, will help you see these ancient worlds in their most human terms.

Your introduction to GREAT AGES OF MAN is *Ancient Egypt*—the true story of a culture that flourished for 3,000 years, ruled by 30 dynasties of kings. And it's yours for 10 days free under the introductory offer described in the order form.


GREAT AGES OF MAN
HISTORIC INDIA

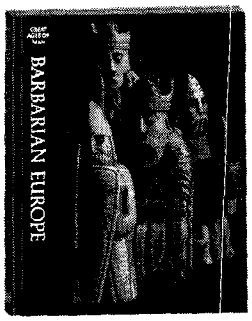

GREAT AGES OF MAN
RENAISSANCE


ANCIENT EGYPT
THE ARDUOUS WORK OF THE QUARRIES

Actual size: 8¾" x 10¾". 192 pages. Nearly 200 illustrations, 64 in full color.

Accept
ANCIENT EGYPT
for 10 days free
as your introduction to
GREAT AGES OF MAN

GREAT AGES OF MAN
AFRICAN KINGDOMS


GREAT AGES OF MAN
BARBARIAN EUROPE

From the Great Pyramid at Gizeh to the Tomb of Tutankhamen, here is Egypt at the height of its splendor — a civilization united in 27 centuries of glory, a span of achievement with few rivals in human history. A lively and romantic people who merged work and duty with leisure and grace, gaiety and sophistication, here are the true Ancient Egyptians: builders of a great political state, creators of magnificent architecture and superb works of art intended for eternity.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 2606
Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611

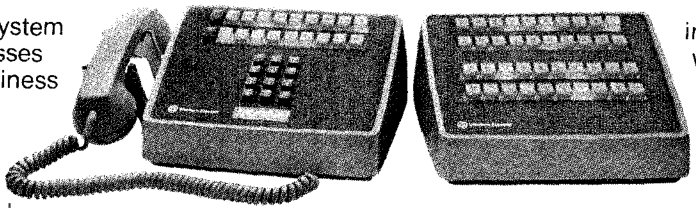
Yes, I would like to examine *Ancient Egypt*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to GREAT AGES OF MAN. If I decide to keep *Ancient Egypt*, I will pay $5.95 plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in the GREAT AGES OF MAN, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is $5.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *Ancient Egypt*, I will return it within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

Name ______________________
(Please Print)
Address ______________________
City ______________ State ______________ Zip ________

Schools and Libraries: Order Library Style Bindings from Silver Burdett Co., Morristown, New Jersey 07960. Eligible for Titles I, II funds.

Today, just adding a few buttons won't meet the telephone needs of small business.



The people of the Bell System wanted to give small businesses a phone system with big business service, without making the treasurer cry.

Which meant more than adding a button or two on a business phone. So the people of Western Electric got together with Bell Labs to build a new family of economical key telephone systems.

Western Electric engineers applied what they knew about modular design to these systems.

So adding a new feature is a simple matter of plugging in a new circuit board.

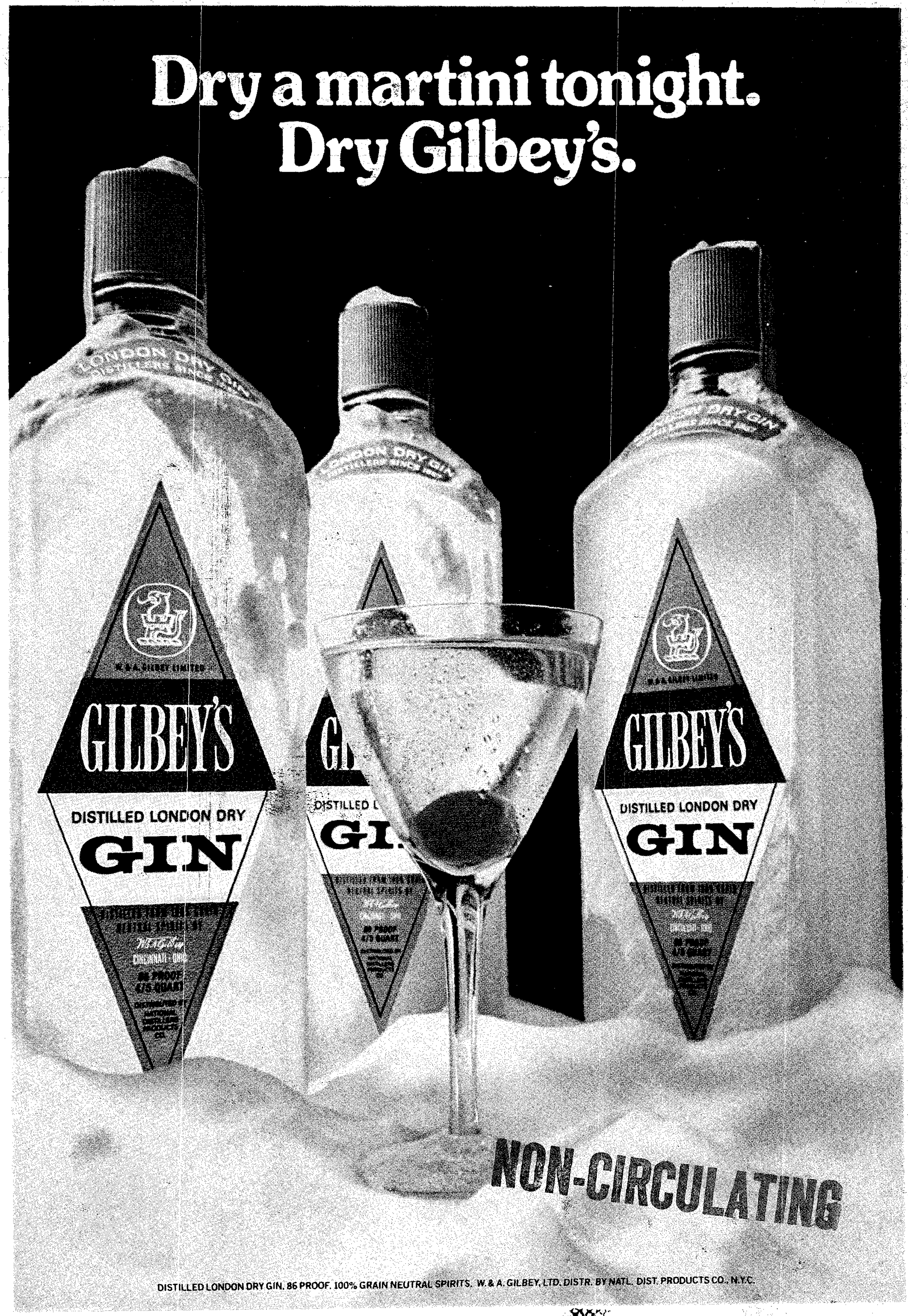
All of which resulted in some pretty useful features. For instance: now a person in a small business can set up conference calls at the touch of a button. Incoming calls can be announced through a speaker built into each desk phone, even when that phone's being used.

If no one's there, a button stays lit to indicate a waiting message. Or someone can be paged through wall speakers around the office. And while that's being done, the caller on hold can be listening to music.

Built for your Bell Telephone Company by the people of Western Electric, these key telephone systems are already doing a lot to help small businesses manage their business better.

Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.


Dry a martini tonight.
Dry Gilbey's.
LONDON DRY GIN
W. & A. GILBEY LIMITED
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD. DISTR. BY NATL. DIST. PRODUCTS CO., N.Y.C.

NON-CIRCULATING

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED